STACK.
CLASS ~~308 C~~ BOOK ~~H29P~~
v. 36-37
THE LIBRARY
OF
HAVERFORD COLLEGE
(HAVERFORD, PA.)
THE GIFT OF
The Haverfordian
Bound 9 MO. 22 1916
ACCESSION NO. 66611

The

Haverfordian

Volume 37

Haverford College

1915-1916

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

EDGAR C. BYE, *Editor-in-Chief*

ROBERT GIBSON, 1917 JACK G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLAIN, 1917

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 Single Copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during College year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twentieth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1915 No. 1.

37

The Short Story Contest

yielded a large amount of meritorious material, for all of which we wish to thank the contestants. The First Prize was not awarded. The Second Prize goes to H. P. Schenck, 1918, and Honorable Mention to Douglass C. Wendell, 1916, and Kenneth W. Webb, 1918. We publish the first two of the above stories in this issue. The last story, together with the best of those not mentioned, will appear in succeeding months.

In This Issue

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Size of Haverford.....PRESIDENT SHARPLESS 3
The Church, The College, and Billy Sunday.....
W. H. CHAMBERLIN, '17 13
Paintings or People?.....E. M. PHARO, '15 20
The Genius of the Past.....DONALD PAINTER, '17 23
An Appeal to Our Appreciation of Heroism.....
L. HOLLINGSWORTH WOOD, '96 26

STORIES

The Brute.....H. P. SCHENCK, '18 6
On Guard.....D. G. WENDELL, '16 18

VERSE

Ein Gedanke.....ROBERT GIBSON, '17 5
The Sundayitis.....ROBERT GIBSON, '17 12
The Captive Eagle.....F. M. MORLEY, '15 17
Early Morning in Washington Square...W. S. NEVIN, '18 25

DEPARTMENTS

The Uneasy Chair.....EDITORIAL 27
Books.....
Sinister Street.....J. G. C. LECLERCQ, '18 29
Through the Glasses.....
Boris Godounov.....W. H. CHAMBERLIN, '17 31
Alumni Department.....ROBERT GIBSON, '17 33

In the Next Issue

The Poetry of Vachell Lindsay.....
CHARLES WHARTON STORK, '02

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVIII. HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1915 No. 1

The Size of Haverford

I AM glad to answer the request of the Editors of the HAVERFORDIAN that I should say something about the number of students we should aim to have in Haverford College. For a small college, that is one of 250 or less, may be urged the advantage of close acquaintance among the different members of the College. This will show itself in more personal interest in the welfare of the students, intellectually and morally, in stronger and more wholesome college spirit, and in more adaptation to individual needs and temperaments. For the larger college may be mentioned the greater momentum which numbers often give, the increased opportunity to manage outside college activities, the greater effectiveness in elective courses, and the better utilization of the work of the professors.

It is difficult to determine which of these points of view is more important, and it is not a matter of wonder that the sentiment of the friends of the College should be divided. As a matter of fact, I doubt very much whether any antecedent opinions we have on the subject will have much effect upon the result. It is not likely that future administrations will decline to receive well-prepared and desirable students provided there is dormitory accommodation sufficient to house them. It is also probable that those who prefer a small college will greatly extend their limit as the old limit is approached. I can remember very well when four classes of 20 each was supposed to be the ideal number; later when 150 was to be the maximum, and now we talk about 200 or 250. When the latter figure is reached it is probable that the conservative friends of the College will think that 300 is a better number; and what will happen after that no one can foretell. People who thought that there were only about 100 students of the right sort for Haverford have changed their minds, as they find that the College is not deteriorating in quality as it is increasing in numbers. Any increase in numbers, however, must be preceded by additional dormitory space, for our neighborhood is not favorable to boarding-houses, and the difficulties of main-

taining standards, if such houses existed, would be greatly increased. At present our students all live in dormitories except a few who reside at home, and it is quite important that this situation should continue. Friends, therefore, of increase of numbers must see to it that the increased accommodations are provided; for we are practically full at the present time.

Another point must be seriously considered: Means taken by some colleges to increase their numbers are such as Haverford cannot adopt. The lowering of standards, undignified advertising and underbidding are quite as evident in the methods of certain colleges as in some second-rate business firms. There is a proper advertisement of the real merits of the College which should not be neglected; it would consist in explaining, to young men fitted to enter college, or who are likely to be, the real conditions at the institution. There are scores of young men, who, if they knew Haverford as it is without any exaggeration, would find that it is the ideal college for them. They do not know it at present, and are not likely to except by verbal or written statements lodged with them. Of the two the verbal statement will count for the most, and this is why we must look with approval upon the efforts being made by the undergraduates and some of the younger Alumni to present, either individually or collectively, the claims of Haverford to boys who ought to come here.

Business of almost all sorts now requires agents, and for the College we cannot expect anything better than the efforts of those who know by several years' residence what they are talking about, and whose enthusiasm for the place will enable them to present its claims with the arguments that appeal to the boys. It is perfectly proper to point out to them the wholesome sanitary conditions, the ample opportunity for sports right at the door of the College, the scholarly character of the Professors, the opportunities of the Library and Laboratories, and the pleasant spirit of comradeship which prevails throughout. These are legitimate assets of the College which cannot be too widely known.

On the other hand we cannot buy up athletes simply because they are athletes with money or promises. There are large scholarship funds in the possession of the College, but these are given practically on the basis of competitive examination in which physical excellence has no place.

We should not unjustly disparage other institutions in presenting the advantages of Haverford, and we should not give any one opportunity to hope that the Faculty will seriously relax their standards of admission in particular cases.

Undoubtedly the entrance examinations prevent many boys from coming to Haverford. It is the only college in the state and one of only six in the United States which requires examinations from all candidates for entrance who aspire to a degree. This requirement undoubtedly drives many away in advance. It is so easy to enter many other colleges by the simple presentation of a certificate from schools, which is often rather easily obtained, that boys who do not care for the special advantages of Haverford take the line of least resistance and enter elsewhere. Some are excluded by the examinations, but as a result those who come are apt to stay. For several years past the College has lost only about a dozen students a year in addition to the graduating class. So that the thing to do is to induce boys to take the ordeal of the examination, with the assurance that if they are moderately fitted they will be admitted, and once admitted will not regret it.

It is to our interest, whatever our college ideals may be, to have a larger number of candidates. If we want a large college, of course this is the only way to get it. If we want a small college we want emphasis laid upon the quality of the students, and to secure this there must be such an overflow of applicants that the best only need be taken.

Hence I think that we are all agreed that the time is appropriate for effective efforts to increase the number of candidates for admission, by methods which are collegiate and dignified—leaving the number actually taken into the College to be determined by dormitory accommodations and the results of the examinations.

—I. S.

Ein Gedanke

Gaze upon the glory that was Rome,
As if the choice of elegance were thine:—
Ah! never, Father Tiber, can ye boast
The romance-breathing fragrance of the Rhine.

The Danube has a charm to lull despair,
The careless joy of youth is in the Seine,
But none of ye, my streams, can e'en compare
Thy rippling songs to Lorelei's refrain.

—Robert Gibson, '17.

The Brute

A SHRIEK of the horn, a whirl of wind, a splash of mud. The husky Brute jumped and almost swore—but he saw the Sweet Young Thing at the wheel. He looked over toward the puddle that tried to float his straw. He looked at his golf bag and the one broken club. The huge car stopped. A liveried negro came walking back and handed him a card.

"De Missy, she done offer huh apol'gies, suh," he said.

"Oh, s'all right, s'all right," said the husky Brute, "s'all right."

The negro turned and walked back to the machine, which soon whirled off. The Brute stood looking down at the bit of cardboard in his hand. It read:

"Jane Van Verbeck Hall."

"What a confounded, long-eared idiot I am!" said the Brute, as he secured one of his cards from an inner pocket of his blazer and started toward the vanishing motor, leaving his hat and golf bag lying in the road.

I.

It was to be a very exclusive affair. The Brute didn't want to go, but even wealth has its unpleasant and compulsory duties to perform. And he, who hated formalities and collars, was actually compelled at times to detach himself from golf and breaking the speed limit, and attend severe social functions, at which pink lemonade and cookies were distributed by short-trousered servants. The Brute especially hated the admiration bestowed upon him, for, let it be whispered, he had acquired an enviable football reputation.

Some become cowards at the cannon's mouth, others at the sight of sudden danger, but the Brute wilted at the scene of the evening's festivities. Two minutes later the huge gray roadster was breaking the speed limit away from the lantern-lighted grounds and the brilliant, servant-lined doorway. He sped from road to road, making turns without a thought of where he was going, or how he would be able to return. Suddenly the Brute leaned forward and slowly cut down his speed. In the glare of the headlights he distinguished a motionless car. It was a machine he had seen but once before, yet he had dreamed of that particular motor many times of late. A "Frenchy" was excitably swinging his arms around and walking back and forth in short, jerky steps, stopping now and then to clap his hands to his forehead and cry, "Mon Dieu!" A rapidly evaporating trail of liquid leading backward told the tale of the punctured tank.

The Brute was hailed as a miraculous find. Two minutes later a perfumed young person was seated beside a much bewildered young man. The car started forward with the smooth, even glide of the thoroughbred machine. A man wearing a military moustache and breathing forth French oaths was poking his finger into a jagged hole in the gasoline tank. The Brute found his breathing apparatus defective to such an extent that it was next to impossible for him to breathe or to speak. Finally, however, he ventured to remark, "Fine evening."

"Perfectly gorgeous," remarked the young person, with the result that the Brute nearly reversed the engine.

But the silence was broken and soon they were chattering away about all sorts of delightfully foolish and unimportant topics, unmindful of the fact that they were disobeying the accepted laws of etiquette, and calling down upon their heads the terrible wrath of the gods of society.

The car swerved into a broad, curving drive. The lanterns swung idly in the faint breeze, and beyond through a great doorway poured a flood of light. The music, softened by the distance, threw its enchantment over the gardens and the little lake beyond. The car wound its way silently up to the house. Up the broad marble steps and across the paved verandah marched the Brute and the girl. He bravely saluted the host, and even bowed gracefully to the hostess, and then—

II.

The Brute and the girl had become separated. He didn't know how it had happened; he only knew that it hadn't been his fault. He made his way to the library, one of those collections of rare volumes thrown open occasionally on state occasions. The huge armchair was wonderfully comfortable. A summer zephyr stirred the great silk curtains. The conversation in the great drawing-room filtered through the portieres and sounded like the buzzing of bees. In a short time the Brute had fallen asleep.

"He's a failure."

The Brute awoke with a start. Evidently he was no longer the only occupant of the luxurious store-room. Then he heard his name mentioned and he pricked up his ears.

"Money at his command. A brain capable of something. About the only thing he has done successfully is football. Smashes through a tense mass of bone and muscle, injures a few,—a lot of "Rah-rahs" from the crowd,—and we have our dear chap's photo in all the morning papers."

The Brute gritted his teeth and waited. There was no escape.

"Why don't he do something for humanity with his wealth instead of wasting his energy on sports!—Football.—Acts like a brute,—yes, that's it exactly,—he IS a BRUTE."

The young fellow, sitting very quietly behind a library table, heard no more. At first, his face had paled, but now as his thoughts passed rapidly from one scene to another, he sat bolt upright, and gripped the arms of his chair until his knuckles were white. The blood slowly returned to his countenance. Gradually, very gradually, he relaxed. He had made a great resolution—a resolution which did more for his country than did the Battle of Gettysburg. And then he dozed off again.

III.

The very exclusive affair had passed into history. The motors that lined the drive, gradually faded away one by one into the night. The great doors and windows on the lower floor were closed. The streaks of crimson that betokened the coming day were already appearing in the eastern sky. The birds sang joyously. A dog barked once. Then, as the darkness gave way to twilight, a long, sleek machine rolled up the drive and discharged a solitary passenger. He strolled about the gardens for a long time and filled his arms with precious blossoms, which he selected carefully. Returning, he laid them upon the seat of the car.

An hour passed. Two. The great mansion was still wrapped in silence. The Brute paced nervously up and down the verandah. He halted now and then to glance up at the sky. Another hour passed. Servants began moving about, and finally the Brute was admitted. He was hailed with delight by the head of the house and was forced to tramp over the wet fields in order to inspect some new stock recently acquired. Breakfast being served upon their return, the Brute was forced to listen to a lengthy discourse upon the merits of a new breed of fowl. His host was somewhat disconcerted during his recital by the fact that the Brute kept his eyes fixed upon the door.

"Did Miss Hall remain here over-night?" inquired the young man, finally, when he could stand it no longer.

"Indeed she did. Had some unfortunate accident on the way, I believe. Rescued by somebody in time to attend the affair last night. Forget the chap's name. Must be quite a delightful young fellow according to her description."

The Brute almost choked on a piece of toast, but hastily gulped

some coffee. The host observed the sudden confusion of his guest, but failed to recognize the cause.

"Yes, yes. Very extraordinary. It seems he was too bashful to remain. Evidently was afraid of a little praise."

The Brute pulled out his watch, whistled, dabbed at his crimson face with his handkerchief, and then hastily arose. Bidding a hasty adieu, he ran to his car and sped away.

IV.

He had made all his preparations. His plans were complete. The final step remained to be taken, and it was the most difficult step of all. With a trembling hand he raised the huge brass knocker and let it fall. The lackey bowed him into the hall. The Brute stood whirling his hat around his index finger. He followed the servant into the reception-room and sat down. Twenty minutes passed. He had looked at the clock ever since his entry, and consulted his watch frequently. A strange perfume pervaded the atmosphere and he turned around. A smiling, graceful figure stood in the doorway. He rose, and the polite greetings of etiquette having been successfully accomplished, they conversed freely and without restraint.

"I am going away," he said suddenly.

"Going away?"

"Yes. I want you to think of me."

"I am sure I will always think of you with the highest regard."

"I know that it isn't right," he continued, "to ask it of you."

"But I do not understand."

"I love you," he blurted out. "I know I have never been worthy of you. That's why I am going away. They say that I am a brute—a failure. I am going to make good. You don't know me at all. I admit all this. When I return you will perhaps think much better of me. I ask but one thing—that you think of me. It will be that one little act which will strengthen me during the task I am about to undertake."

The girl appeared startled at first. She glanced at his earnest face, and remained silent. The ticking of the little jeweled clock sounded thunderous in the tense quiet.

"I promise," she said, and quickly brushing his forehead with her lips, she fled from the room.

V.

There is a very curious legend that is told to visitors in the tenderloin of the greatest metropolis of America. It is a fabulous tale, seldom

believed. There remain, however, certain proofs which seem to substantiate the legend. The hero has always been described as having been of tremendous breadth of shoulder. This is perhaps the only statement in which all the descriptions agree.

There are sweat-shop proprietors who are still cursing him; and there are mothers of babes reared by his aid, who are still praying for him each night. There are men of all nationalities who gratefully remember his lifting touch, his word to the man in the gutter. There are men who remember the beatings he gave them. They are the wife-beaters, and they still have fear of his fierce and sudden punishment. There are students, former newsboys, who will never forget the financial aid so wisely and carefully bestowed. There are gamblers who remember his appeal to them. He never criticized their life; he merely spoke gently with them.

They tell tales of starving families fed, of thriftless fellows rendered thrifty, of child-labor victims freed and cared for, and of corrupt city officials punished; but in a sanatorium in eastern Pennsylvania rests a cripple who knows the whole story. He it was who begged in the coldest winter weather on the bleak street corners of the shopping district, until a certain very wonderful thing happened. He had been arrested for begging and was about to be sent to a reformatory, when a very tall young man arose from among the crowd in the juvenile court, spoke a word to the judge and then took him along to a room on the third floor of a tenement. It was a wonderful room—prettier than any the cripple had ever seen before. There was a bed, desk, carpet, filing-cabinet, and many chairs. Before long the boy was an efficient typist. His guardian was seldom there. They had no visitors, and wished none. Their retreat was purposely a secret one. The work of the young cripple was very light, but his guardian, curiously enough, insisted that he take periodic vacations, which although enjoyable had a certain disagreeable ending, namely, the submission to a specialist's diagnosis.

A year passed away. The magistrates in the local courts were amazed at the wonderful change that had come over the community. The social workers, who had been unable to effect any change by years of hard labor, were dumbfounded. Yet none of these could trace the cause of it all. The newspapers of the great metropolis published voluminous articles on the subject. Magazines obtained the views of experts and the great reform wave even extended to the cover designs.

The little room in lower New York was the nucleus of the whole affair. Hidden away among the piles of papers were reports and records, jealously guarded by a cripple. The Brute passed day after day among

the foreigners of the lower East Side. Unshaven, dressed in tattered garments, he guided the destinies of an embryo nation.

VI.

Miss Jane Van Verbeck Hall was a member of a slumming party which made a superficial circuit of the lower East Side every month. On this particular excursion the members had decided to swoop unexpectedly down upon an unsuspecting tenement and explore it to its dregs. The sun which in the suburbs smiles over the green valley foliage, was completely hidden here. Drab walls were guarded from the sunlight by the factory smoke. The heat arose from the paving-stones and was reflected back by the baked walls. Many of the young tourists in fact were more desirous of sitting in some shady nook and enjoying some fiction, than of participating in the grim reality. They entered a particularly dingy building and climbed the dark and narrow stairs. On the third floor they found a cripple who stared at them with distrust and dodged through a battered door into a room beyond. This strange conduct interested the young ladies considerably, and the young officer detailed to accompany them, desirous of showing his authority, forced open the door. They had all expected to find a squalid, dirty room, bare of comforts. To their surprise they found the windows neatly curtained, the room completely furnished, office accessories scattered about and a general appearance of neatness. It was at this opportune moment that the Brute arrived. The boy was angrily expostulating with the guardian of the law, who was examining the papers nearest him. The Brute had served his time.

VII.

The canoe glided silently beneath the overhanging branches of the old maples. A golden glow, the sunset on the waters, formed a pool of liquid gold and ochre.

"I have conquered," said the Brute, gently, "but all of this glory is as naught without you, gentle soul. I want you. My work is not over. It has just begun. Tomorrow I leave for a tour of the industrial centres of England. I have put my wealth behind me. I will recognize but three duties hereafter—my duty to you, God, and humanity. Will you help me in this great task?"

The twilight was sinking over the land. The strange quiet of evening was broken only by the gentle murmur of the waters. The girl hung her head and was silent for a time. But there was no doubt in her mind.

She turned around and gazed softly into his face. He leaned forward tremblingly, feeling that his whole life was at stake.

"You know the promise that I gave you a long time ago. I have more than kept it. I have loved you."

Darkness had fallen, enshrouding the joys and sorrows of all. Two souls drifted down the flowing waters to their happiness.

—H. P. Schenck, '18.

The Sundayitis

You can talk about your ministers, philosophers and such,
But the whole durn sum and substance really don't amount to much.
You ask me why I doubt 'em, so I'll have to answer, Well,
Can a college man's religion lift a feller out o' hell?
I've knocked about some in my time, and seen the world a bit,
And know that square pegs in round holes have never made a fit.
And it's all the same in 'Frisco as it is in old New York,
Where you see the devil struttin' with a magnet on his fork.
Oh! I've got the Sundayitis, and I've hit the sawdust trail;
I can't resist his arrows with a double coat of mail.
He may be a trifle offish, and perhaps a bit too rough,
But you'll have to grant it, fellers, he's surely got the stuff.
So, fellers, quit your knockin', and go round to hear him preach:
He'll hit you square and solid, on a plane that you can reach.
There's no mincin' round the subject in philosophic awe,
But, preachin' hell for sartin, he'll read you out the law.
Mayhap, he's not quite right, boys, but right here let us pause,—
He's got the pluck to fight, boys, and he's workin' for the Cause!

—Robert Gibson, '17.

The Church, The College and "Billy" Sunday

THE rivers of this country will run red with blood before they take the Bible out of the public schools." "The man who does not believe in the justice and power of God (the context indicates a direct allusion to Dr. Eliot, of Harvard) is a liar. He is so low down that he would need an aeroplane to get to hell." "I don't care who you are, if you do not believe in salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ, you will go to hell." "When the concensus of scholarship conflicts with the word of God, the concensus of scholarship can go plumb to hell."

No, these pithy and forcible comments are not extracts from the deliberations of a church council held in the tenth century. Nor are they culled from the sermons of some obscure campmeeting exhorter who is preaching to a mob of illiterate backwoodsmen. They are typical statements from the lips of the Rev. William A. Sunday in his sermons at the tabernacle in Philadelphia, sermons which are loudly extolled as the greatest factors for individual and social righteousness in America to-day. Other phrases, which doubtless conduce to the moral elevation of his auditors, are: "rotten, stinking mass of Unitarianism," and "bastard theory of evolution."

I do not think that Billy Sunday's personal character is especially objectionable. He is undoubtedly perfectly sincere in his extraordinary conceptions of God, future life, and the message of Jesus Christ, and his conviction of the close relationship between himself and the Deity is beyond question. His faults may be attributed, in some measure at least, to unfortunate environment and natural lack of refinement rather than to any innate perversity of character. But the personal character of the evangelist is of minor importance in comparison with the effect of his work and the attitude which the religious and educational forces of the country should take towards that work.

It is impossible to deny that Billy Sunday's sweeping indictments of social and individual vices do a certain amount of good, although that good has certainly not been underestimated by the evangelist's able corps of press agents. But, on the other hand, Mr. Sunday's teachings and methods have a number of very obnoxious results which have been generally ignored or glossed over. His inordinate personal vanity, his illconcealed contempt for all who do not practise his own sensational and hysterical methods of conversion, the almost incredible venom and coarseness of his attacks upon Unitarianism and agnosticism; all these elements in his work tend to revive the spirit of religious fanaticism and bigotry, which has hitherto happily lain dormant in our country. His

vulgar and ill-informed vituperation of those discoveries of science and historical research which contradict his medieval interpretation of the Bible, arouses in ignorant minds a tendency to despise and ridicule the work of those patient scholars who are trying to remove the clouds of ignorance and superstition from the popular mind. And, above all, his constant insistence upon such doctrines as a physical hell and eternal torment for those who do not subscribe to certain abstract theological tenets, gives a fatally distorted picture of Christianity and degrades it below the level of the most intelligent pagan religions. On one hand, his influence turns a certain number of hysterical, broken-down human wrecks to more or less permanent repentance; on the other hand, it degrades the whole moral and intellectual tone of the age and country, turns the most sacred beliefs into cheap buffoonery, and inevitably alienates thousands of intelligent men from the religion which the evangelist falsely claims to represent. Can it be questioned whether his influence is more potent for good or for evil?

But even more regrettable than the enormous popularity of the evangelist's vaudeville methods in religion, even more distressing than the eagerness with which multitudes drink in his crude fanaticism and his outworn dogmas, is the well-nigh inexplicable attitude which the churches and higher educational institutions of the nation have taken towards Billy Sunday, his beliefs, and his methods.

If vulgarity, ignorance, and fanaticism are vital factors in the message of Christ, then Mr. Sunday can well claim to be the foremost living interpreter of Christianity. It is hard to believe that the Christian Church takes such an attitude towards the message of her Founder; and yet how else can one explain the almost universal torrent of exaggerated praise and fulsome adulation with which the Church everywhere greets the evangelist? At every tabernacle service hundreds of ministers sit in a reserved section and patiently hear themselves and their methods held up to the coarsest ridicule by a man who is probably inferior to any one of them in everything except vaudeville ability and billingsgate. The spineless submission of these ministers to the taunts and abuse of the evangelist will long remain a source of shame and humiliation to those who have the honor and dignity of the Church at heart.

"But," say some of the evangelist's apologists, "while much that Billy Sunday says is crude and exaggerated, he does a great deal of good to a certain class of people. Consequently, we will overlook or condone his methods, while we applaud his results." Such a contention, it seems to me, is practically a confession that Christianity, that Christ's methods and spirit have been a failure. For the qualities of love, justice, gentle-

ness and tolerance, which are so predominant in the New Testament, are conspicuous by their absence in Mr. Sunday's wild and tempestuous exhortations. In confessing her own weakness by enlisting the services of such a thoroughly unchristian agent as Mr. Sunday, the Church has brought a graver indictment against Christ and His religion than the most gifted sceptical philosopher has yet been able to bring.

Has the Church suffered such a blindness of mental perception that she cannot perceive the incongruity of pretending to stand for a liberal and modern interpretation of religion on one hand, and of endorsing the medieval fanaticism of Mr. Sunday on the other? Or is she controlled in her actions by an unworthy fear of alienating and offending the vulgar mob which regards Mr. Sunday's combination of slang, abusive language, histrionic talent and athletic prowess as the veritable embodiment of ideal religion? Neither explanation reflects much credit upon the present condition of the Church.

But even more remarkable than the conduct of the Church has been the attitude of many colleges and universities which have more or less officially taken notice of the evangelist and his work. It has hitherto been the general impression that the ideal of the American college is to make scholars and gentlemen of its students. If there is one man in America who seems to have realized this ideal perfectly, that man is Dr. Charles Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard College. In dignity, in fairness, in moderation, in breadth and depth of mind, in all the attributes of the truly cultured gentleman, Dr. Eliot has few equals and no superiors on this side of the ocean. Mr. Sunday's attitude towards Dr. Eliot has varied from the coarse abusiveness quoted at the beginning of this article to a rather amusing affectation of pity for the Doctor's unfortunate narrowness and shallowness of mind. One would suppose that Mr. Sunday's attitude towards Dr. Eliot would, in itself, forfeit for him the sympathy of the colleges and universities.

But, apparently, the majority of the colleges have either given up their ideal of the cultured gentleman or else have come to the conclusion that Mr. Sunday is a much closer approximation to that ideal than is Dr. Eliot. The president of one large and well-known Pennsylvania college leads in prayer at one tabernacle service and appoints a day of prayer for Billy Sunday's success at his college. The authorities at a still more widely known university repeatedly invite Billy Sunday to address the students and lift them to a higher moral and intellectual plane. Everywhere men of the highest reputation for scholarship either express unqualified approval for Billy Sunday and his methods or criticize him so guardedly and cautiously that their very criticism is little short of praise.

Nowhere is there any manly repudiation of the present wave of hysterical, pseudo-religious fanaticism, nowhere is there any regard or reverence for the grand old classical ideals which are now being trampled in the mire of vulgar contempt.

It would seem that the instinct of self-preservation itself would lead the colleges to combat Mr. Sunday's influence as far as possible. The first principle of education, the writing and speaking of correct English, is outraged by the evangelist at every possible opportunity. His opinion of the value of scientific study may be gathered from his delicate reference to evolution as "a bastard theory," and his frequent allusions to Darwin as "the old infidel." His appreciation of the beauties of literature is expressed in his description of Shakespeare and Milton as "old clods." He brands the historical students of the Bible as "trying to know more than God does," while his conception of such cultural subjects as Latin and Greek, although somewhat vague, seems to indicate that an undue preference for the works of such dead "infidels" as Homer, Plato and Cicero is prejudicial to the welfare of the immortal soul.

So much for Mr. Sunday's appreciation of the cultural part of the college ideal. In regard to the actions which do or do not mark the gentleman, there will always be considerable difference of opinion. But it seems fairly obvious that a man who habitually violates the rules, not only of courtesy, but of common decency in his language, who almost invariably substitutes the coarsest abuse and invective for rational argument and logic, and who is incapable of carrying on any discussion without losing both temper and self-control, has no right to that honorable title. If the educational leaders of the nation believe that fanaticism is a more potent force than reason, that coarse and abusive billingsgate and slang are more uplifting than the language of the cultured gentleman, that the vision of eternal torment gives a higher conception of religion than the trust in an All-Wise and All-Merciful Creator, then let them do away with free scientific and philosophic investigation and turn the colleges into theological and religious seminaries. But if they believe that truth and reason are not mere names, if they believe that Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light" is, after all, a greater element in the world's progress than the passions and tempests of the mob, then let them stand manfully by their colors and combat Mr. Sunday's baleful influence at every point, resting confident in the ultimate triumph of culture and light over barbarism and darkness.

Unfortunately, the thought leaders of the nation give no indication of following either the first course, which would be consistent, at least, or the second, which would require a high type of moral courage. In

common with the foremost men in the Church, they seem to lack the robust self-confidence which enables men to stand up for their convictions in the face of the most overwhelming odds. The best that we can hope is that the historian of the future, when he describes the Billy Sunday revival, will draw the mantle of charity over the inconsistent and unworthy attitude of the Church and the college.

—*William H. Chamberlain, '17.*

The Captive Eagle

Coldly defiant in thy cage of steel,
We glimpse thee dreaming of a lost demesne,
And in that regal bearing seek the pain
O'er which thy pride has set so firm a seal.
Crude outward senses lack the pow'r to feel;
Thy bondless soul o'er boundless waves again
Is roaming, free to soar 'neath Nature's fane,
Surmount all clouds, and in pure sunlight wheel.

No need to heed the throngs that pass thee by:
The night must come; with night the crowds disperse.
And though because of bars thou canst not fly,
They cannot stay thee from thy universe.
Swarming beneath, we pity thee on high,—
'Tis mankind's lot, that spirit-bonds coerce.

—*F. M. M., '15.*

On Guard

FELIX, the smiling one," the courtiers called young de Beauport, because when he fought he always smiled. His father taught him to fence, and his grandfather taught him manners. It was a great day for him when he came to Paris to the Court. His grandfather took him around to the armourer and told the fellow he wanted a rapier—"sharp as the boy's wit and long," he said. The lad chose one, and they were soon inseparable, each a living part of the other, slim and supple, both.

Felix, I think, believed in three things—in his rapier, in his lady, and in himself. She was fair, Adele, that little niece of Coligny's. Felix loved her from the first; when he met her, blushing and confused, the day he took a message from the King to the kindly-faced old Admiral at his new quarters in the quaint old house on the corner of the crooked Rue Carret. After that he always managed to be the messenger to the Admiral's house, and while he was waiting for the old man to write his reply, the girl and boy used to talk together in the low-ceilinged sitting-room, and he would tell her Court gossip, and she would describe to him her former home in Rochelle. Sometimes he would pretend she was a hateful heretic, and cross himself, and hold his sword hilt up in front of him, shrinking away from her in pretended fear, while she would gaze at him, big-eyed with awe. Then he would burst into a merry laugh and ask her if she did not want to become a Catholic. Much he was thinking about religion then!

Only a month after he met her, the great day came. It had been hot, for the time was August, 1572, and all Paris towards sunset was out on its door-step. In the air was a tremble of excitement, and the troops in the King's barracks were restless. Felix did not notice it, for he was very happy that St. Bartholomew's twilight. He was going to visit Adele. He had heard a wild rumor about a plot against the Huguenots, but that did not concern Adele, safe at the great Admiral's.

It was just eight when he stepped from under the massive archway to the palace, and the church bells began to ring. That sound was as if the waves of the ocean were bells, and the billows were crashing out over Paris. It sounded as if all the sextons in Paris had gone mad. Felix stopped at the corner in astonishment. From the church opposite poured out a mob of bourgeois armed with old sabers and axes and halberds. Like hounds on the scent they rushed down the street, and one burly butcher howled out, "Down with the Huguenots!" and the rest took up the note in full cry. "My God!" murmured Felix, and he grew white.

He reached the house on the Rue Carret but just in time; they were battering at the front door when he got there. Felix intuitively sought the side of the house away from the crowd. He scaled the wall of the neighboring courtyard and ran to the rear, where he climbed into the little garden back of Adele's home. "Adele," he shouted, "open, for God's sake, open!" Luckily she heard him and let down the bar, for in her terror she had run to the rear away from the pandemonium out front. Seizing her hand, he pulled her out and pushed the door to; "Quick! Out the rear gate!" he commanded. They reached it none too soon, for down the side street came the first overflow of the crowd. Felix hadn't the time to fight, and, although they recognized his court dress, they looked at him askance, but he turned on them with his quick wit. "The girl is mine—go thou and do likewise." And with a leer he motioned the stragglers towards the house. They gave a short, ugly laugh and passed on into the garden.

Then the two sped down the street, turning into byways away from the tumult. They had almost reached Felix's grandfather's, their haven, when back of them around the corner came a group of three half-drunken soldiers, prowling for easy plunder and bent on any villany to be hidden under the cloak of religious zeal. Felix and the girl shrank back against the wall. There was a bare chance of escaping notice by going up a near-by alley, so they turned. But the men caught sight of the girl's dress, and one of them cried out, "Come on, boys, here's meat for us!" They fled, and had not gone a hundred yards when they saw the alley was a pocket. Felix groaned. To their right was a small, dark archway opening upon an inner courtyard. They were desperate, and had to make a stand. Felix set his jaw and swung the softly sobbing girl into the black hole behind him. It was three against one, but only two could attack at the same time. The first came on. "Hell! Boy, let us have the girl and we'll let thee go." He stood with guard half down, sneering into the boy's face. Felix's rapier was long then, and the man's last word ended in a gurgle, for the point passed through his throat and out his neck. On the lips of Felix played a smile, and his eyes shone a steel gray that matched the color of his rapier when it was dry. Then from the portal rang out clear and defiant, "On guard, curs!" and Felix, the smiling one, had begun a winning fight.

—Douglass C. Wendell, '16.

Paintings, or People?

IT is a fearful thing to "take in" an Art Exhibit. That is, if you really "take it in" instead of conscientiously enthusing over the paintings in room after room. You should pay some attention to the paintings, of course. They help to explain things. But so much is there besides, that to take it all in is to gorge the appreciation fearfully.

I went to the 110th Annual Exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts on an assignment. I went on "free day" in order to see everything. Four hours was not enough—four years would hardly suffice. Life there is as luxuriant as in a jungle—and nearly as stifling.

I am not an artist. The canvases did not attract my attention so soon as did the profusion of pretty girls and beautifully dressed women. I had thought it would be like a church—that I would see few men.

There are almost as many men as there are women. Nearly every woman has one.

Some women trail slender tyros of an eagerly explanatory type about with them, and get technical criticism at first hand. These women are usually advanced in age and are dressed like female Maecenases. The youths are a great deal like young robins. One has a large seal ring on the index finger he uses to point out flesh tints. Fortunately there are few of this type.

Occasionally a solitary woman clothed in dark blue or in brown, with a sweepingly large hat, pauses silently before the picture of a young girl, or the light of a sunset and makes me wish for a canvas and to be an artist.

Behind her are four women in a group. Their hats are blue, brown, and black; one has no hat at all, but a peacock's plumage held smoothly under a transparent net. Their dresses flow harmoniously from graceful figures, and a yellow vest, or a purple coat, adds to the riot of color heightened by bright eyes and full, red lips.

Two nervous little Jewesses scurry by.

A tall woman with long eyelashes and quick, brilliant black eyes, making me think of the French "filles de joie," trails past with a greasy-haired, sensual-looking man. They pass a mother,—in marble,—praying with her two children held close. The man makes a mechanical sound intended for a laugh. The woman giggles hysterically. The sounds rise discordantly above the steady shuffling of feet on the stone floor, and the murmuring of voices, as the crowd flows on, forming and breaking in little eddies like water in a shallow stream.

Staccato sounds bespeak the heels of two women of fashion who

have somehow wandered in on this day of the people. They chatter volubly. Occasionally they glance at a picture. "See that fruit!" one gurgles. "Yes, isn't it splendid?" comes the appreciative reply. They pause before a bronze book-rack. It is the cast of a polo player bending from his horse. The "Philadelphia Blue Book" enhances the aesthetic ensemble of the piece.

Three huge negroes stop near them. They move on.

The tallest and heaviest of the blacks explains to his brethren that the green bronze piper is charming the crouching leopard with the music of his flute.

Across the hall I see two "young things." They dart from one brilliant picture to another—and look electrically into each other's face. The girl is very intense. She holds the man feverishly by his coat sleeve. He is a musician—not the kind that is caricatured, but a well-tailored, clean-looking artist. They are getting out of the Exhibit all that it holds. She is the best picture there, under the shadow of her large hat.

It is fascinating to sit in the vicinity of a nude. Here one can choose the artists. Three or four scrawny youths stand nervously for a second in front of her. Their smirks effect a feeling of revulsion. A grandmother comes upon her suddenly and blushes, with a start. Two spinster ladies look for five minutes at a basket of fruit nearby—but their eyes take stolen glances.

The intense young couple darts up.

"Isn't she lovely?" Petite exclaims. (I name her on sudden impulse.)

The musician surveys the sculpture critically, and agrees. I love "Petite" and her lover more than before.

I walk about once more and am impressed with the pictures of tall chimneys, of large men at heavy labor, of pulleys and canals that bespeak the rude vigor of a new day. The picture of an "L" crowd absorbed in its newspapers, the sculpture of commuters beating their way through the wind and storm, make me think of a time when artistry was occupied in portraying the Holy Virgin, and saints and cherubs that have never yet been seen.

I come upon a picture of the best-loved artist of the few who have received the encouragement of a Friendly education. An illustrated note-book in my college library establishes kinship with the Maxfield Parrish whom Kenyon Cox has portrayed for the admiration of the passing throng.

An immense woman bumps me in the back. A voice that itself

seems fat, exclaims," "How sweet!" She is looking at a fresh young girl with the white background of a winter's day, who has received the gold medal. The picture is "sweet." The children go close as though finding a comrade.

I return to the central place and look for the third time at a bronze dancing girl—eight inches high.

The catalogue says that nearly everything is for sale. I curse the limitations of my purse. A large Jewish person comes up with an attendant. I listen fearfully to their conversation. The little inspiration is going to his cluttered mansion. I wonder she does not topple over and end it all. But she is held firmly by copper wires nailed to the green cloth of her pedestal. Behind her is the polo player and the "Blue Book."

Disgusted, I take a last look and leave her to her fate.

I am tired of standing up. A soft divan gives me an excellent place from which to look once more at the people. But the pleasure has fled. One soon becomes sated with humanity when alone. There is no one to whom to overflow. Impressions beat in and stun.

On my way out a snatch of conversation makes me smile as all true Americans should at audible signs of appreciation or feeling.

"Don't you think there's a sort of poetry about that? A-ah—sort of easy—those dark grey clouds—*also*." It is a red-haired, freckled, and rather dumpy lady who makes this flight.

I went up a side street to the station. A building in process of demolition was on my way. A man and three women stood, absorbed in the sight. I had seen them equally absorbed by the prize pictures twenty minutes before.

After all it is "the thing" to go to an Exhibit!

—*Eugene M. Pharo, '15.*

The Genius of the Past

It was night, and the wind was softly blowing through the trees, as I sat reading stories of the past—tales of ancient Egypt, of Babylon and Syria in days gone by, of mysterious Arabia and all those other lands of the rising sun. I mused on history and the past, and over it all I seemed to see that golden, mystic splendor which ofttimes accompanies a summer's dying day. As the indefinite masses of pure white cloud seem to us on earth like real enchanted castles of fable, so those far-gone times appeared sweetly beautiful to my imaginative fancy. The light of vague unreality fell over them all. And outside the wind moaned drearily, and I thrilled to the sound as I sat in the warm glow of my lamp.

I had allowed my book to fall into my lap and was staring vacantly into space, dreaming of all this beauty, when I was suddenly startled by the appearance of a figure before me. It was a woman clad in white robes; her golden hair streamed over her shoulders, partly covering a neck of pure whiteness; her features exhibited a calm, almost stern beauty; and she seemed to be looking through and beyond me. Startled surprise and admiration held me as in a trance while I gazed upon her, and as I gazed I saw that in one hand she held a tablet, and in the other a stylus. As I saw these things, a realization of her identity broke in upon me. "Ah!" I thought, "this must be the Muse of History." And even as this thought passed through my mind, a strange change came over her. The face became wrinkled and drawn, the golden hair sickened into straggly locks of dead gray color, the well-carried shoulders drooped as a flying standard droops when the wind dies out, the hands that bore the tablet and stylus shook. This transformation took place slowly but perceptibly while I looked upon her. And after the change had taken place I thought, "This cannot be the Goddess of History," but she carried the tablet and the pen.

And then for the first time she spoke, and her voice told of sorrow and suffering. In low, sobbing tones she said to me, "If you would see the Plains of History from the Mountain of To-day, follow me." Scarcely knowing what I did, I followed her out over paths which I had never trod before, up, up towards a rocky summit. A gray, death-like twilight sky brooded over the desolate region of shadows. At length we reached the top of the mountain, and as we did so my guide raised her arm. At this gesture the sky grew lighter and lighter, but the increased light was not of such a nature as to render the scene more cheerful. The spirit of horror and sadness still reigned supreme.

When the light had become stronger, objects and figures on the plain became visible, though far away. Strangely clearly could I see the figures of men despite the distance. The Muse beside me spoke and said, "See now the beautiful and wonderful land of ancient Egypt." As she said this, a faintly cynical smile played on her withered lips. I turned and beheld an uncompleted pyramid rising above the sandy stretch. Perspiring laborers bent with toil swarmed over the huge masses of rock. There a group of slaves strained at ropes, endeavoring to haul a huge rock over rollers to the base of the pyramid. A brute wielded a lash among them and the blood trickled from the cut backs of those whose faces expressed a cowering, dog-like simplicity and fear. "Thus," said my guide, "are built the glorious monuments of the glorious Pharaoh of Egypt." I turned my eyes away, and the Muse again raised her hand. The sky darkened, and after some moments grew lighter again.

This time I saw a great battle raging. Two long lines of soldiers clad in steel armor were fighting hand to hand. Shrieks of agony, brutal battle cries, and the clash of swords rose from the battlefield. Here and there a man would fall, but the line closed up and the strife went on as the lines swayed forward and backward. Towards the horizon a cloud of dust appeared, from which after a time could be discerned advancing a great host of horsemen. This troop rode down upon one flank of the fighting line and crushed it. With their flank turned the whole line fell back and their enemies followed after them. The retreat became a rout as the steel lances of the cavalry plunged through the corselets of the defeated warriors while they retreated. Thus was the whole expanse of field soaked with the blood of men. "This," said my guide, "is the great battle in which the Babylonians crushed an army of the Syrians, and in this manner was built up the magnificent empire of Babylon." And after the awful battle, women could be seen searching among the dead. There a woman discovered a dead husband or father or brother or son and a broken heart was evidenced by her prostrate figure. Again darkness fell over the scene.

This time the light revealed a beautiful Roman home of white marble, reposing in an Italian landscape. On the portico stood a Roman of distinguished appearance with his hands clasped behind him. He was watching his wife and children playing on the green lawn in front of the villa, but as he watched a band of soldiers appeared in the distance. He watched them with an anxious expression upon his face. Along the dusty road they marched. As they reached the entrance of the estate they turned and came up the driveway. At this moment the mother and children noticed the soldiers. The mother was startled and

frightened, but the children were overwhelmed with awe and admiration. The centurion who was in command of the company approached the father and said, "By the Emperor's orders we are to bring you to Rome" Without the slightest show of surprise or fear the man turned slowly to his wife and, speaking in a low tone, said, "I am summoned to Rome"; and then, smiling sarcastically, "for the glory of the empire a Roman must die. I shall never return." The woman grew deathly pale, but did not speak. Her husband embraced her and, tearing himself away, departed with the soldiers, and the fitting darkness descended once more.

The Muse led me down from the mountain, and as we reached the bottom she turned and said, "You have seen me as I am, and as for the sake of poetry and beauty I must appear." So saying, she changed into that form in which she had first appeared, and vanished from view, just as the faint streaks of dawn colored the eastern sky.

—Donald H. Painter, '17.

Early Morning in Washington Square

The dim coils of the river lie asleep,
The red roofs stretch into the misty blue,
But far away beyond the smoke-dimmed view
There is a spot where dawn's faint colors creep
O'er smiling ripples where the swallows sweep,
And birds sing wondrously and woo
Their mates with notes oft-sung yet ever new,
While from green depths of leaves shy wood-folk peep.
Up from the square the noise of heavy grind
Comes mingled with a wave of torrid air
Between high walls. Swift wheels their plaint repeat.
O could I leave the tumult far behind
And wander over fields without a care,
While larks, on high, rain music—ah, so sweet!

—W. S. Nevin. '18.

An Appeal to Our Appreciation of Heroism and a New Standard for Haverford Men

AGAINST the dark background of the horrible tempest in Europe stands out to Haverford men and to all the believers in youth and idealism the splendid work of young Phil Baker and his band of efficient workers in the relief of suffering in the war zone.

That Phil Baker spent a year at Haverford and became a loyal and enthusiastic Haverfordian obliterates a good deal of the distance which many of us feel intervenes between us and the war, and we suddenly find ourselves confronted with a personal "FRIEND AT THE FRONT."

The letters which I have received from members of the Ambulance Corps have quite a different effect from the bellowing headlines in the newspapers, and they give a startling picture of the humanity and barbarity which are so tangled in that distressed region.

The appreciation which they feel of the relatively small amount of help which has come to them from America makes all effort here seem worth while, and sons of Haverford would be glad if they could feel that more of their number were out there aiding this brilliant young Englishman to accomplish his work.

For members of the Society of Friends this is a great opportunity to preach effective "peace principles," and to strengthen the unity of Friends and increase the value of their contribution to reconstruction when the fighting is over. To those Haverfordians who are not members with Friends the work of this group with its efficiency and devotion to their ideals must always be a satisfaction.

An American Committee in aid of this work, which contains the names of such Haverfordians as Rufus M. Jones, Charles J. Rhoads, J. Henry Scattergood, Frederic H. Strawbridge, and James Wood, has been formed, and my office at 43 Cedar Street, New York City, selected as the place to which funds should be sent for transmission.

A "Haverford ambulance" would be such a concrete expression of our willingness to aid Phil Baker as could not fail to give immediate aid and cheer him on in a substantial way.

—L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96.

New York, February 19, 1915.

THE UNEASY CHAIR

ASPIRING YOUNG WRITERS read with a pleasure, not unmingled with a sort of envy, the delightful editorials which come from the occupant of the Easy Chair and appear monthly in the pages of one of our leading magazines. Perspiring young editors know, without inquiring into the architecture of that particular chair, that the feeling of comfort which such a piece of furniture can afford, depends largely upon the state of mind of the occupant. After lying awake o' nights till the lights go out, in a vain endeavor to assemble material for a readable editorial, he begins to realize the truth of the old saying, Uneasy lies the ear that wears a pen. He also resolves that he will emulate the immortal *pater patriae* and avow the embarrassing truth. Hence, the new caption for this department.

It would be quite interesting and rather easy to cover a page or two with a discussion of the purpose and ideal nature of college periodicals in general and of the HAVERFORDIAN in particular; but the thing has been so well done by a thin red line of editors stretching well back into the misty past, that we shall leave the reader to his own meditations on the subject. No doubt the result will be much the same. It may even be unnecessary to remark that the success of the HAVERFORDIAN as a representative college product depends entirely upon the sympathetic co-operation of the Alumni and undergraduates with the editorial board, but we feel that it is not out of place to ask that each reader should feel at least a modicum of personal responsibility in the matter of making our college magazine worthy of its name. To this end we repeat the usual invitation for contributions and constructive criticism from both Alumni and undergraduates. With such material as may fall into our nets, we hope to make the book readable and representative.

ADVERTISING HAVERFORD is the attractive slogan of a progressive party which is growing in influence among Haverfordians. For the last three years sentiment has been flowing with a swelling tide in this direction. The organization of prep. school clubs within the College, has followed the formation of Haverford clubs by graduates in various cities. In connection with this movement, the question naturally arises, Does Haverford wish to be larger? We take pleasure in presenting President Sharpless' answer to the question in this number.

The same gentleman who put this question also wished to know

why it was that such a small college had such a large reputation. This inquiry seems to indicate that, even in the absence of advertising, we have somehow become known. Without any desire to undervalue the beneficial results of the nascent publicity work, it seems evident that Haverford's best advertising, in the future as in the past, will be the influence of her Alumni upon the communities in which they live. When a community or institution realizes that a Haverford man is present because of the peculiar spirit which prevails in it, then the College comes into her own and candidates for matriculation become more numerous. This is also true of the influence of undergraduates when away from the College. Even if we find it easy to forget, at times, that we are Haverfordians, those whom we meet do not forget it. The reputation of the College stands or falls with us. Whatever modern methods may be desirable from a business point of view, we cannot at any time afford to forget the fact that we are at all times, whether we will it or not, display ads. in large type.

THE LENTEN SEASON is a subject which has possibly never received attention before in these pages. The formal observance of it is incompatible with Friendly practice, but the deepening of the inner life which results from meditation on the life of Jesus and a conscious communion with God is a thing which is the privilege of all Christians, irrespective of sect. At this time when two great churches are definitely turning their attention to the deeper things of life, there is not one of us who will not be benefited by waiting quietly, "in deep mid-silence, open-doored to God."

A HAVERFORD AMBULANCE is the peaceful part suggested by L. Hollingsworth Wood for Haverfordians to play in the European conflict. The great need, together with a more or less personal interest in the work of Philip Baker, ought to make the idea attractive to us. Mr. Wood's appeal appears elsewhere in this issue, and we hope that it may be accorded the response which it deserves.

SUNDAY HAS COME and is about to go—William A., we mean, of course. At the present writing his converts total over thirty-five thousand. We suppose that many of our readers will not agree with either of the views of him presented in this issue. We can hardly open these pages to a word war in regard to Mr. Sunday's merits or demerits, but we shall be glad to print the best reply which may be submitted. If you disagree to the point of rushing into print, we shall be glad to hear from you on this subject.

BOOKS

Sinister Street, BY COMPTON MACKENZIE. *D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.*
$1.35 net.

Several years ago Mr. Montague Compton Mackenzie took the reading public of England by storm with his delightful book, "Carnival," a brief carnival of life and love, a flutter of dainty butterfly wings and the tragedy which so often waits on carnival. Its author became famous in a day, and, to quote the London *Outlook:* "Carnival is marked out to be not only the leading success of its own season, but also to be read afterward as none but the best books are read." It was the story of a little girl with a temperament for dancing, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, who has always been closely connected with the stage, made a delightful book of it. Next came "The Passionate Elopement," which added but little to the fame of its author, but showed that he still maintained a high literary standard. "Sinister Street" Volume 1, or, to give it its American title, "Youth's Encounter," was a wonderful study of a boy; it was the romance of a picturesque, adventurous youth, with ideals higher than the average, thoroughly lovable and sympathetic. The character study was as powerful as in "Carnival"; Jenny and Michael Jane are living, breathing realities.

Now Mr. Compton Mackenzie has published "Sinister Street," which in England is Volume 2, but which in America is the continuation of "Youth's Encounter," though neither the publishers nor the author tell us so.

The book deals with the life of Michael Jane at Saint Mary's, Oxford, and with his romantic adventures in London's moral by-paths. Book One, "Dreaming Spires," is very interesting; a wonderful picture of Oxford and the Oxford man. Perhaps Mr. MacKenzie has made Michael and his friends too typical of Magdalene (or, as Mr. Mackenzie's thin pseudonym has it: St. Mary's); but the atmosphere of England's greatest university is faithfully rendered.

Book Two, "Romantic Education," is, I think, rather inferior. Michael Jane goes to London and finds he is still in love with Lily Daven; this, although the author emphasized the fact that the love he had felt for her in "Youth's Encounter" was merely a boyish infatuation. However, he searches all over London for her, and finds her to be nothing

better than a prostitute. He is about to marry her, goes away, comes back, finds that she has deceived him and becomes a priest.

The weak part of the book is Michael's love for Lily. Does he feel that he is obliged to marry her because of his boyish words, spoken six years before? If so, he is very noble; too noble, in fact, to abandon her when she is doing what he had forced her to do by abandoning her six years ago. If not, then he is really in love with her, he lets jealousy conquer love, and is a flat contradiction of the Michael Jane of "Youth's Encounter."

This fault is the only one in the book. Certain critics have blamed the author for the length of his books; "Youth's Encounter" and "Sinister Street" each number six hundred pages; but Mr. Mackenzie has such a fine style and speaks so eloquently that it is a pleasure to read every page in the book.

Besides, he is writing a book no longer than the traditional form as handed down to us by the pioneers of the novel; he even treats us to an epilogical letter.

There is more unity; in Youth's Encounter" there were, to quote Mr. Henry James, "a hundred subordinate purposes" which did not gather themselves for application into one idea.

Mr. Mackenzie says that his book is not a "biography but a prolog of a life"; the London *Nation* calls his book not a work of art but a prolog to art. However, it is one of the best novels of the twentieth century, and without a doubt, though only thirty-two years of age, Mr. Montague Compton Mackenzie is one of the leading English novelists. There is an earnestness and a charm which are quite unique and we cannot praise the author too highly for his masterly novel. As *Punch* says, "Mr. Mackenzie's future is bound up with what is most considerable in English fiction."

No greater tribute could be paid to the young novelist; what matter, indeed, if his talent has been labelled the talent of an undergraduate when his character study and impeccable style both make a bid for immortality?

—*Jack G. C. Le Clercq, '18.*

THROUGH THE GLASSES

"Boris Godounov"

A Review and an Impression.

The Metropolitan Opera Company created quite a stir among Philadelphia opera-goers when, instead of one of the old standbys, "Carmen," "Faust" or "Aida," "Boris Godounov" was announced as the opera for Tuesday, January 26th. True, this work of the little known Russian, Moussorgsky, had been given once before in this city; but, inasmuch as it may still be regarded somewhat in the light of a novelty, a few words in regard to its composer and its plot will not be out of place.

Modeste Moussorgsky was born in Russia in 1835. Although he evinced early musical talent, he showed no inclination to become a professional musician, and obtained a commission in the army. He soon discovered, however, that his true lifework lay elsewhere; and, when the conflict between his military duties and his musical proclivities became too acute, he resigned his commission and accepted an inferior position in the service of the government. His subsequent career was far from happy. His constant poverty and the sordidness of his surroundings drove him into dissipation which prematurely wrecked his health. His music was too original and too pre-eminently national to meet with general recognition, even in his own country, which was, at that time, in large measure subject to the musical standards of Germany, France and Italy. He died in 1881, an unappreciated genius. After his death, however, the originality and picturesqueness of his work commenced to excite interest and attention; and he is now fast attaining the musical celebrity which is his due.

"Boris Godounov," Moussorgsky's only complete opera, is based upon a historic drama of that name by Poushkin. Boris is the capable and crafty regent for a weak-minded Tsar. The only obstacle to his attainment of absolute power is Dmitry, a brother of the Tsar. After an internal struggle Boris causes the brother to be put to death, and rules with firmness and ability for many years. But a renegade monk, claiming to be the murdered Dmitry, raises a formidable insurrection in Poland and Lithuania. Boris is overwhelmed with remorse at the recollection of his crime, and, after committing the future government

of Russia and the suppression of the rebellion to his son, he perishes from the pangs of his overwrought conscience.

Moussorgsky has done full justice to the intensely dramatic character of his plot. The scene in the second act where Boris struggles with the haunting spectre of his crime is almost worthy of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies. And the effect is tremendously enhanced by the accompanying music, which is weird and sombre in the extreme. While "Boris Godounov" resembles Wagner's music dramas in the close agreement of the music with the action and singing, it is altogether original in its musical treatment. There is little direct melody; and many of the best effects are secured by the skillful shading in the string choir.

Another peculiar feature of Moussorgsky's opera is the importance which is attached to the choruses. Ordinarily the chorus of an opera only appears on stated conventional occasions, such as a wedding, a triumphal procession, etc. In such cases it is little more than an animated part of the scenery. But Moussorgsky uses his choruses to portray the progress of the action, much in the fashion of the older Greek dramatists.

In proportion as the value of the chorus increases, that of the vocal star decreases in "Boris Godounov." While all the parts in the opera require considerable histrionic ability, there are few opportunities for conspicuous individual triumphs by means of brilliant and extended arias. Moussorgsky evidently did not believe in sacrificing any part of his general effect to gratify the desire of two or three distinguished soloists for individual glory.

Proper scenic background plays an important part in the success of the opera. Almost every scene contains some distinctively novel features, while the opening scene of the third act, which depicts a driving snowstorm, is a genuine artistic *piece de resistance* when it is properly presented.

But the predominant impression which "Boris Godounov" left upon my mind was not created by the superb scenic effects or by the unusually fine choruses. Nor was it altogether the product of Boris' terrific soul convulsions or of their powerful musical accompaniment. It was rather inspired by the feeling that all these separate elements were united to form a perfect *national* masterpiece. Through the solemn and subdued chorals, through the council of nobles in the Kremlin, and the crowd of peasants on the Polish heath, one voice seemed to be speaking. And that voice was the voice of Holy Russia, giving forth its message, whether for good or for evil, to the western world.

—*William H. Chamberlain, '17.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

The following is the third and final article by Mr. Samuel E. Hilles '74, of his series of letters which appeared in "Office Appliances," Cincinnati, Ohio:

A JAUNT TO THE FAR EAST

Nagasaki was naturally one of the five ports of Japan opened by Commodore Perry, for it was the only town where the Dutch and Chinese (no other foreigners) were allowed to trade. On the tiny Island of Deshima, directly on the water-front, was the prescribed home of the thrifty Dutch, who for more than two centuries, from 1641 to 1858, enjoyed, or one might better say, in view of the gross humiliation and frequent martyrdoms, endured an exclusive foreign trade with Japan.

The influence, also, of a few noted Europeans sent out as surgeons to the settlement, one or two in a century, was very far-reaching in its after effects upon Japanese exclusiveness.

In one night coming up the west coast of Kyushu, the chief southern island of Japan, daylight found us passing through the narrow but picturesque strait of Shimonoseki, separating from the principal island of Hondo, and without stopping, we soon passed over its racing tidal water into the famed Inland Sea, with its many enchanting islands and mountains.

At one place we passed through narrows of so little width that a semaphore signal on shore is used to show pilots if the way is clear, for it is dangerous, with a swirling tidal current of sometimes quite ten miles per hour. Near this, but in a beautifully widening bay, I counted at one time sixty sailboats, studding the matchless view of high, wooded mountains, dark seas, and white sprayed shores.

At Kobe, on the morning of August 2, we were startled by the war news, and Sunday morning extras certainly made a sensation in our thoughts, out of all proportion to the small size of the sheet, for having been out of reach of late English papers, the rapid developments of the four days since leaving Shanghai came as a very distinct shock to all our passengers. The English papers of Kobe—*The Chronicle* and *The Herald*—I found far above the average, and reminding one of the best papers of England or Scotland.

Journeying northward still, I went through from Kobe, a night's comfortable ride by rail, to Tokyo, and in crossing this metropolis of Japan was impressed with the size and beauty of the new railway station, nearly ready for occupancy; it would compare favorably in size and setting with almost any I have seen, and speaks eloquently for the new regime in Japan.

NIKKO THE SPLENDID

The Japs say, "Nikko mirumade, Kekko to iu na!" "Until you have seen Nikko, do not say splendid!" So to Nikko, 90 miles to the north, I devoted my last day of sight-seeing.

For four (originally forty) miles out from this famed mountain village, a magnificent avenue of cryptomerias lines the wagon road.

Here I was indeed in the center of Buddhist and Shinto sanctity.

The thick groves of these noble trees were most impressive. At Nara, near Kyoto, I had seen fine trees, but here were hundreds of giants, towering up many of them over a hundred feet, four or five feet in diameter. These, called in America and England the Japanese cedar, are quite similar to the redwood of California, and are of great value for building, though quite brittle.

In Nikko, under the protecting shade of such guardians, are set the wonderful temples, which beggar description. By an old decree the chief priest of Nikko is always to be a prince of the Imperial blood—and in various ways the Government aids in keeping up these magnificent shrines, than which there is, perhaps, nothing finer east of Agra, India.

Here at the feet of these stately sentinels lies the dust of abbots and bonzes, of shotguns and samurai, the champions of a system that is passing away.

It was only in 1870 that the first foreigners were allowed to visit Nikko, and I was told by a missionary—a lady who has lived there for 25 years—that under these noble trees, and within sound of the great bells calling the hours or summoning the priests to their worship, it was Phillips Brooks and Dr. McVickar who held the first Protestant service in Japan.

The same earnest missionary there, whom I, a stranger, had called on, from happening to see over a gateway. . . . "American Church Missionary," surprised me by her knowledge of the beloved Doctor Henry Hartshorne and his daughter, and it was, indeed, another pleasant connecting link with early days at Haverford, far away! And it was but small wonder that he so loved the Japan of his day!

At Nikko, as perhaps nowhere else, in the life of the mortal, the hours, the days, the years, seem every moment to lose themselves in Eternity, as they move stately away.

I did not cross the Sacred Bridge; for me the trees and tumbling cascades with their liquid music, had a greater charm than the works of these devotees, beautiful as their creations were, in their gold and lacquer, and bathed in the incense of a faith not ours.

Collier's Weekly of November 21 contains an interesting photograph of the white-clad priests crossing this remarkable sacred red bridge on their way to ceremonials in one of these wonderful shrines of Nikko, at the time of Japan's entering

upon the war, more especially for the capture of Tsing-tao. In the most sacred Temple of Iyeyasu, the declaration of war was then announced to the spirits of the imperial ancestors.

There is also a most interesting article by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, lately returned from Japan, in the *Outlook* for December 23, 1914, on "Japan's Platonic War With Germany." I commend it as one view of the treatment of a foreign foe and its local subjects, by a so-called "heathen" nation.

In 1902 a great avalanche of water, displaced by a mountain slide into Lake Chuzenji, eight miles away, and nearly 2,500 feet higher, carried away the older bridge and many houses in this valley and scattered the remains for a hundred miles towards the sea.

The wonderful road to the lake was a hard climb of five miles from the end of the car line, and only misty views of its unusual beauties, and none of the superb Kegon waterfall of 250 feet, rewarded me for personal and perspiring persistence.

The road was being prepared for a visit of the Emperor, who thus joins the throng of pilgrims to this Japanese Mecca, for the lake is a part of the sacred and supposedly soul-purifying journey from all parts of the empire.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Upon finally embarking again on August 5 at Yokohama, our last port in Japan, we found French, German and Austrian reservists on board, called home on short notice and thus bringing us face to face with one of the many phases of the great European duel.

It was only after leaving the inner harbor that we learned, through a dispatch boat, of England's declaration, and that of Japan came later, when we were on the high sea. The news put upon all of us, including the reservists themselves, a feeling of sadness. To think that these fine fellows, more than a score of them, friends in the embassies of Tokyo, or in business life in Japan, were probably to march against each other, on murderous European battlefields, clear on the other side of the world!—but on the "Korea"—with the Stars and Stripes at the stern, all was harmony, though there was no mood for levity, and occasionally I found one or another gazing thoughtfully out upon the peaceful sea.

For days we got no further news whatever; but finally wireless bulletins from Honolulu were given us each morning, for an appetizer before breakfast, and we quietly took our impressions, favorable or unfavorable, according to our sympathies.

On board, at least, there was peace; "Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur"—(Trojan and Tyrian shall be treated with no distinction by me.—Vergil's Aeneid) —one and all rejoiced that we were on an American boat, and had no

occasion, as the steamer just preceding us, to slip stealthily in, through the Golden Gate, to the coveted goal of American soil.

The Alumni Department is glad to publish the following letter, in view of the fact that Mr. Simkin, '03, recently spoke before a meeting of the College Y. M. C. A. This was Mr. Simkin's second visit to Haverford during the present college year.

February 5th, 1915.

"It is again time to ask for contributions of Haverfordians, past and present, for the support of Robert L. Simkin, Haverford's foreign missionary representative in West China.

"Simkin is at present in this country, studying at Teachers' College and Union Theological Seminary, in further preparation for his educational work.

"In a recent letter he states that 'the European war, as yet, has had no appreciable effect upon the favorable attitude of the Chinese.' The financial drain of the war upon England, however, makes it all the more imperative for us to do our full share in supplying the funds for his support.

"If you are willing to contribute to this fund, your check may be sent to J. P. Magill, who acts as Treasurer, 305 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

"Very truly your friends,
ASA S. WING,
A. G. SCATTERGOOD,
W. E. CADBURY, *Secretary*
J. P. MAGILL, *Treasurer.*"

We regret to announce the deaths of James R. Magee,'59, and James B. Thompson, '74.

James Ronaldson Magee was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1839. He entered the introductory department of Haverford in 1854, and after graduation engaged in the practice of law. Mr. Magee was one of Haverford's earliest cricketers and a contemporary of several stars of the crease. He proved his continued interest in Haverford by a bequest of $20,000 to the Endowment Fund, and in addition, a share in his residuary estate.

His death occurred on November 3d, 1914.

James Beatin Thompson was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on February 20th, 1855. He entered the Sophomore Class in February, 1872, and received his A. B. degree in 1874. During his College days Mr. Thompson was one of the bowlers on the cricket team and always maintained great interest in all the College activities. The time of his death was January 8th, 1915.

President Sharpless attended the annual meeting and banquet of the New England Alumni Association of Haverford, which was held at the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, on February eighteenth. R. Colton, '76, is president, and E. H. Spencer, '11, secretary, of the Association.

'75

Charles E. Tebbetts, General Secretary of the American Friends' Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at Richmond, Ind., has been spending a few weeks in New York and Philadelphia in attendance at various conferences held in the interest of missions.

'78

The engagement has been recently announced of Edward T. Comfort to Mrs. Harry M. Dunn, of Staten Island, New York.

'89

C. H. Burr recently engineered the special agreement with Great Britain by which wool has been taken off the contraband list. Mr. Burr is now in constant touch with Washington.

Franklin B. Kirkbridge is a collaborator in the publication of the fourth edition of *The Modern Trust Co.*

Warner Fite has recently contributed several articles on philosophy to current periodicals.

Victor M. Haughton informs this department of a very exceptional Sunday School class, numbering some sixty scholars, of which he has charge in Exeter, N. H. He also has a congregation which includes nearly one hundred students from Philips Exeter Academy.

'97

R. C. Brown has left his position in the book department at Strawbridge and Clothier's, and is now in the employ of the Philadelphia Quartz Co.

F. N. Maxfield, of the psychology department of the University of Pennsylvania, has recently published "*An Experiment in Linear Space Perception*," the result of some of his research work at the University.

'99

The engagement of F. A. Evans to Miss Anna R. Elkinton has been announced.

'00

W. W. Justice recently acted as chairman of the Alumni Midwinter Dinner Committee. The banquet was held at the Bellevue-Stratford on Saturday, January thirtieth.

J. S. Hiatt has been made private secretary to Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania.

The Class of 1900 are to hold their Fifteenth Annual Reunion in June. A varied program lasting several days has been arranged, and a number of men who live at some distance from Philadelphia will attend.

'01

E. Marshall Scull gave an illustrated lecture on "A Cruise Through the Arctic and Alaska," at the College on February 25th.

'02

Through the kindness of Dr. C. W. Stork, '02, of the University of

Pennsylvania, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Vachel Lindsay read from his poems on the evening of February twenty-second. Mr. Lindsay was introduced by Mr. Stork, who also said a few words at the close of the lecture on the value of the former's work to America.

A. S. Cookman is manager of the soccer football team of Englewood, N. J. He brought his team to Haverford on Saturday, the twenty-seventh of February, when Englewood played the College second team.

'04

C. C. Morris has been coaching the soccer men in shooting during the evening practices held in the gymnasium several times each week.

'06

R. T. Cary has been made secretary of the Social Service League, one of the largest and most active philanthropic organizations in Baltimore. Mr. Cary is also acting chief of the Bureau of Municipal Research, whose work has been largely responsible for securing the employment of modern business methods in the city government of Baltimore.

Ex-'08

Clifford C. Collings, who was formerly with J. W. Sparks, is now associated with Reilly, Brock and Company, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

'11

Henry Ferris, Jr., is county manager of the *Farm Journal* for Fairfield Co., Ohio. His address is Box 119, Lancaster, Ohio.

John S. Bradway announces that he has opened offices for the general practice of law at 918 Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.

'12

H. Froelicher was recently elected president of the class of 1917 at the University of Maryland Law School.

'13

W. Y. Hare is now at Palm Beach, Fla.,where he holds a position with the Greenleaf and Crosby Co.

F. A. Curtis is now located at the Y. M. C. A. in Dayton, Ohio, where he is working for the Aetna Paper Co., of that city.

The following letter is by DR. WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT, '94, several of whose letters have appeared in former numbers of the HAVERFORDIAN. We reprint it from the *Nation* of January 21st.

It is probably unnecessary to repeat that Dr. Comfort was spending a sabbatical year studying in France, but was compelled by the war to remove to England.

CHRISTIAN IDEALS AND THE WAR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The attention of all who are engaged in private heart-searchings

at the present time in America should be called to a new series of Papers for War Time, the first four numbers of which have just been put on sale in Oxford, bearing the following titles: "Christianity and War," by the Rev. W. Temple, M.A.; "Are We Worth Fighting For?", by the Rev. Richard Roberts; "The Woman's Part," by Mrs. Luke Paget; "Brothers All: The War and the Race Question," by Edwyn Bevan, M. A. A large number of other papers will follow at the rate of two each fortnight, and may be obtained from agencies of the Oxford University Press for twopence each. The explanatory note which prefaces each sixteen-page paper gives the best idea of the conception of this original and significant undertaking:

This series of papers embodies an attempt to reach by common thought, discussion, and prayer, a truer understanding of the meaning of Christianity and of the mission of the Church to the individual, to society, and to the world.

Those who are promoting the issue of these papers are drawn from different political parties and different Christian bodies. They believe that the truth they seek can be gained only by providing for a measure of diversity in expression. Therefore they do not accept responsibility for the opinions of any paper taken alone. But in spirit they are united, for they are one in the conviction that in Christ and in His Gospel lies the hope of redemption and health for society and for national life.

Those who are contributing to the series represent, then, different schools of thought and practice, but they are united in their purpose to find out where we are and what can be done. The papers will form the first definite attempt made by Christians to define personal duty under the present circumstances, and to consider the prospects for a better society in the future. However complacently we may be persuaded that the present war was inevitable, given the false civilization of the nations involved, there is one cry that is heard on all sides: "Never again!" Never again must such a tragedy be consummated. Never again must commercial jealousy and militarism and culture and smug Phariseeism be allowed to replace righteousness.

Consider the dilemma! Here are

OVER 360 SAMPLES OF GOOD LETTERHEADS

YOU will find here an unique display so arranged that you can see the entire number in 5 minutes, or you can profitably spend half an hour; a wide range of prices, plenty of good colors in both paper and ink, and a type display suitable for all kinds of business, from the professional ones for the lawyer and doctor on up to the elaborate ones for the business that requires that kind.

You are invited to see the display any day from 8 to 5.30. Send for booklet,

"Where To Buy Letterheads."

ACTON LETTER HEAD SPECIALIST

29 SOUTH SEVENTH STREET

PHILADELPHIA

millions of people praying for success in a struggle conducted on lines contradictory at every point to the methods used and proved triumphant by Jesus of Nazareth. What are we going to do about the inconsistency? What is the individual going to do with his ideals when he comes up squarely against the present conditions? Shall we still believe in and work for the kingdom of God on earth, or shall we say with the disillusioned cynic, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church and regret that it does not exist"? These and analogous searching questions are discussed in a way that gives one much to think about. There is no British self-complacency or self-righteousness in these papers. All have sinned and come short. We must all cry "Peccavi, peccavi," and beat our breasts in penitence. But having done that, we must face the future with new resolves and new standards of honor and righteousness, both individual and national. We must cut down to the quick, through all the shams and frivolity of a generation given over to industrial panaceas and social fads and wanton extravagance. We must hew down to the line and see what faith there is left in spiritual values. If there is no faith in something better than the way we are now following, then let us jettison our cargo of creeds and professions and float on down our destiny with an easy conscience.

But here are people who believe

A FEW REASONS

FOR YOU TO CONSIDER IN THE PURCHASE HERE OF YOUR SPRING AND SUMMER SUIT:

PYLE, INNES & BARBIERI

TAILORS FOR MEN AND BOYS

1115 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

We specialize in clothes for young men and thoroughly understand their ideas; we carry the largest assortment of Woollens in Philadelphia; our prices are very moderate and each bolt of cloth is plainly marked; the workmanship is unexcelled and the cutting right up-to-the-minute in style.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS OPENED UPON APPROVED REFERENCES

We are READY and will be very glad to see YOU

Suits, - - - - $25 to $50
Full Dress and Tuxedo Suits, - $40 to $70

Pyle, Innes & Barbieri,
LEADING COLLEGE TAILORS
1115 Walnut Street, - - - Philadelphia

there is a prospect of a fairer human society, built upon the practice of Christian teaching. It must result from the consecration of individuals in every nation who see the light and who will raise their people after them in its attainment. An international brotherhood, broader than the British Empire, stronger in its convictions than the German people, must be formed out of the present welter and strife. And each individual in this brotherhood will yet be truly patriotic, because his highest desire will be to pledge his life that his nation may be righteous.

In these papers conditions are faced as they exist; there is no sidestepping the thrust of conscience; nothing is taken for granted except the desire to do better next time. And there is immense hope in the present hour. There are many symptoms which augur a more spiritually minded world in the near future. Men are drawn together the world over in the bonds of pain and sorrow. Social caste, religious differences, political quarrels are wiped out. Men and women are praying on the battlefield and in the home when they had almost lost the habit. All the petty daily round of frivolity or money-getting seems trivial now. How can we conserve the seeds of sweet charity and piety now implanted until the day of their predestined fruition? These papers, regarding the present war as an accomplished fact, helpfully and hopefully discuss its eventful effects upon human society. It will be well if devout and responsible persons in all lands shall read them and ponder deeply the problems of personal duty. For no one pretends that the world will ever again be what it was before 1914.

W. W. COMFORT.

Oxford, November 5, 1914.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

PROMPT AND REASONABLE

MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.

10 ANDERSON AVENUE

ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY

ESTIMATES GIVEN PHONE 1087

OPEN EVENINGS

Aubrey Howell Richard S. Dewees

Insurance

HOWELL & DEWEES

SPECIAL AGENTS

Provident Life and Trust Co.

Fourth and Chestnut Streets

Philadelphia

For the gentlemen who appreciate the refinement of good grooming. Our Barber Shop was inaugurated 50 years ago. No Tipping.

Binder

13th above Chestnut, Phila.

INSURANCE

Fire or Burglary Insurance on Students' personal effects while at College or elsewhere.

Tourists' Floating Insurance on personal effects against all risks in transit, in hotels, etc., both in this country and abroad.

Automobile Insurance covering damage to car and liability for damage to property or for injuries to persons.

Longacre & Ewing
Bullitt Building 141 S. Fourth St.
Philadelphia

Repairing of Hall, Chimes and French Clocks a Specialty

A. A. FRANCIS, Jeweler
115 W. Lancaster Ave. PHONE 144D
Ardmore, Pa.

C. W. Scott Company

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Carriages, Wagons and Automobiles

"Careful Handling and Quality"

Send us Your Suitings to be

Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

At Reasonable Rates

Our College Agent

Mr. I. Thomas Steere

S. P. Frankenfield Sons

Undertakers

ARDMORE, PA.

Successors to

JOSIAH S. PEARCE

33 E. Lancaster Avenue

Phone, Ardmore 9

J. OWEN YETTER

General Shoe Repairing

ARDMORE, PA.

Will Collect Shoes Monday Evening and Deliver Thursday Morning

T. B. Whitson, College Agent

Attractive Wall Paper
At Popular Prices

A. L. Diament & Co.

1515 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM S. YARNALL

Manufacturing Optician

118 S. 15th Street Philadelphia

Phone 258

C. E. Edwards

Confectioner

ICE CREAM AND FANCY ICES,
FANCY CAKES

Ramsey Building BRYN MAWR, PA.

Bell, Market 1632, 1633 Keystone, Main 109, 110, 111

A. N. RISSER CO., Inc.

PURVEYORS OF

MEATS, PROVISIONS
BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY

215 Callowhill Street, ∴ Philadelphia

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

EDGAR C. BYE, *Editor-in-Chief*

DOUGLAS C. WENDELL, 1916 — WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLAIN, 1917
ROBERT GIBSON, 1917 — JACK G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) — ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 — Single copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twentieth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVIII. HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1915 No. 2

37

The College Library Needs

the following copies of THE HAVERFORDIAN to complete its files:—Vol. XXVII: Nos. 1, 2, Vol. XXXV: Nos. 4, 8. If there is anyone who can furnish these copies to the Library, the gift will be very much appreciated.

Douglas Cary Wendell

has been elected to the HAVERFORDIAN Board. We take pleasure in welcoming one whose work our readers have already had considerable opportunity to enjoy.

In This Issue

Special Features

The Poetry of Vachel Lindsay
Charles Wharton Stork, '02 45
Temperance and the College Man ..C. D. Champlain, '14 59
Let's Go "Suping".....Douglas C. Wendell, '16 67
In Reply.....Edward F. Lukens, Jr., '16 71

Stories

The War Veteran.....Kenneth W. Webb, '18 49
A Natural Mistake.....E. J. Lester, Jr., '18 60
Easter Sunlight.....H. P. Schenck, '18 69

Verse

Thomas Chatterton.....Felix M. Morley, '15 48
Queen Mab is a-pouting.....Robert Gibson, '17 54
Horace Odes 3 13.....J. W. Spaeth, Jr., '17 60
A Question.....Donald H. Painter, '17 68

Departments

The Uneasy Chair
What Kind of a College do We Want?..... 72
Baseball..... 73

Books
The Open Door.....Edmund F. Price, '17 74
After Lunch in the Library ..Jack G. C. LeClerco, '18 75

Through the Glasses
Robert Mantell in Hamlet.....W. H. Chamberlin, '17 76
Forbes-Robertson in Hamlet.....George A. Dunlap, '16 77
Alumni.....Robert Gibson, '17 78

In the Next Issue

The Ministry of Music.....David Bispham, '76

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVIII HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1915 No. 2

The Poetry of Vachel Lindsay

WHEN, about three years ago, I wrote to ask my friend Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke, of Davenport, Iowa, what new work of significance was being done in the West, he answered that the only thing he knew of was the "Rhymes to be Exchanged for Bread" by a certain Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. I promptly sent my last book, "The Queen of Orplede," to Mr. Lindsay's address in Springfield, Illinois. Shortly after I received a letter of acknowledgment, in which Mr. Lindsay expressed his surprise at being "worth sending poems to." He commented very agreeably on my small volume, of which he liked particularly the blank-verse narrative "Actaeon." I remember being surprised that he had picked out so academic a piece as his favorite. In return Mr. Lindsay sent me the "Rhymes" afore-mentioned, and that was my introduction to the work of a man who is now beginning to bulk large in the field of contemporary verse.

A little later Mr. Lindsay was alluded to in various magazines as "the tramp poet." It was his practice to wander without money through America in regions as remote from each other as northern Pennsylvania and central Mexico, keeping clear of towns and railroads, preaching "the Gospel of the Hearth" and "the Gospel of Beauty," and giving in return for board and lodging his "Rhymes to be Exchanged for Bread." He has since told me that a willingness to split kindling was usually a more practical recommendation than the gift of his poems. Then, some two years ago, his "General William Booth Enters into Heaven" appeared in the Chicago magazine *Poetry*, and was given the prize of the year. It was reprinted everywhere, and after that Mr. Lindsay's name was known to a large and increasing audience.

So far Mr. Lindsay has published three volumes; one taking its title from the poem on General Booth and one called "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," with Mitchell Kennerley; the third, "The Congo and Other Poems," with Macmillan. He has just arranged for two more books with the latter publisher; one on

the "Movies," the other to consist of poems to be illustrated by himself. One of his most spirited pieces, "The Kallyope Yell," is in the "Adventures," reprinted also in Mr. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913"; his last poem, the delicately imaginative "Chinese Nightingale," has just appeared in *Poetry* for February.

Mr. Lindsay comes of a Virginia family (originally Scotch-Irish, no doubt), which early moved westward through Kentucky. His father, a doctor, was desirous that he should have a college training, but the young man failed to find what he wanted in college life. He then studied art for three years in Chicago, and afterwards in New York, where he became an instructor at the Metropolitan School. But his ideals were too democratic to leave him in peace anywhere so far removed from that part of the American people who were farthest from the influence of art and therefore most in need of it. For this reason he gave up his position and began the tramps which were to bring him close to the mind and feelings of the common man. As long as he read poetry in the ordinary way, he was unable to hold an audience. Thus it occurred to him to introduce into his delivery some of the elements of the vaudeville stage, which he did with an effect that only his hearers can realize. As he says: "First I pound them into submission, and then sometimes I can get across what I really want to say." Mr. Lindsay does not intend to keep on writing such poems as "The Congo" or to devote his life to recitation, but he believes in reaching "the ninety million" by whatever method he can. Afterwards he hopes to have a public for his finer thoughts and more delicate forms of expression.

That Mr. Lindsay's inspiration is, despite his vigor, essentially delicate may be seen from his early work in the "Rhymes to be Exchanged for Bread." Note the charm of his nature-love in the following:

"The great bush bloomed with parchments fine
Of songs that feed the soul,
All new, that our dear earth shall hear
When poets reach their goal.

"When our grown children, breathing fire,
Shall justify all time
By hymns of living silver, songs
With sunrise in the rhyme."

There is often a homely whimsicality that is thoroughly American, disarming the cynicism of our so-called humor. The sentiment in "The Grave of the Righteous Kitten" is preserved by the last line.

"Until his death he had not caused
His little mistress tears.
He wore his ribbon prettily,
He washed behind his ears."

Delightful, too, is "An Apology for the Bottle Volcanic."

"And then, just as I throw my scribbled
Paper on the floor,
The bottle says, 'Fe, fi, fo, fum,'
And steams and shouts some more.

"Oh, sad deceiving ink, as bad
As liquor in its way—
All demons of a bottle size
Have pranced from you today,

"And seized my pen for hobby-horse
As witches ride a broom,
And left a train of brimstone words
And blots and gobs of gloom."

The highest, most serious phase of Mr. Lindsay's work is found in his poems of protest against social injustice. One cannot easily find today lines more noble than these from "The Leaden-Eyed":

"Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.
It is the world's one crime: its babes grow dull,
Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed."

For my own part I think I like best "The Kallyope Yell," the poem which finds the symbol of America's blatant enthusiasm in the steam-driven music-machine of the country circus. (Kallyope is here trisyllabic, with the accent on the first syllable.)

"I am the kallyope, kallyope, kallyope!
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope!"

But General Booth will always hold its place, and "The Congo" is full of sound and picture so blended as to thrill the imagination with a

double stimulus. In his experimenting, the poet's instinct has never failed to show him that any popular appeal, today as in the days of the old ballad, must be made by a regular and powerful four-beat metre.

Mr. John Alford, an excellent English critic, writing of Mr. Lindsay in *Poetry and Drama*, discovered that "here was an entirely new mind and new sensibility working in poetry." Very discerningly Mr. Alford also notes: "He has seldom found it necessary to remember he is a poet, a rare quality among his contemporaries." In concluding the article on recent American poetry the critic sums up: "Only one man appears, from the evidence I have available, to present either new thought, new feeling or new expression, and that is Mr. Lindsay, who has at least two of these qualities." American praise has been more flamboyant, but less judicial. I can only add that personal acquaintance with Mr. Lindsay deepens the impression that he happily unites two qualities which have long been thought of as opposites; he is a true poet and a true American.

—Charles Wharton Stork, '02.

Thomas Chatterton

(Died at his own hand August 24, 1770; aet. 17 yrs. 9 mos.)

A dusty garret and a lad alone,
Sitting deserted in the evening glow.
From far beneath the city's restless flow
Breathes softly up, by summer breezes blown
To thee, a prophet knowing yet unknown,
Cursed with the one great gift the gods bestow.
The sunset peace that soothes all human woe
Softens thy lips, too proud to beg or moan
For mercy, where mankind nor heed nor care.
Thy weary eyes dream back to childhood days
By sheltered Redcliffe, ere so tender wings
Too boldly ventured in the envious glare.—
A stray beam sets the empty phial ablaze
As from defeat the soul triumphant springs.

—F. M. Morley, '15.

The War Veteran

ONE evening shortly after the sun had set and while the twilight was still lending the sea a dull leaden hue, the figure of a young man might be seen walking slowly along the broad sea-wall that stretched from the town of Pietranera for several miles along the coast until it finally turned the western point of the island. For some minutes this figure had been walking along in an apparently very reflective mood, but an observer would have been surprised to see him suddenly stop, say something to himself with a decisive nod of the head, and then, turning to the right, stride rapidly through the nurseries that belonged to the Suretan estate.

Ten minutes' walk brought Guiseppe Suretan through a vineyard and a terraced garden, and then to the door of a low, extensive building, to which it seemed that wings and additions had been made as the fortune of each generation permitted. On opening the door into a large parlor, Guiseppe found the room entirely deserted. "Well," he laughed, "this is a fine reception—I wonder if they have held supper for me—oh, won't they be surprised when they hear the news!" With this he passed into the dining-room, and found his mother and younger cousin, who, having finished their supper, were sitting before an open fire. Before either of them could say a word, Guiseppe rushed up to his mother, kissed her, and cried, "Mother, I am going to the war—Italy has at last decided to fight."

"What, Peppe, are you crazy? Do you mean Germany has finally dragged our country into the war? That would be cowardly."

"Cowardly, mother? It is Germany that we are going to fight. We have at last freed ourselves from the Triple Alliance. Here is a paper with the declaration of war. Mother, I sail tomorrow. Just think of it—in a month I will be fighting for my country like every other loyal son, and I will be with our brave King Emanuel when he shows the spirits of Hannibal and Napoleon that the Alps can be conquered from the south as well as the north. That letter which Stephano wrote from Milan says that feeling has been rising higher every minute, that thousands of students have left the universities and are drilling daily, and that already the regular army has mobilized on the northern frontier. Stephano's letter was written over two weeks ago, so who knows what may be happening at this very minute! Oh, by the time I arrive, all the glory will be won and the spoils divided! Still, it is something to be a war veteran. The name has a nice ring to it—besides a handy little pension as a nest-egg."

"But Peppe, my boy, you don't know what you are saying—you don't realize what war means. Think of us—don't be so selfish. Don't you know I love you and want you near me, now that I am growing old?"

"Of course, mother, but you will still have Giaconio—he can help you manage the farm."

"Yes, I suppose so, but it's you I want—not the farm. If you only understood a mother's love—Giaconio and you are all I have left now—and to war, dear, to think that you want to leave me to go to the war—oh, I can't bear it!—don't go, I entreat you."

"Mother, don't say that—it hurts when you talk that way. It is only duty, and in this case it must be a sacrifice for both of us. Your sacrifice for *La Patria* is a great one, but think of father—and your French blood. Service is the only sacrifice I can make, so please don't stop me. I'll go upstairs now, pack my things, and go to bed. Our ship sails from Pietranera tomorrow at nine o'clock, which means that I must make an early start. Tell Viola that I will write as soon as I reach Italy, and tell her to be sure and wait for me."

In his little room upstairs Guiseppe tied together in a leather bag a curious collection of articles he thought fitting and proper for a soldier, and then until his lamp burned down he pored over a few issues of *Le Secolo* and *Revista d'Italia* which gave bits of descriptions of the embarkment of other Italians for the home country. That night Guiseppe went to sleep a mere private in his country's army, but by morning his dream had raised him to the rank of general, and at the point of awakening he was consulting with King Emanuel as to the size of the indemnity which they should impose on Vienna, smouldering before them in the ashes.

* * * * * * * * * *

In the blue harbor of Messene lay the *St. Anna*. A short week ago she had left on a short but dangerous voyage, and now she lay anchored in the shadow of Etna's great dust-cloud, with her three hundred passengers in an acute stage of expectancy aroused by the sight of native Italy. Surrounding the steamer were also anchored a large number of small fishing vessels, and the little harbor was alive with sailors putting their boats to right.

Suddenly a cry from the stern drew the passengers of the *St. Anna* in a crowd in that direction. Along the shore was seen speedily approaching a low, dark cruiser. The next minute a whistling shell crashed through the deck of a small skiff at a distance of about sixty feet from the *St. Anna*, and, exploding, covered the surrounding waters with a shower of huge splinters and the bodies of the wretched crew. Instantly

all was confusion on board the *St. Anna.* A rush was made to the bridge for explanation, and when an officer announced that the intruder was a Turkish gunboat and that surrender was necessary, despair and anger were to be seen on all sides.

"But we number three hundred men. Can't we fight?" yelled the crowd.

"Not against 16-centimeter guns," replied the officer, and vanished into the cabin.

After a short exchange of messages concerning the details of surrender, it took but a minute for the hostile cruiser to draw up alongside and pour into the *St. Anna* a swarm of pirates in Turkish uniforms. Upon this invasion the passengers gazed with dumb submission, but among their number there was one man who suffered a very great disillusionment when he found that his first martial engagement had been one in which he had surrendered—not to a red-blooded foe after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle in which blood streamed down the blades—but to a 16-centimeter gun which mechanically shot into an enemy miles away and yet never even saw the victims of its carnage.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Paolo, I think the cholera has gotten me at last. I was praying it would come a year ago when they transferred us to that prison-ship. You were blessedly unconscious most of that trip, and missed a sight to make a man's blood boil. One-third of us died the first two weeks, and the rest of us came out of that hold changed for life. It was the 'Black Hole of Calcutta' jammed down into the bottom of that dirty, stinking Turkish hulk, and no one can ever explain to me how we managed to drag out those last few days. Yet look—here we are digging holes for the Turks to use as trenches and for the Russians to use as graves. Would to God that they were only our graves!"

"Amen to that, Guiseppe. I used to wonder how it must feel to long to die, but I know now. No one at home knows where we are, and nobody in Italy cares. As long as he is winning successes in Italy, Emanuel doesn't care to go to any expense about a hundred or so human wrecks at Adrianople calling themselves Italian prisoners. And I guess the rest of us will die soon and relieve his conscience of another burden. Come, let's crawl under a tent and get a little shade from the beating sun; this weather and the foulness of our camp are enough to give anyone cholera."

Guiseppe and Paolo had been working on the very outskirts of the fortifications, helping to dig another outer line of trenches, and, since it was hot mid-day, the temporary camp was entirely in possession of

the prisoners. One did not wonder at the lack of guards after having looked first at the wasted desert stretched in front of the camp and then at the wasted forms stretched under the small, yellow, dirty tents, which were arranged in a hollow square. The miserable laborers were in such a condition that only a fraction of the whole number were able to work in the trenches at any one period during the day, while the great majority of them spent the time in semi-conscious dreaming and raving—playing from time to time with the water-bags and pieces of coarse black bread thrown in their tents by the guards.

When Paolo, with Guiseppe stumbling at his side, finally reached the shelter of their small patch of canvas, he took down his water-bag hanging on the tent-pole and bathed the face and wrists of his friend with the cool and precious liquid. As Paolo did so he noticed the driving pulse, the feverish brow, and the glistening eyes which he had seen several times before during the past few weeks, and to himself he confessed that it would not be long before he would lose the friend given to him by common misfortune.

Suddenly there rang through the camp a rifle discharge, followed by a rush of cavalry, and when Paolo looked out he saw that the new arrivals were a troop of Cossacks which had stopped at the other end of the camp for a minute on one of their wild raids. Quickly Paolo crept back into the tent, seized Guiseppe, threw him over his shoulder, and rushed into the open, impelled by no clearer purpose than the thought that here was a final hope of rescue for his friend. But a few minutes' inspection of both the dead and alive inhabitants of the tents had shown the Cossacks that there was nothing worth taking in the camp, and at the sharp word of command the troop was off again in a cloud of smoke. Paolo, however, had discovered the horse of a straggler standing before one of the tents, and rushing up just as its tall and sunburnt rider leaped into the saddle with a rifle and a water-bag seized from one of the tents, he threw the limp and unconscious body of Guiseppe into the Cossack's arms, and made a hurried sign, entreating him to take his burden in search of medical aid. Paolo, turning, walked slowly and thoughtfully back to the tent.

* * * * * * * * * *

It was five years after Guiseppe had left for Italy, and Spring—the most beautiful season of the year in Corsica—was just opening the blossoms on the fruit trees in the nurseries and orchard of the Suretan estate, when a messenger galloped up the drive and left two letters at the house. When Mrs. Suretan opened them she found that one was merely a check in payment for the last shipment which Giaconio had

made of the produce of the farm to Marseilles, but in the midst of reading the second letter she sank down in a chair with a sharp cry. The next minute Giaconio and Viola had rushed in to learn the news which had so startled her.

She was still greatly agitated. "Children," she cried, "Peppe is coming home today!"

"What! Alive?"

"Yes, alive. This letter from the Paris branch of the Red Cross Society says that he will arrive about twelve o'clock in a very weak condition and in need of the best family care."

Viola had become very white. "How he must have suffered! It was probably that last great siege. But what has he been doing since then?"

"Their report," said Giaconio, who had taken the letter, "says that for three years his mind was a total blank as a result of a sharp attack of cholera, and during this time the hospital at Warsaw was unable to learn either his name or his address. Oh, those must have been terrible years, and now it is our chance to show what affection and careful nursing can accomplish."

Shortly after noon a closed carriage drew up before the house and an attendant helped a bent figure out of the carriage and led him up to the door. It was his mother that received Guiseppe within, and it was she who helped him to the sofa, where he fell exhausted into a reclining position. She thought he murmured his name when he first saw her, but it was several minutes before he fully obtained control of his senses, and in this space of time the three people bent above him attempted a minute examination of his changed appearance. His face had completely altered; instead of the clear, tanned skin, the bright eye, and the ready smile they had formerly known, they now saw the face of a martyr, with his jaw sunken and hollow and his facial muscles drawn by deep emotions, while his dull eyes matched the gray tinge which had added itself to his hair. His whole physiognomy bore the stamp of weariness and pain.

"How he has aged!" exclaimed Viola, shrinking back at the remembrance of her early marriage vow.

"Yes, I have aged," echoed Guiseppe, as he opened his eyes; "aged so much that I seem to think of nothing now but death. It feels strange to come back and find things here nearly the same as they used to be with nothing torn to the roots by war." Then, throwing his eyes around the house, he said, "Things certainly have prospered under your hands,

Giaconio, and I suppose the reward for your faithfulness was Viola; was she not?"

Giaconio nodded in the affirmative.

"I thought so," said Guiseppe wearily, "the first year or so she waited for a hero covered with glory and pensions, next she waited for news of his death, and then finally she took his death for granted. Well, that was natural; and now I myself have come back without even a single bullet-wound to ennoble me, ready for burial instead of marriage. But I have seen life—oh, I have lived a page of history that is seldom written. Five years of hardship and suffering—and yet I was rewarded for all this when I met Paolo. He was a real firend, and though he knew he was losing his last chance of obtaining his freedom, he acted the man and . . . *A Corpe Di*, if he should still be alive! And as for war, few people would recognize the kind of war I've seen. A war veteran—that's what I am—a war veteran. I used to think that name had a fine ring to it—but now that it's mine, what can I do with it? A pension—there's my ruined life as my pension. No, I've nothing but a name. Oh, God! I'm nothing but a war veteran."

—Kenneth W. Webb, '18.

Queen Mab is A-Pouting

There's trouble down in Fairyland,
With puckered brows and angry frowns;
There's discord in the merry land,
For good Queen Mab's a-pouting.

But Oberon has set it right,
And jolly are the elfin towns;
For woman's right is woman's might,
When good Queen Mab's a-pouting.

—Robert Gibson, '17.

Temperance and the College Man

A SUMMER twilight of my boyhood returns, bringing with it memories of an unforgettable experience. While strolling leisurely along a street that leads to the town hall, I heard in the distance the cries of boisterous boys. Instinctively my step quickened, and I found myself in two minutes' time a member of a group engaged in teasing an incarcerated inebriate. At first I felt charitable and loath to participate in the childish mischief. But the mysterious laws of psychology soon set my thoughtless tongue at play. The drunkard's dirty face and bleary eyes leered at us through the bars. Curiosity took me close to the man, for I saw his lips move and I wondered what he was saying. As the face appears to me now the fine features of intelligence shine through the liquor-labeled exterior, and even as a lad I thought I saw the signs of culture beneath that surface of sin and depravity. As I drew nearer to the lockup wall the intoxicated wretch shouted: "Shay, fellows, have you ever heard of Shishero and Sheneca?" My little heart leaped and urged my ears to listen for every word. Only a moment was necessary to prove that this booze-blasted bum had been familiar at one time, not only with Latin literature, but with Greek thought as well. He repeated with promptness and accuracy—an older boy nearby vouched for the correctness of the recital—the Greek alphabet, and he declaimed with mock feeling the famous "Arms and the man I sing." There were intermittent outbreaks of horrifying hilarity, which can come only from rum fiends as they advance to the verge of ruin and destruction. "Ha! Ha! I'm ejucated, I am. I've been to college. I'm smart, I am. Ha! Ha!" It is needless to say that I was shocked. Indeed, my youthful ideal of the college man was severely shaken. I could not see how a man who had received so much education could do such a stupid thing as to get drunk, and ever since I have been obsessed with the notion that the college man who drinks is flinging into the face of his alma mater this challenge: what is higher education but gloss and vainglory? As Matthew Arnold might put it: Hellenism without Hebraism is incomplete and futile. Culture without character as its concomitant is empty and useless.

Knowledge is not power except when properly pondered and thoroughly assimilated, but the road to position and power leads through the land of learning. Culture alone cannot create character, but when backed by firm convictions and when placed upon a strong religious basis, it becomes the fuel upon which moral conduct feeds. Many are the men in history whose careers ended unhappily and whose repu-

tations have been tarnished by their association with strong drink. Some of our own Americans perished on the path that was bringing them to the Hall of Immortals. They failed to sacrifice the passing pleasure for a permanent place in the minds and hearts of posterity. Neither quantity of information nor quality of genius is sufficient to withstand the assaults and ravages of alcoholism. The strong succumb and are often overwhelmed as ignominiously as the weak. All sorts and conditions of men fall before the temptation to steal. It is necessary to have a law against robbery. Time will be when men will have sufficient self-control to refrain, but until this age of reason and rectitude arrives we must have laws against the manufacture and sale of intoxicants as well as against thieving and homicide.

The college man has many advantages in the light of which it is difficult to find an excuse for certain shortcomings. Science exposes the folly of alcoholic indulgence. Chemistry and anatomy tell a tale of truth that is firm and final. College men know the facts regarding the effects of stimulating beverages. They understand that there is a moral principle as well as a physical detriment involved. They are familiar also with the facts of political economy and sociology. They appreciate the added burden to a government that the drainage from drink entails, and they have learned that social progress is possible only when there is a minimum of enticements for human flesh to fall before. For some individuals the presence of allurements and temptations is strengthening. In theory this is beautiful and ideal, but with society in its present stage of development the practice is precarious and pernicious. College men are versed in the rise and fall of nations. The causes of decline in national vigor, the reasons for the rise of a fresh young country, the explanation of the high cost of living, these and many things more the college man understands as can no other. He has studied conscience, and he knows, therefore, how essential it is for success and happiness to keep unhampered and sensitive this guide to goodness.

In the face of these facts what is the right attitude for the college man to take toward temperance? The time has come for a positive stand. We hear much about the "peepul" and their influence, but it is the college man who controls the balance of power in America. He has the same relation to the masses that a physician holds to his patient. An intoxicated doctor will endanger the life of the invalid and an intemperate college man will unwittingly interfere with the welfare of the unlettered proletariat. The rabble seem on the surface to detest those who are above them in station and superior to them in wisdom, but this is due to the heartless intellectual snobs who slander and irritate

them. At bottom the ignorant man reveres those who have had greater advantages. Mark how the saintly citizens of Hickory Ridge bow and bend to the oracle who has just returned from a week in New York. The unfortunate day-laborer emulates in every way he can the more fortunate college man. He respects his more reliable judgment and is willing to follow whithersoever the conscientious college man may lead. It is evident, therefore, that the cultured classes are responsible for existing social conditions. Both apathy and perversity on the part of the élite have prevented moral progress. How can we hope to rid the slums of their rum shops and the resulting rioting as long as the Social Fraternities and Country Clubs are the scenes of wine-sipping and ribaldry?

The common cry is—personal liberty; but what a flimsy pretext this is! In the first place it is immoral as well as foolish and dangerous to drink. "Wine is a mocker," says the Word of God. Moderate drinking is as wrong as drunkenness. The only difference is that it doesn't sound so bad. There can be no compromise where morality is involved. The law does not excuse a murderer on the ground that the killing was his first offence or because his victim was an infant. Ethically it is no worse to get drunk than it is to drink only small amounts occasionally. If our law were consistent and based as it should be on morality, the moderate drinker would have to suffer with the habitual inebriate. The difference is of quantity and not of quality, and it is the quality of an act that determines its rightness or wrongness and its goodness or badness. Why is the drunkard arrested, unless it is that the law is ashamed of its own handiwork? It lets a man buy booze in a place from which the government receives a fee, and it chuckles with glee over the fine that the unfortunate man must pay. License fees and drunkenness fines are a disgrace to our government. They are blood-money too tainted for the hands of an honorable man to touch. Moreover, a study of the facts proves that they are quite insignificant in amount when compared with the expense caused by the crimes and suffering that ensue. The excuse of personal liberty cannot be presented when a moral principle and the social welfare are involved. This is the age of social responsibility, and none knows better than the college man the many ways in which the spirit of altruism is expressing itself. Even though the ethical side be relegated, the practical aspect looms up sufficiently formidable to convince any inquiring mind. Alcohol hurts the individual consumer, his friends, and society in general. The facts and figures to substantiate this assertion are being offered all about us.

Some will doubtless say that temperance is a matter of discipline and should be left for education to accomplish. Very true, and this is what education has accomplished: we need and must have a prohibition law. The home, the church and the school have been admirable weapons, but the ballot is essential for the consummation of the conquest. Knowledge alone cannot save men from the evils of drink. Ignorance is not the only cause of intemperance. Experience teaches that the world is full both of educated drunkards and of ignorant teetotalers. The phrase "as drunk as a lord" is proverbial. Education has rendered a noble service, and now needs the co-operation of a legislative enactment. And after this concrete crystallization of the temperance campaign, education will continue her assistance by helping to render the new law efficiently operative.

College men should be most active in the fight for this reform. They should be totally abstinent and they should encourage others to pledge themselves to teetotalism. A pledge is not an oath that a scrupulous collegian need fear to take. It is merely the written declaration of a resolve. It is not a sacred vow which would destroy a man's soul if not kept. Students are continually resolving to stop the use of tobacco or to get a piece of work finished by a set time. Frequently they fail, but this does not prove that it is wrong or wicked to make oral or written determinations. The anti-drink pledge is not the source of sin if broken, but it is surely the means of a splendid species of salvation if kept. One does not sign away liberty in pledging oneself to total abstinence. It is a promise to self and society to abstain, and a method of pedagogical practicability. Its visible and tangible advantages are a hearty endorsement of its merit. Everyone should sign the pledge, and no college man need have compunctions against an act so sound, safe and beneficial. Merely the influence of the example makes it well worth while.

College men have access to the society of lawmakers. There is a natural feeling of fellowship among educated men which enables the college man to become a more influential instrument for temperance than the average proletariat can hope to be. College men should bring pressure to bear upon license-granting judges and local option voting legislators. Every college man should be a temperance teacher. His thoughts and convictions should be disseminated widely, for a powerful public opinion can thus be created. He should join groups to visit needy and reactionary communities. He should write letters and papers whenever spare time permits. He should aid in the campaigns of temperance candidates, and if possible run for some office himself.

The masses need more contact with college men. They await our scholarly views, our courageous leadership, and our infectious enthusiasm.

Broad-mindedness and conservatism are very commendable, but to say that prohibition is undemocratic and a return to taboo government is to expose one's ignorance of the philosophy of law and to forget that children are suffering, souls are being damned, heinous crimes are being committed, homes are being broken up, asylums are overflowing, taxes are exceedingly high, etc. This is an unpleasant catalogue, but it cannot be overlooked. College men can express gratitude for the knowledge and convictions they have acquired in no better way than to act as temperance missionaries. College men must lead, for we alone are equipped for leadership. If we should all do what we can during idle hours, the entire country would soon be dry. It is hard for us to come to conclusions on problems that involve contradictions, and we are justified in our deliberate and slow approach to judgments, but the temperance question leaves open not a single loophole for skepticism. It is fast becoming the fashion to be a teetotaler, and men of all ranks and denominations are working for the cause. College men must not lag behind, but be trail-breakers, and we of the East must not allow ourselves to be outstripped by our brothers of the West. Now that the testimony has been heard by the grand jury of reason and right and the indictment of the liquor traffic drawn up, let us press to a successful finish this greatest of all cases. College men, let us help make America first in patriotism, first in peace, and most proficient in the prohibition of the booze business.

—Carroll D. Champlin, '14.

A Correction

Editor of the Haverfordian,—

In my article of last month I inadvertently made the statement that "Haverford was the only college in Pennsylvania requiring entrance examinations from all candidates for a degree." I was of course referring to men's colleges only, and should have so stated, for there is no college in the United States which examines more rigidly than Bryn Mawr College.

—Isaac Sharpless.

Horace Odes 3 13

O thou Bandusian fount, with crystal sheen,
To thee I'll pledge a cup of mellow wine
And flowery chaplets cast into thy depths,
Fair tribute for past gifts to me and mine.

Tomorrow will I sacrifice a kid
Whose rugged forehead stunted horns doth sprout,
Full fair he bids to hold his own in love
And frolic with his mates in upland bout.

But vain are all his gifts of budding youth,
This offspring of a he-goat's wanton mood;
Tomorrow will he make incarnadine
Thy ice-cold stream with his red, tepid blood.

The season of the Dog-star's blistering heat
Knows not to warm thy cool, refreshing flow;
Thou givest to the wearied oxen then
Or to the fleecy flocks that come and go.

Ay, thou shalt be among the springs of fame
When I have tuned my song, so meet for thee,
And sung the oak that towers o'er the rock
Whence gush thy waters murmuring sweet to me.

—J. W. Spaeth, Jr., '17.

A Natural Mistake

"WE halved that last hole, didn't we?" said Mr. Gordon Mackay to his companion, Hampton Butler. The latter was a robust, athletic-looking man of about thirty-five years of age.

"Yes. Your putting is certainly right there. I'd like to have you give me some lessons. Well, I guess we are ready for the 'Island Hole' now."

Mackay had just made a superb drive and Butler was in the act of teeing up, when a messenger boy came up and announced, "Telegram for Mr. Butler."

The gentleman indicated straightened up and said, "I'm the man in question. Let's see what you have for me."

After hastily tearing the seal of the envelope, he was confronted by the following message in cipher: "CARRIGAN MEN ON WARPATH. WILL ARRIVE ON 4 O'CLOCK TRAIN. DODGE THEM. COME BACK IMMEDIATELY.—C. Stoddart."

This startling message did not seem to stagger its recipient to any great degree; he calmly drew out his watch and remarked to his friend, "I'm sorry, Mack, but I'll have to stop. This telegram will have to be attended to."

"That's too bad, old man," rejoined the other; "nothing serious, I hope?"

"No, not so very."

With this farewell he hurried off toward the clubhouse. He was evidently much more affected by the telegram than he wished to show to his friend. As he went, one thought after another passed through his brain in rapid succession. How had Carrigan found out his whereabouts? Surely he had taken great trouble to cover his tracks, so that he might be free from worry for a few days. But Carrigan had found out, and now it was up to him to leave as soon as possible. That need not trouble him. There was a train at 3.39 and Carrigan's men would not arrive until four. But he must hurry. It was already twenty minutes after three. We would not have time to do anything but dress and run to the station.

At 3.38 the Grenfall Express drew into Lake Pleasant Station, and Mr. Butler lost no time in climbing aboard. After the train had pulled out, among the passengers who had gotten off was to be observed a man whose face resembled the one who had just boarded the train so strongly that it was very hard to believe that they were different characters. Strangely enough, the resemblance did not stop with their facial ap-

pearance; it extended also to their physical characteristics, and afterwards it was found that there was not three inches' difference in their height nor ten pounds' difference in their weight.

The bus driver of the Lakewood Hotel, who was at the station at that time for the purpose of carrying guests to the hotel, not being a very astute man, easily fell into a mistake which led to a serious adventure for the new arrival. Walking up to the gentleman, he relieved him of his grip and stated that he was about ready to start for the hotel and that if Mr. Butler would follow him and get into the bus, he would have him there in no time. The stranger followed these instructions without asking any questions.

Upon his arrival at the hotel, he was immediately attended by a bellboy, who offered to carry his valise to his room. On being given the valise, the bellboy stepped inside, inquired at the desk for the key to Mr. Butler's room, and soon had the new guest in the elevator. The servant then guided him down the corridor, and, opening the door of No. 41, said, "Here you are, suh." The gentleman then reached into his pocket and brought out a piece of money, which he gave to the boy, who straightway disappeared.

The stranger then shut his door and took a seat in the rocking-chair, very much bewildered by the very cordial reception he had received. His thoughts appeared rather confused. When he had written to engage his room, he had little idea that he would be received in this princely manner. Yet there could be no mistake. The bus man had said Mr. Butler, and the bellboy had asked for the key to Mr. Butler's room. And unless he were dreaming he was certainly Mr. Clifford Butler, of Pencoyd, Pa., traveling salesman for Little & Co., Wholesale Hatters.

Just at present, however, he was not on an errand for the estimable firm of Little & Co. His winter trade had been canvassed and it was not yet time to see his customers about spring styles. No, it was a far different reason that caused Mr. Clifford Butler to be sojourning at Lake Pleasant at that particular time. The fact was that he had been disappointed in love. Back in Pencoyd there was a girl with hazel eyes and bewitching lips that he thought the world of. But, alas, thanks to her bigot of a father, she had been recently betrothed to another. Anna Lindsay's father had said that no daughter of his should ever wed a hat salesman when a man like Archie Ringgold, the great banker's son, was available. This decision, which fell like a dirge on the disappointed lover's ears, had caused him to seek consolation and solitude in a mountain resort.

The worst blow of all was the way Anna had taken it. She had made him think that she was reconciled to the arrangement, while up to this time he had thought that she had loved him. Oh, dolt that he was, to give his heart to a woman! It certainly would never happen again. He hated the sex and vowed that he would never have anything to do with woman again.

Time passed on quickly while he was engaged in this soliloquy. Outside it had become dark, but he never thought of lighting the light. There never was such a miserable mortal as he, he declared, and it was all on account of a woman.

While he was growing more comfortable every minute, engrossed in these thoughts, suddenly there came a tap on the door. He looked up in an indifferent way and informed the visitor to come in.

The door opened, and there in the doorway stood, of all things on earth most abhorred, a pretty girl! The light from the hall lamp streaming over her showed her to be all smiles and brightness. "Aren't you ever coming down to eat supper with us, dear?" she commenced.

"No, I'm not coming down to eat supper with you," he returned hotly, "I'm done with all your sex. If I ever speak to a woman again, I won't be in my right mind."

Her face fell. She actually looked frightened. "Why, what is the matter, dear?" she asked. "You never talked this way to me before. Won't you please explain yourself?"

His face did not lose a particle of its sternness and anger, as he replied, "I'll explain nothing. I don't even know you. And now get out of here just as quickly as you can."

The door closed and the sound of choked sobs could be heard retreating down the corridor. The young lady who had been treated to this outburst of wrath was Adelaide Perkins by name. She had gone to room No. 41 expecting to find an affectionate and confiding lover; instead she found a brute. What had caused the change? What had she done? He had never talked like that before; his voice had never been so gruff and stern and unfeeling. And he had sent her away without telling her what was the matter. How could he be so cruel? She did not want any supper now. She did not care what happened. She would go to her room and stay there. And so, with heavy heart and tear-laden eyes, the poor girl shut herself up in her room, in a wretched way trying to accuse herself of some fault which would justify the storm of abuse that her lover had mercilessly showered upon her.

Meanwhile Mr. Clifford Butler was in a scarcely less amiable state of mind. If he had been mad before, he was furious now. "Upon my

word," he growled, "it has come to a pretty pass when a man cannot be free from the presence of designing females even in his own private room up here in these deserted mountains. I cannot stand it in this room any longer. I am going out to take a walk through the woods.

In a few minutes more Butler was in the road and making his way with quick strides to a woodland which lay at no great distance from the hotel.

Overhead in the heavens not a star was to be seen. The landscape gave an appearance of desolation with bare trees on every hand, and the violent wind, which had sprung up since sundown, made a doleful sound as it whistled through the tree tops. The aspect was indeed a dismal one.

But the tormented man noticed none of these things. So great was his absorption in his thoughts that he had not noticed as he had come out upon the porch of the hotel that two men were pacing it with leisurely steps, that on his appearance both men seemed to wake out of a reverie, that one man remarked to the other, "That is the man we want."

Nor had he noticed that these men had left the porch and followed him as he had set out. As he drew near the woods, his only thought was that he was fleeing from trouble, and not that every step was carrying him into far more serious trouble.

The moment he reached the edge of the woods, his trailers seemed to hasten their pace, and in a few minutes were not more than ten yards from him. Still he was unconscious of their presence and totally unsuspicious of any bodily danger. Now they were almost upon him. Then one of the men ran stealthily forward, and, raising a heavy club aloft in his right hand, brought it down on his victim's head with a resounding crack. Butler reeled and fell. Then he felt all consciousness leave him and lay doubled up in the road.

How long he lay there he never knew. But after a space of several hours he opened his eyes and looked about him. There was a horrible smell of whiskey all around him, and as he raised himself on his hands, he thought his head would crack, so great was the pain. After several ineffectual attempts to rise, he finally managed to drag himself to his feet. He felt very faint indeed.

Where he was or how he came into that condition, he could not in any way recollect. He was soon conscious, however, of a sense of chilliness which warned him to seek some shelter from the sharp night air. Which way to go or where to turn he did not know. By mere chance he took the direction that led back to the Lakewood Hotel, and with

faint and halting footsteps pursued his way until he finally arrived at that inn.

At sight of the hotel, a dim recollection glimmered in his bosom, and after a little reflection he remembered that he had a room there and that it was No. 41.

He approached the entrance, and stepped inside. Within he was confronted by a man who said, "I am a newspaper reporter from Grenfall, and would like to interview you, Mr. Butler."

Butler looked at him in a dazed sort of way and then said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Reporter, but you can see I'm in no condition to be interviewed tonight. I have a terrible headache."

"Oh, very well then," returned the reporter, and when Butler had passed, he shot a look of triumph at his retreating back which told plainly that he was not at all disappointed not to receive the interview.

It was with difficulty that the victimized managed to reach his room, undress, and crawl into bed. He soon fell into a deep sleep, from which he did not awaken until eleven o'clock the next morning.

When he did awaken, it was to find Mr. Hampton Butler, whose disappearance has been recorded at the beginning of this story, looking down upon him with a look of stupefaction and intense surprise.

"You must have gotten into the wrong room last night," said Hampton, not unkindly.

Clifford rubbed his eyes and then said, "What is that? No, I think not. This is the room they gave me when I came yesterday afternoon. There can hardly be any mistake about it, for they called me Mr. Butler."

"Mr. Butler? Why, that's my name, too. Let me see. You must be the Mr. Butler that this morning's Grenfall papers said was in 'an utterly deplorable, drunken condition' last night. If that is the case, we must resemble each other strongly, for I was supposed to be that gentleman. Let us look at ourselves in the looking-glass."

"Why, we are regular twin brothers! But what did you say about a drunken condition last night?"

"I can clear the whole mystery up for you. I see you do not know what happened to you."

"I guess I had better get some clothes on while you are doing it." And going to his suitcase, he extracted a change of clothing and was soon making himself look presentable.

Meanwhile, Hampton had started his narrative. "In the first place, I had better tell you that I am a candidate for mayor of the city of Grenfall at the coming election next Tuesday. Last Tuesday we finished our stumping campaign, and on Wednesday I came up here

to spend a short vacation with my fiancee, Miss Adelaide Perkins, who has been here for two months. Yesterday afternoon while I was playing golf, I received a letter from our campaign manager, informing me that my political opponents were planning to do me some harm and that I should come back to Grenfall.

"I went. But here it might be well to tell you something about my opponents. They are an unscrupulous gang, bossed by one Carrigan, who is known as the most notorious grafter in this part of the state. During the past two years, however, his power has gradually been crumbling away, until now he has but slight chance of electing his candidate to the office by any fair means. But anyone who knows Mr. Carrigan's character also knows that he would employ any means in his power to win this election.

"One of the strongest planks in our platform is the prohibition plank, for Grenfall has not remained uninfluenced by the great wave of prohibition that is sweeping over the country. Naturally, any man who professes such policies must be a total abstainer himself. Now that is just where Carrigan's subtle intellect brought itself into play. The one way to defeat my candidacy was to prove me guilty of alcoholic intemperance. He sent his accomplices down here to do the job, and with what result you yourself know only too well.

"As I said before, the Grenfall morning papers, mere Carrigan organs, filled some three columns this morning, deploring my degeneracy and urging the necessity of the election of Carrigan's candidate. Fortunately, I was able to present an excellent alibi, as last night I accepted a last-minute invitation to give a lecture at Albion, a place some twelve miles from Grenfall.

"So far, so good. But the best part for you to hear is yet to come. Private detectives sent down here by our campaign manager captured and wrung a full confession from the worthies who clubbed you into insensibility and then soused you with whiskey. This confession implicates not only the thugs themselves but also Carrigan and his candidate for mayor, Grundy by name, both of whom will be prosecuted with all due process of law. It is quite probable that Grundy will withdraw his candidacy and leave the field undisputed, but at all events this business of last night is bound to hurt them a great deal more than it helps them.

"Those detectives looked for you up there on the mountain road after they had caught your assailants, but could find no trace of—"

Just then there was an eager rap on the door and, when Clifford

Butler opened it, he was confronted by a personage none other than his beloved sweetheart, whom he thought he had lost, Anna Lindsay.

"Oh, Clif," she broke out passionately, "I just could not stand that old, fat Reggie any longer, so I have run away from home, and if you will have me, I am yours."

"Have YOU, Anna! Why, I would die if I did not get you." And they embraced each other with a warmness that is only shown by fond hearts united after long separation.

This scene was interrupted by another knock at the door, this time a timid, uncertain knock.

Hampton, thinking that the other occupants of the room were very busy for the time being, stepped to the door and opened it himself. His face was wreathed in smiles as he looked upon the face of his fiancee, Adelaide Perkins.

"Do you forgive me?" she pleaded in a very meek tone of voice.

"Forgive, dear? Why, there is nothing to forgive."

Their conversation had attracted the attention of the other two, and then followed a lively scene in which explanations were made and everyone concerned was considerably enlightened.

It was certainly four happy young people who then went downstairs and took their seats together in the dining-room, for it was now dinner-time.

During the table talk that ensued, Anna asked, "Are you sure you two men are no relation? I can hardly conceive such resemblance without some relationship."

After pondering the subject for a moment, Hampton said, "I have it now, Clif, I think. You said your home was in Pencoyd, did you not? Then doubtless your father is Gordon Butler of that place."

"That is perfectly correct, Hampton. But how did you know it?"

"Then we are third cousins. I distinctly remember father speaking about your family on several different occasions and regretting that we never heard anything of you, but I suppose he never really got down to the point of writing a letter and that is just the reason why we never made each other's acquaintance before."

"We will forgive our fathers the oversight," said Clifford, smiling, "for although it led me into some trouble, 'All's Well That Ends Well.'"

—E. J. Lester, Jr. '18

A Question

Ah, where is all the joy we seek?
Our happy moments come and speak
Unto our hearts and pass away,
And we are left in darkness then,
Till some fair moment comes again
To raise the leaden clouds that lay
Themselves between us and the day.

We dream of some fair fairyland,
Where all the shores are golden sand,
Where sunshine plays on waving trees,
Where azure waves toss in the breeze
Of one eternal summer's day.

And bordering on this heavenly land
The icy-crested mountains stand,
Soaring aloft to mystic height,
Where snowy summits in their might
Of silent grandeur ever show
Themselves at sunrise all aglow
With morning's youthful splendor.

Then when the day has reached its crest,
And when the sun slopes toward the west,
Then must these peaks be robed at last
In all the light that from the past
In dream-like splendor seems to flow
Upon our sordid selves below.

Vague shadows all, that ne'er can be!
O would that we might come to see
Such traits of beauty everywhere:
Some beauty that would make seem fair
The common things of life!

—Donald H. Painter, '17.

Let's Go "Suping"

IF you want to rub shoulders with opera stars, and not be worried about manners or embarrassment, just go down some night to the Metropolitan Opera House in Philadelphia, and "supe."

Then you will know what it feels like to be an audience within an audience, and look through both ends of the opera glass at once, so to speak. A super with a sense of humor and a little taste for literature, has an unlimited field for essays on "how the public is fooled."

Usually the sound of a galloping horse is made with a cocoanut cut in two, but there are simpler ways, as the following will show. It's the first scene from "Manon Lescaut," and the audience is looking at the walled-in courtyard of a French 18th century country tavern. A gay cavalier is careering along in the distance, on the way to see his Mistress Manon at the inn. He reaches the inn and slows up his prancing horse, jumps off, throws the reins to a lackey, and the audience sees him come swaggering through the gate into the courtyard. Let's look at it through the super's eyes.

Over in the corner of the huge stage, back of the scene, stands Caruso, gargling his throat preparatory to his entrance solo. The stage director, dressed in a stylish frock coat, with a baton in one hand and an operatic score in the other, stands behind the inn wall. The score reaches the galloping part. Immediately, in the most serious way imaginable, Mr. Director starts doing what seems a Highland fling, or a jig, on the resonant floor; the thumps of his heels to a blind man would, on oath, be the titatunk, titatunk of a galloping steed. He breaks up the rhythm of his "jig," and this is Caruso's cue, for he saunters across and the moment the stamping ceases, he flings open the gate, and assumes his cavalryman role.

Take another case. Act one, from the "Jewels of the Madonna,"—a period of silence before Vespers, outside a nunnery, when the audience sees the beautiful ivy-clad walls, and the gray old building behind which the sun is setting. There peal out over the parquet circle the sweet tones of the Vesper bells. But to the poor, prosaic super, our friend the stage director is merely touching the four gradated pipes hung up in a corner behind the scene. The above opera is, I believe, laid in Naples, and during one of the scenes a canal is in the background. Of course when a gondola, moving silently, glides across the stage, and gently stops in the middle of its course, it is merely a part of the act. The super, however, has the pleasure of seeing the unhappy stagehands work feverishly to get back in place the wily recalcitrant rope on to its

pulley—the rope being the good ship's only source of propulsion along its supposedly watery course.

And what a disillusionment those soldier choruses are. When, after you and other supers have marched across the stage over a forest path, two by two, rounding the edge of the hill out of sight, and there comes back to the audience a swinging, rollicking marching-song, supposedly sung by the soldiers, you see the melody being produced by a slovenly, garlicky, collarless, well-fed group of Austro-Italians, urged and ruled by the man with the baton.

Go and "supe" and then you too will remember that funny little nervous French costume-property man who frets and rattles out staccato oaths, patient and good-natured withal, and the mumbling, dreaming, hook-nosed Cyrano de Bergerac, swelled with dignity and as full of peculiarities as you'd expect in a "star" who takes the part of an 18th century town sheriff. And you won't forget the maze of passage-ways, the prodigious number of drop-curtains, and the interesting but inapproachable young women studying grand opera, wearing pageants of costumes, and doing the chorus work. Everything is so big and full of kaleidoscopic changes, that you may go down there to the Metropolitan and gather a crop of impressions as you would mushrooms, and when you have digested them you want to go for more. There is, however, one impression, ever changing, yet always the same, and that is embodied in the left side of the tremendous stage, whence, spread out over the three hundred square feet of electric switchboard, come the glorious stage sunrises and sunsets. There you will see a man running about the long platform like a squirrel in a cage, working his myriad switches. And that man has no sinecure.

We've done our part in the "suping" now, and after hurrying down and hustling into our street clothes, we work our way out the stage entrance, with a ticket—our reward—to get into the front of the theatre, among that serried line of bodiless faces—the onlookers. We join them, and pick our seats.....And the last act is staged. Yet our love of appearance, our zest to be fooled—to take as real the external—is no whit less than that of others who have not "suped"; and our sympathy, our sadness, or our joy, in the make-believe characters on the stage, ebbs and flows with the rest, even more strongly.

—Douglas C. Wendell, '16.

Easter Sunlight

THE tender blades of grass covered all the hillside, and the blossoms were on the trees. The fresh-plowed earth gave forth its fragrance. Tulips and hyacinths and palms adorned the ancient balcony of the monastery. The old men labored sadly in the fields, making ready for the early planting of seed. Women sobbed as they busied themselves about their little huts. Children mustered themselves and marched about with sticks as weapons. The Imperial Edicts were tacked on walls and doorways. From time to time the toilers, in passing, stopped and listened as the curé read the posted page to them, cheering in a half-hearted way at times and sometimes preserving an ominous silence. Occasionally a fierce hate was expressed in the visage of some old veteran. Soft breezes stirred over the rolling hills as the bells of the cathedral rang out in low, reverberating tones. Gradually the singing of the returned songsters died out with the setting sun. The stars appeared one by one and the moon in its radiant beauty poured a soft glow over the landscape. It was Eastertide,—and tomorrow Easter.

As the chimes announced the midnight hour, the birth of a joyous holiday, the chanting of the choir arose. The boyish voices sang the old anthems with a joy that only forgetfulness of the times made possible. Melodies flowed from the pipes of the old, medieval organ and arose until they mingled with the songs of the bells. The vast, vaulted cathedral, mellowed by ages and sanctified by time, lifted its Gothic tower proudly to heaven.

The hour for worshipers had come, but the place of worship remained deserted excepting for the churchmen and the choir boys. Favre, an old priest, marveling at this strange emptiness, gathered together three of his associates and left the holy building by a side door and then walked hastily toward the nearest group of houses. The doors stood wide open, and within everything was in disorder. Frightened by this weird condition, they searched further. Finally, in a hut on the edge of the town, they found an old man, crippled by disease, who had been left behind in the flight. He was seated in a chair, leaning forward, his head resting on his arms and moaning. As he sensed their presence he shrieked aloud.

"Don't torture me," he cried.

They spoke and he recognized them.

"Flee, flee!" he moaned. "They come! They come!"

Tenderly they bore him to the church and seated him upon a chair. The services had continued. The youths had dropped off to sleep as

their duties ended, but the venerable curé had arisen and addressed the empty auditorium. As the old cripple sank to his knees to pray, a thunderous knocking arose at a hidden side entrance of the ancient building. The door was opened and three French artillery officers rushed through the narrow opening and ran past the surprised priests and climbed up into the tower. They were followed somewhat later by soldiers bearing two machine guns and a heliograph.

Morning came. The kindly priests awakened the choir boys, and as the first beams of the morning sun fell upon the gray buttresses and illuminated the great stained-glass windows, the organ once more repeated the old melodies of Easter. The songs of the Resurrection and of good tidings were heard by only one shriveled old man who rocked back and forth on his seat as he moaned and shook his head. In the tower men were hurrying back and forth, but they were not robed in the garments of any church; they were enveloped in the uniforms of national hate. They were not laboring for the uplift of souls; they were engaged in preparations for the destruction of life. That little shaft of sunlight transmitted the secrets of an empire.

The hour for prayer found the holy place filling with French soldiers. As they knelt, their comrades above at the guns were getting the range of a battery of hostile guns, lately drawn up on a hill beyond the town. As yet all was quiet.

"Peace on earth," the voice of the curé trembled as he thought of the old Christmas message, "good will to men."

The soldiers bowed their heads.

"He died and He has arisen. Rejoice ye therefore and be exceedingly glad."

A puff of smoke enshrouded the battery on the hill. The old tower, the treasure of architectural triumph, the gem of Gothic sculpture, crumbled and fell to one side, passing directly through the roof of the main part of the cathedral, and buried the choir stalls in debris. The religious gloom of the interior was flooded with the light that passed through the collapsed arches. The curé fell upon his knees with hands upraised to heaven and a prayer upon his lips. Again the thunder of heavy guns. A shell struck one of the walls with terrific force and exploded. The flying buttresses crumbled into dust and the great mass of masonry quivered as it bent in falling.

The Easter sunlight fell upon a huge rubbish heap. The trees nearby had been defoliated and the birds had been frightened away. Ruined walls were still smoking in the devastated town. Silence reigned over all.

—*H. P. Schenck, '18.*

In Reply

The greatest religious awakening which has ever occurred in this great City of Brotherly Love, and which is leading thousands to Jesus Christ and better living, has been brought about and fostered by this "thoroughly unchristian agent" of the Church, the Rev. William A. Sunday. The men and women and children who are feeling the powerful influence of this "vulgar fanatic," are not merely "hysterical, broken-down human wrecks"; many of them are intelligent, clear-minded people who feel the desire aroused in them to pursue good, Christian lives. The great result of the campaign is not in the number of those who have "hit the trail," but in the general awakening which is seen and felt throughout the city. The numbers in the churches, Sunday-schools, and Bible classes are increasing rapidly, and unquestionably far surpass that handful of intelligent (?) men who are being alienated from their religion.

The Church is stirred, and the ministers who have been so horribly "abused and taunted" are getting down to real business. Anyone visiting a Philadelphia church today can easily see and feel the dynamic influence for good which this "uncultured and uneducated" man has had upon the ministry. If Mr. Sunday has only stirred the ministry to greater action, he will have done enough.

Finally, a word on Mr. Sunday himself. Undoubtedly "Billy's" greatest fault is his narrow-mindedness (he admits himself that his temper is his worst enemy). We cannot understand his opposition to science and knowledge, and some of his theology seems almost foolish. Again, he pays too much attention to criticism and becomes irritated by little things, but we must remember first, that the strain under which he has been laboring has been terrific, and secondly, that he is not divine. Every human has faults, and the great glow from the work that Mr. Sunday has accomplished should blind us to his smaller weaknesses, whatever they may be.

—*Edward F. Lukens, Jr., '16.*

(Editorial Note.—*As promised last month, we print above the best reply to the adverse article on Billy Sunday. We have now given space impartially to both sides of the question, and beg to have it considered closed as far as* The Haverfordian *is concerned.*)

THE UNEASY CHAIR

What Kind of a College Do We Want? It is a question which presents itself with more or less force to every Freshman or Sophomore who finds his path marked out for him through the dreary and terrifying wilderness of required courses which he does not wish to take. After being told that he will sometime realize that all this disagreeable experience will make a man of him in a way which he is still too immature to realize, he resigns himself to his fate. Though his will is puzzled enough, he grunts and sweats throughout the weary courses, until he finally emerges into the freer air of the upper classes. Things go merrily after that until, at last, Commencement and the prospect of a drop into self-supporting life begin to grow big on the horizon. An oppressive feeling of inadequacy comes on as the Senior contemplates the future and wonders what he is good for. As he remembers the smell of the dimly burning lamp that might not be quenched when the incandescents ceased to glow, he feels that not all of his time has been wasted for the four years just ending, and that something ought to come of it. Yet he knows, as he reads the Civil Service list or the prospective employer's kind but disturbingly practical letter, that, while he is loaded to the decks with fundamental principles, there are very few definite things, such as the world appears to want done, that he is able to do. He no longer quarrels with required courses, being free of them, but wonders whether he would not have done better at a technical school. The conclusion is of no importance, for it is too late to retrace the way. Perhaps a year at a university is to follow anyway, perhaps not. In either case, the Senior is not sorry for his four years at Haverford, for, whatever might have been, he is conscious of having gained something which could have been gained nowhere else. He is quite willing to allow the future to justify him. And the interesting thing is that it usually does.

There comes a time, however, when the question comes up again. And this time, it does not come to an undergraduate to be settled for him, but to an alumnus to be settled for somebody else. *Somebody* may be a pupil or a friend or a son. In the Alumni Department of this issue will be found a statement of the case from the point of view of a father whose son is ready for college. The education which this father wants his son to have may or may not be the kind which other fathers desire for their sons, but we believe that the viewpoint may represent in a

general way that of many others. This does not raise the general question, which is old enough to be decently interred, as to whether a classical education is superior to a practical education. Opinions on this subject may lie inevitably in the background of the discussion, but the matter which it brings before us as Haverfordians is whether, in an age which has a place for institutions giving both types of instruction, we want Haverford to be essentially practical or essentially cultural. It may be pointed out that there is no reason why it cannot be both, but the question of emphasis still remains.—What kind of a college do we want?

—*E. C. B.*

Baseball. Spring, with her retinue of vernal charms, is almost here. As youth and blood grow warmer, concomitant with doctor bills and quinine tonics, the winter fat is stored with yesterday's ten thousand years; and "young America" (that much abused stereotype ranging between the ages of ten and forty) turns to its annual traditions of love and—baseball. "We" of course assume that the class of sportsmen is meant which is not content to brush away the flies with a soda cracker, beneath the village chestnut tree. Perhaps an explanation will clarify matters.

A number of men who do not participate in the usual spring athletics at Haverford, have organized a baseball club. This association has assumed the name, "The Haverford Baseball Club," thus restricting its identity with the college until it has won recognition as a major sport by its own merit. Its purpose is to afford a healthy, pleasurable, and democratic exercise to those students who otherwise would "rust unburnished." The future of baseball at Haverford is naturally a question—and a question of some importance to those who have the game at heart.

It would be trite to enumerate the advantages of baseball as an exercise, and to present its comparative merits with other sports. The accusation which seems to protrude beyond all others is that baseball has rowdyism for its consort. Is this true? The national sport in its minor phases need have no more elements of impoliteness or billingsgate than other amusements. Let it be pointed out that the *man* determines the character of the game he participates in. "Murder will out," and boorish qualities will evince themselves, whether it be in the mild vernacular of a "checkmate," or the wild "Slide, Kelly, Slide!" of the diamond maniac. There is no reason why a good, clean game of baseball cannot be played with zest and competition, retaining, withal, a spirit of chivalrous *sangfroid*.

This is neither a challenge nor a plea. It is simply a statement of facts. Other things being equal, there is no reason why baseball cannot take its place as a sport at Haverford. —*R. G.*

BOOKS

THE OPEN DOOR, BY *Hugh Black. Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y.*

Dr. Black has introduced a topic of especial interest to the college man in his latest book, "The Open Door." Life is compared to a gallery of doors, each opening out into the unknown and each inviting someone to enter. The college man particularly feels this freedom of choice, and though there are countless doors in this gallery, representing all vocations, it is required that one and one alone be taken. And more than the mere choosing of a door: as a man travels on he realizes the impossibility of retracing his steps once they have been set in a certain direction, and upon entering the door of his choice he can almost hear the others as they close behind him.

The figure is fascinating in its direct application, and is maintained throughout the small essays which constitute the book.

One of these essays called "The Doorways of Tradition" contains a thought which it is doubtful if the conservative reader could uphold. "Youth ought to be radical, asking insistent questions, even pouring contempt upon our smug ways and respectable institutions."

It is to be questioned how far this statement can be accepted. We are surrounded every day by false prophets and their insidious teachings. Sometimes we can scarcely discern the good from the bad. Hundreds blindly follow a demagogue to establish a new political system, a new school of art, or even a new religion and yet youth is here encouraged to say to the world, "Go to, mine eyes have seen a nobler vision. Follow thou me."

Surely in this vacillating twentieth century, when creeds and dogmas are shattered daily, there was never greater need for stability. And accordingly, as we read on in the essay, we find Dr. Black also cautioning against absolute rejection of the past, and asking us in his naive way to catch the spirit of the unknown. As he expresses it, "We stand at the doorways of tradition, blind to the open door of our own new day."

Other doors are discussed in separate essays. There is the "Magic Door that ushers to the very land of dreams"; the Door of Opportunity, which to the foreigner like Hugh Black opens into America; and last of all there is the great open door called Death, from which there is no return.

In its two hundred pages there are many new thoughts brought

forward by striking simile. All are told in the easy, conversational style which is recognized by those who have heard Dr. Black, and many others who have not had that privilege will be glad to renew an acquaintance made among the pages of his "Friendship," years ago.

—*Edmund T. Price, '17.*

AFTER LUNCH IN THE LIBRARY

California. By Gertrude Atherton. A very interesting book dealing with the history of the state. The author herself describes her book as a "rapid narrative," yet it is quite thorough.

The Winning of the Far West. By R. N. McElroy, Ph. D. The Edwards Professor of History at Princeton University has written a "History of the Regaining of Texas, of the Mexican War and the Oregon Question; and of the Successive Additions to the Territory of the United States within the Continent of America." It is a masterly work by a scholar who knows his subject to perfection. Many good maps and illustrations; a good index. Foot-note bibliography.

Le Mariage de Loti. By Pierre Loti. An excellent novel; one of the earliest of the man who wrote "Ramuntcho." Written in 1878 and dedicated to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. A charming novel with its picturesque setting and its author's delightful style. The book made us wonder if M. Loti is as fond of Turkey as ever.

La Vie Privée de Michel Têissier. By Edouard Rod. One of the Swiss novelist's "études passionets." A typical French novel by a famous writer. Style and subject eminently Gallic.

L' Annonce Faite a Marie. By Paul Claudel. A modern play by one of the younger French dramatists; one of the repertoire of M. Lugne-Poe's Theatre de l' Oeuvre. The playwright's style and inspiration are unique.

The Amazons. By Sir A. W. Pinero. One of the leading dramatist's successful plays, as interesting as everything he writes. The play was produced at the Court Theatre, London in 1895.

The Poems of Henry King, D. D. Notes and comment on the too little known poet of the seventeenth century by L. Mason, Ph.D. A remarkably interesting volume on a subject which is of interest to literature.

The Words of Jesus. By Gustaf Dalman. The famous Leipsic professor's work translated by Professor D. M. Kay, of the University of Saint Andrew's, Scotland. The utterances of Christ are "considered in the light of post-Biblical Jewish writings and Aramaic languages.

THROUGH THE GLASSES

Robert Mantell in Hamlet

That Shakespeare is still able to compete on a fair basis with musical comedy and farce was amply demonstrated by the large and enthusiastic crowd which filled the Lyric Theatre to see Mr. Robert Mantell in Shakespeare's most highly intellectual tragedy. Nor was their enthusiasm misplaced; for Mr. Mantell and his company gave an eminently faithful and satisfactory rendition of the extremely difficult play.

If there was one quality which predominated in Mr. Mantell's acting it was his evident earnestness and the complete subordination of his personal idiosyncrasies to his conception of the dramatic requirements of his part. This spirit, which seemed to extend even to the humblest members of the cast, assisted materially in making the performance educational, as well as fascinating, in its character.

It is hard to write an extended criticism of a uniformly excellent and faithful production; but a few features of particular interest might be noted.

One of the few questionable points in the rendition of the drama was the playing of the whole character of Polonius in a spirit of comic burlesque. With all his faults, the timeserving old politician has a sincere affection for his son and daughter; and the genuine humor of the other side of his character is rather spoiled by the treatment of the entire character as a joke.

Another place in which the original idea of the dramatist seemed to be disregarded was at the end of the closing scene, which is customarily marked by a dead march and procession across the stage. The omission of this feature, however, might plausibly be defended on the ground that such a pompous pageant is an anticlimax after the titanic tragedy of the scene itself.

Mantell's interpretation of the character of Hamlet was spirited and intellectual, with a slight tendency to overemphasis in certain places. He more than atoned for this slight fault, however, by the grandeur and refinement of his interpretation of many other noted passages; his delivery of the widely known soliloquy being especially effective. Mantell's Hamlet is a character interpretation of dignity, refinement, and intellectuality, which gives every promise of still further dramatic and poetic progress in the future. —*William H. Chamberlin, '17.*

Forbes-Robertson in Hamlet

To say of an actor that he "lives his part" when on the stage seems hackneyed, but it is singularly apt in the case of Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson's interpretation of Hamlet, which has proved one of the sensations of his farewell tour. From his first entrance Forbes-Robertson throws aside his own personality and disguises himself under the form of the unhappy Prince of Denmark. His presentation of the part is the result of a life-time study; as he himself says, "I do not remember when I first learned the lines of Hamlet." Every gesture, action, shading of voice and glance of eye is the product of years of study and experiment. Thus it may be truly said that he throws part of his life into his portrayal of Shakespeare's much discussed hero.

Of what character is Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet? Is he immoral; is he incapable of loving or being loved? Is he mad or does he merely feign madness? These are a few of the stereotyped problems which every prospective actor of Hamlet must solve for himself, and shape his portraiture accordingly. Sir Johnstone's Hamlet is, above all else, human; man's idiosyncrasies and passions pulsate through and through him. At the beginning of the drama he portrays Hamlet as a young man of broad intellect and extensive study, who is naturally congenial. But later in the play, after the appearance of the Ghost, Sir Johnstone converts himself into a man of two characters, a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. To the King, the Queen Mother, Ophelia and others about the court, he acts as a morose, sullen man, who is apparently preoccupied with the solution of some vital problem. They call him mad. But to his bosom friend, Horatio, he presents an entirely different character, and becomes confidential, disclosing all that has been gnawing at his heart and urging him to take vengeance upon his criminal uncle. Forbes-Robertson shows by his acting at this stage of the play that he adheres strictly to a belief in Hamlet's sanity.

The English actor further reveals this assurance of Hamlet's rationality in his handling of the scene with the Queen in the fourth act. He is most human and shows that Hamlet was torn by two conflicting emotions, love for his unworthy mother, and an insatiable desire for revenge upon her husband. The Queen is moved to tears, and it is not strange, for a Hamlet with the wonderful voice of a Forbes-Robertson would move the most hard-hearted to tears. What a wonderful voice it is, and what a great part its sympathetic flexibility plays in his success as Hamlet! That voice and his genius in general have somewhat transmitted themselves to his co-workers, resulting in a smoothly-balanced and finished performance.

—*George A. Dunlap, '16.*

ALUMNI

G. M. Palmer, '97, has submitted the following letter on "The Size of Haverford"; which he says expresses the ideas of a number of those who are deeply interested in the College.

March 4th, 1915.

Sometimes when starting an advertising campaign it helps to know what kind of competition one is to meet. I have been interested in reading of the efforts to make a bigger Haverford.

I am a Haverford Alumnus, and am proud of it. I number among my fondest memories those that cluster around the small group of buildings as they stood in '95, '96, and '97. I do not underestimate the value of the Haverford idea, and the Haverford ideal—so far as they go—but—

I have an only son. I want to send him to college in the next half-dozen years, and he will not go to Haverford.

This is because he is not inclined to seek either a

(1). Classical education to fit him to become a teacher.

(2). A scientific education to fit him to become a dabbler in science as a hobby, or

(3). A culture course amid surroundings that are agreeable, healthful, and restful with no thought for the future.

My son must and already does look upon life as a serious problem demanding concentration on lines that will equip him for the struggle.

The keenest disappointment of my life was to find myself insufficiently educated to take up a chosen profession. My ambitions had grouped themselves around a college which, for lack of information on the subject of colleges and their aims and ideals, had to be Haverford. I wished to concentrate on learning a profession. Though in sufficiently equipped in other lines, Haverford fortunately was able to give me just what I wanted—all the chemistry that could be crowded into a few college years, but I was not permitted to spend any great share of my time on chemistry; I was compelled to devote even more to culture courses—all well enough in themselves, but not necessary and not practical.

My disappointment was tempered by the fact that I did not know how other colleges were, even then, offering practical scientific courses. When through college, insufficiently educated in any one line, and woefully lacking in chemical knowledge which Dr. Hall could have given if permitted, I must needs cut and try at one calling and another, and seven years of my life after leaving college were

spent in gaining experience that might have been saved by such an education as I fully expected of my college and which some other college would have given me. Understand, I am not belittling the wholesome influence of Haverford. Those influences, together with the proper courses of study, would make Haverford the most desirable seat of learning in the country. Those influences will make Haverford the college for the limited number who want the kind of education Haverford is fitted for, but—

Haverford cannot expect to compete with a college like Sheffield Scientific School at Yale, which offers thorough technical training in any one of a number of scientific pursuits, and on top of that a full year's course in business practice.

I should be proud to have Haverford enlarge, and get over the 94 student mark of '97 or the 187 mark of 1915. I should like to have my boy breathe the Haverford air and imbibe the Haverford ideals; but, on the other hand, we cannot afford to belittle the ideals of sister colleges; and my boy cannot afford to dissipate his time on non-essentials and culture courses, and wait until he is through college to start to prepare for the realities.

I am aware that the average Haverfordian looks with a great deal of contempt upon the utilitarian in learning; and has the highest regard for abstract science!—but that is the reason why Haverford is a small college and had best be satisfied to remain so until she has the laboratories and the professors, and the disposition to cater to the larger number of the coming generation who look upon college as a training school for the real issues in life.

The Haverford New York Society held its annual dinner at the Columbia University Club, 18 Gramercy Park, on Wednesday evening, March thirty-first. President Sharpless was one of the speakers, and William A. Battey, '99, was chairman of the dinner committee.

President Sharpless introduced Secretary Bryan at the great total abstinence meeting which was held on March fifteenth in the Sunday Tabernacle, Philadelphia.

There will be a Cricket Week after college closes, under the supervision of A. G. Scattergood, '98, and C. C. Morris, '04. Among the teams we play are the Philadelphia Cricket Club and the Germantown Cricket Club.

'61

Mr. Samuel Parsons has just issued a book called "The Art of Landscape Architecture" (New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons). In this work Mr. Parsons gives his theories of landscape beautification, based on years of experience. The fault with recent landscape gardening in America is that it has

suffered from too much wealth. Landscapes cannot be made at a moment's notice, and so our millionaires have turned their attention to quicker results, such as horticultural displays. Size is not a requisite in landscape making. The tiny backyard can be made a thing of beauty by judicious rearrangement.

Mr. Parsons has been the leading landscape artist of the country for nearly forty years. The title of his first book was "Landscape Gardening."

He was superintendent of the parks of New York City from 1884 to 1897. The fourteen-hundred-acre park of San Diego, California, was designed by him, as were also many of the improvements in Central Park.

'81

Isaac T. Johnson, whose home is in Urbana, Ohio, is chairman of the "No Saloons for Urbana" committee. He is also president of the Johnson Mfg. Co., of that city, a Sunday-school superintendent, and an ardent supporter of the *American Friend*. His hobby is a large farm.

'87

Allen B. Clement has announced his engagement to Miss Bertha E. Jones, of Haddonfield, N. J.

'92

Stanly R. Yarnall was elected a member of the Board of Managers at a meeting on March 19th.

'96

C. Russell Hinchman was married on March 10th to Mrs. Anna Lynch Barbee-Babson. Mr. and Mrs. Hinchman will be at home after October 1st, at 4103 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

'98

Richard D. Wood has recently been elected one of "the Overseers of the Public School, founded by charter in the Town and County of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania." This corporation, chartered first in 1701 by William Penn, manages the Penn Charter School.

'99

Rev. William Bode has recently published a volume entitled "The Book of Job, and the Solution of the Problem of Suffering It Offers." The book is divided into three sections. The first is introductory, concerning Job as an "All Men's Book," and "the Enigma of Life" —the universal problem of suffering.

The second section brings out the various cycles of speeches in the book of Job, and their significance.

The third section contains the relative values of solutions offered for the enigma. The book is instructive and inspiring, and is especially adapted for the Bible student.

'01

C. O. Carey, who is Assistant Professor of Surveying in the University of Michigan, has received

the advanced degree of Civil Engineer for research work done on concrete columns, determining the action of columns reinforced with a spiral of steel when under load.

Clement O. Meredith has been made Dean of Guilford College, where he has been teaching for several years.

'05

Sigmund G. Spaeth is writing another opera libretto.

'06

R. J. Shortlidge is associated in the management of Camp Marienfeld, at Chesham, N. H. This is one of the largest and most successful boys' camps in this part of the country. Mr. Shortlidge is still on the teaching staff of the Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.

Frances R. Taylor, of the Philadelphia Bar, is President of the Montgomery County No-License Campaign, which is waging a hard and aggressive fight against the saloon and brewing interests in that county.

Warren K. Miller, of the Lehigh County Bar, was married last December to Miss C. Frances Jordan Sieger. Their home is in Allentown, Pa.

Roderick Scot returned last May from his post in Russia, where he was studying the language in preparation for the office of Secretary of the Russian Student Christian Movement. On the thirteenth of last August he married Miss Agnes Kelly, of Richmond, Indiana, daughter of President Kelly of Erlham College. The war has prevented his return to his work in Russia for the present. Meanwhile he is Associate Secretary in the city Y. M. C. A., of Vincennes, Ind.

Ex.-'06

T. P. Harvey has been elected to the Indiana State Legislature. His address is 3271 Central Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Moving and Hauling **Pianos Moved**

RYAN BROS.

Auto Truck Service

Phone, Bryn Mawr 216-D

ROSEMONT, PA.

Smedley & Mehl

Lumber
and Coal

BUILDING MATERIAL

Phone No. 8 **ARDMORE**

'07

Alfred B. Morton is associated with William Martien and Company, in the real estate business, at 3 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

'08

M. Albert Linton was recently awarded the hundred-dollar prize for the best paper presented before the American Actuarial Society by a member of two years' standing.

T. Morris Longstreth is planning to take a group of sixteen boys out to the San Francisco Exposition in a special car this summer. The trip is to last about four weeks. Mr. Longstreth has also agreed to write a book for the Outing Publishing Co., dealing with weather conditions and prophecy.

At the annual dinner of the Class of 1908, held at the College on the fifth of March, the following members were present: Brown, Burtt, Bushnell, Elkinton, Emlen, Guenther, Hill, Linton, Longstreth, Thomas, and Wright. At the meeting held after the dinner Wright was elected President; Strode, Vice-President, and Burtt, Secretary and Treasurer.

A FEW REASONS

FOR YOU TO CONSIDER IN THE PURCHASE HERE OF YOUR SPRING AND SUMMER SUIT:

PYLE, INNES & BARBIERI

TAILORS

FOR MEN AND BOYS

1115 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

We specialize in clothes for young men and thoroughly understand their ideas; we carry the largest assortment of Woollens in Philadelphia; our prices are very moderate and each bolt of cloth is plainly marked; the workmanship is unexcelled and the cutting right up-to-the-minute in style.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS OPENED UPON APPROVED REFERENCES

We are READY and will be very glad to see YOU

Suits, - - - - $25 to $50
Full Dress and Tuxedo Suits, - $40 to $70

Pyle, Innes & Barbieri,
LEADING COLLEGE TAILORS
1115 Walnut Street, - - - Philadelphia

Ex-'08

T. C. Desmond is now Assistant Engineer of the New York Realty and Improvement Co., and is busily engaged in the construction of certain sections of the new subway.

'09

A son, Christian, was born to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Febiger on February 24th, at their home on Randolph Ave., Milton, Mass.

'11

John S. Bradway has been working actively with Mr. F. R. Taylor, '06, in addressing meetings throughout Montgomery county in behalf of the No-License Campaign.

'11

L. A. Post, who is now a Rhoades Scholar at New College, Oxford, writes that there are only sixty-two out of three hundred men left at the college.

'12

Lance B. Lathem gave a recital at the Merion Cricket Club on Friday, March fifth, with Mr. Merville A. Yetter, tenor, and Guerney Mattox, violinist.

A son, Douglas Crosman was born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde G. Durgin on March third.

'14

The engagement of Thomas W. Elkinton to Miss Elizabeth W. Roberts, of Moorestown, New Jersey, has been recently announced.

Howard West Elkinton has announced his engagement to Miss Katharine Mason, of Germantown, Pa.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

PROMPT AND REASONABLE

MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.

10 ANDERSON AVENUE

ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY

ESTIMATES GIVEN PHONE 1087

OPEN EVENINGS

Aubrey Howell Richard S. Dewees

Insurance

HOWELL & DEWEES

SPECIAL AGENTS

Provident Life and Trust Co.

Fourth and Chestnut Streets

Philadelphia

For the gentlemen who appreciate the refinement of good grooming. Our Barber Shop was inaugurated 50 years ago. No Tipping.

Binder

13th above Chestnut, Phila.

INSURANCE

Fire or Burglary Insurance on Students' personal effects while at College or elsewhere.

Tourists' Floating Insurance on personal effects against all risks in transit, in hotels, etc., both in this country and abroad.

Automobile Insurance covering damage to car and liability for damage to property or for injuries to persons.

Longacre & Ewing
Bullitt Building 141 S. Fourth St.
Philadelphia

Repairing of Hall, Chimes and French Clocks a Specialty

A. A. FRANCIS, Jeweler
115 W. Lancaster Ave. PHONE 144D
Ardmore, Pa.

C. W. Scott Company

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Carriages, Wagons and Automobiles

"Careful Handling and Quality"

Send us Your Suitings to be

Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

At Reasonable Rates

Our College Agent

Mr. I. Thomas Steere

S. P. Frankenfield Sons

Undertakers

ARDMORE, PA.

Successors to

JOSIAH S. PEARCE

33 E. Lancaster Avenue

Phone, Ardmore 9

J. OWEN YETTER

General Shoe Repairing

ARDMORE, PA.

Will Collect Shoes Monday Evening and Deliver Thursday Morning

T. B. Whitson, College Agent

Attractive Wall Paper
At Popular Prices

A. L. Diament & Co.

1515 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM S. YARNALL

Manufacturing Optician

118 S. 15th Street Philadelphia

Phone 258

C. E. Edwards

Confectioner

ICE CREAM AND FANCY ICES,
FANCY CAKES

Ramsey Building BRYN MAWR, PA.

Bell, Market 1632, 1633 Keystone, Main 109, 110, 111

A. N. RISSER CO., Inc.

PURVEYORS OF

MEATS, PROVISIONS
BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY

215 Callowhill Street, ∴ Philadelphia

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

EDGAR C. BYE, *Editor-in-Chief*

DOUGLAS C. WENDELL, 1916 — ROBERT GIBSON, 1917

GEORGE A. DUNLAP, 1916 — WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN, 1917

JACK G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) — ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 — Single copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twentieth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII — HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1915 — No. 3.

This is Vol. XXXVII

Not Vol. XXXVIII as indicated during the last two months. Also, please note that the Oct. 1914 to Feb. 1915 issues belong to Vol. XXXVI and not to Vol. XXXVII as marked.

George Arthur Dunlap

has been elected to the Haverfordian Board. It gives us pleasure to have as a member of the Board, one who has shown considerable ability in literary and dramatic criticism and short-story writing.

In This Issue

SPECIAL FEATURES

The Ministry of Music.....DAVID S. BISPHAM, '76 89
The Need for Iconoclasm.....W. H. CHAMBERLIN, '17 98
Joanne, A Dramatic Sketch.....COLBY VAN DAM, '17 103
Our Southern Poets.....ROBERT GIBSON, '17 107

STORIES

A Product of Hoshkosh.....GEORGE A. DUNLAP, '16 93
Her Real Hero.....EDWARD THORPE, JR., '18 112

VERSE

Spring Twilight.....WALTER S. NEVIN, '18 92
Sirmio (Catullus, 31).....J. W. SPAETH, '17 97

DEPARTMENTS

Books
The American College.....DOUGLAS C. WENDELL, '16 119
Through the Glasses
Marie-Odile.....J. G. C. LE CLERCQ, '18 121
Alumni.....ROBERT GIBSON, '17 123

In the Next Issue

Cricket.....ALFRED SCATTERGOOD, '98
The Religious Life of Haverford.....H. J. CADBURY, '03

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1915 No. 3

The Ministry of Music

IN the spring of 1914 I was on my concert tour on the Pacific Coast, I was singing in vaudeville, and received a letter from President Sharpless of Haverford College, saying that the Board of Managers had decided to confer upon me the Honorary Degree of LL.D.—Doctor of Laws. To say that I was surprised does not convey in any adequate manner an idea of the state of my feelings. That I, a descendant of two of the original Quaker families who had founded Philadelphia, the grandson of one of the Founders of Haverford College—I, a grand opera singer, a concert singer, and a vaudeville artist; I, whose life had been so unusual in regard to its public activities, should find myself being honored by my former companions and by the friends of my parents, by being made a Doctor of Laws by the College which, of almost all those in America, has upheld religion and scholarship at the expense of art and music, was indeed astounding.

Had anything happened to me, or was it that something had happened to Haverford? Nothing had happened to me except the daily, monthly, yearly, continual application of a mind that could do nothing else to musical and histrionic pursuits. Therefore something must have happened to Haverford. The rising generation, and those of the former generation who still remain upon its governing board, had lived to see the time, not contemplated by the Founders of our Alma Mater, when music and the drama and those who occupy themselves therewith had become recognized factors in the daily life of the community. No longer are they to be looked upon as wicked, or at least idle pastimes, but as educators—educators as much as a school is an educator,—and therefore the musician and the actor may be looked upon as educators. Hence it was, I suppose, that I was given a place among educators, and I am proud to have been considered worthy of the distinguished honor which our College has conferred upon me.

I replied to President Sharpless's letter in that spirit, and suggested that at Commencement in June I would like to say a few words to the audience, and that if there were no objection I would also sing. There

was no objection. Indeed, with the courtesy which is always his, President Sharpless both wrote and at Commencement said to the audience in introducing me that he would leave entirely to my own judgment the substance of my remarks.

As I sat upon the platform on that warm summer day, June 12, 1914, robed academically, capped and hooded, I felt a great sense of responsibility. As Friends of old would have said, "It was borne in upon me" that I had a message to deliver to those present, and I hoped to be able to acquit myself manfully of my duty. I cannot recall the words I used, but I remember the gist of my remarks was something like this:

I alluded to the time when, in the autumn of 1872, and during the subsequent four years of my residence at Haverford I was forbidden by the Board of Directors to retain at the College my zither. No guitar, banjo, or other instrument of music, no pipe, tabor, harp, psaltery, or instrument of ten strings was permitted to resound through the sombre halls. Even the human voice was discouraged when raising itself into choral song. I was obliged to betake myself, zither in hand, to the retirement of a room at the Haverford station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, where the ticket seller's wife offered me sanctuary and an asylum where I might practice my beloved art in such seclusion as might be obtained between the passage of rumbling trains. But presently there came a change over the spirit of the dreams of those who guided the destinies of Haverford. Before my graduation the beginnings of a glee club and of a clandestine dramatic association became manifest. It has been said that my influence set these movements going; it may be true, I was not aware of it. But I am happy indeed to find that now music is encouraged, and to know that in the "Cap and Bells" even the drama is lifting up its head in your midst.

I would suggest that, as time goes on, music and the drama be not encouraged only for the sake of pastime. That, as a matter of fact, is what our Quaker forefathers objected to. Let them be studied with intention, for music is an inherent quality in human nature and therefore should not be left to run wild; but, as with any other valuable growth or quality, it should be cultivated. It and its history should be studied by all who feel so inclined, as a matter of common information, if for no other reason, just as literature, mathematics, science and art are studied. In this connection I am reminded of a story that is told upon myself. When I was in the business house of my uncle, David Scull, along in the early '80's, I was heard humming to myself as I walked by two men in the street. Years afterward, when I was singing in Grand Opera, the

younger of the two told me that, as I passed, the elder,—a very plain Friend,— looking after me, said, "Does thee see that young man? Well, I tell thee he'll never come to any good, because he's always fooling round after music!" I agree with the aged Friend in so far as fooling around with anything is concerned. No one should "fool around" with so pure and beautiful a thing as music; on the contrary according to my belief if should be included among the elective subjects in all schools and colleges for every normal human being is "moved by concourse of sweet sounds." Everyone has a voice, a musical instrument, in his throat which should be trained in speech as well as in song from early childhood. It is not necessary to purchase, at great expense, instruments of music for every individual, but the instrument which nature has given should be cultivated, for from it may be obtained great solace through life. I do not advocate that all persons should go far into musical study, for it is exacting, and only those especially gifted should be encouraged to bring their talents before the public. But music should pervade every home, for it has been sung by poets and by prophets as an alleviator of grief, the bringer of joy, a solace for the waking hours of toil, twin sister to the balm of sleep.

I desire to call to the attention of everyone, particularly the members of the Society of Friends, and other religious bodies who discountenance, or at least do not encourage greatly, the practice of music, the fact that the Bible in speaking of Heaven constantly refers to music; and whether there is any "other world," "future life," "world to come," or not, we can make the future that is to come in this world, a heaven through harmony, and largely by means of music and song.

I also call to the attention of any who may still have a lingering doubt as to the dignity of music and the drama as professions, and who feel that ministers of the Gospel are more entitled to honor than are workers in other fields, that, as I ended by saying on last Commencement Day, there are many unworthy preachers in the pulpit and many noble men and women upon the stage. We must no longer think that any line of endeavor is in itself "common or unclean." That great sheet that the Apostle saw in his vision being let down by the four corners is filled, not only with food for the body, but with opportunities for the mind, and to us in these days is afforded the priceless gift of an enlarged vision. Let us then regard life in its fullest scope and do away with all narrowness of spirit and of outlook. The world that is to come, the life of the future, is full of possibilities; men and women are entering upon a new era which I seem to recognize as the longed-for millennium. And now is the time to prepare in all joyfulness to meet and enter into the joy of our Lord.

After having spoken, I sang that noble emanation of the genius of Schubert, "Die Allmacht",—Omnipotence, thus desiring in song to glorify God. My contribution to the exercises of the day ended by singing the Prologue to the opera "Pagliacci," in which man upon the stage, that is the actor, is shown to men in the world about him as being, beneath his assumed disguises, at heart just as all men are, "a man for a' that."

And herein lies the whole point of what I would have people understand; that as individuals we must do and nobly do what God has given us to do; that there is nothing wrong about any occupation in itself, but that it rests with the individual to make his work good or bad, to make himself a shining example, and to ennoble, by his attitude toward it, everything that he may lay his hand to. As saith the poet—

"Who sweeps a room as by God's law
Makes that and the action fine."

—David S. Bispham, '76.

Spring Twilight

Sad, sad the sunset fades away,
Dim grow the trees and sky,
Robins chant dirge—a perfect day
Forever has gone by.

Clear chimes the thrushes' silver bell:
For Geraldine they mourn.
Soft winds of perfumed night tales tell
Of roses newly born.

One after one the stars shine bright,
Black etched the branches seem.
Dull sounds the boom of night-hawks' flight;
I listen while I dream.

Far, far away enchantment calls,
And twilight's golden hue
Sends forth its gleam that softly falls
On lands where dreams come true.

—Walter S. Nevin, '18.

A Product of Hoshkosh

I'M from Hoshkosh. This will be further impressed upon you, no doubt, as you read the incidents of this narrative. For the present, suffice it to say that Hoshkosh is a countrified town in the Middle West, of about thirty thousand inhabitants, boasting a city hall, a political boss and a jail, a baseball team and a "daily." On the latter it was my proud task, several years ago, to act as reporter, and "get kicked all around man."

One experience of those early days, I recall now very well, for it was one of those rare occasions upon which I did not "get kicked all around." It was an interview, and, strange to say, I returned from it with a profound respect for my victim, if I may so call him. Usually a press representative met with a cold reception in Hoshkosh, or, more often, a warm one, which was decidedly worse. This time, however, I was treated as a human being, and, at that, it was a criminal whom I interviewed.

A certain Thomas White had been convicted of a daring hotel robbery in which a prominent member of Hoshkosh's "younger set" had been on the losing end. It was this White whom I was to "see" and get material for a feature story, if possible. Being somewhat ignorant of the ways of the world, I expected to find a forbidding person of revolting appearance who would bite me if I was not careful. Therefore I was surprised to find in the little narrow cell where they had thrust him, a young man of my age, with a striking and distinguished appearance. He looked more like a college athlete than a thief. Those bluish-gray eyes which looked unflinchingly into mine, that high forehead and clean-cut mouth. "He certainly was not an ordinary criminal," I thought. I was not mistaken.

He was perfectly willing to tell me his story. "I was born in Chicago," he said. "My parents were poor but economical. My father carefully saved some of his small salary, and invested in a promising mine speculation. It turned out to be an utter swindle, and all of his small fortune was lost. He never recovered from the shock; he was taken sick, lost his position as a consequence, and worry and idleness combined with a severe attack of pneumonia resulted in his death at the height of his powers. My mother soon followed him. I escaped the orphan asylum through the intercession of a socialistic neighbor, Abraham Isaacs, who, taking pity on my destitution, agreed to raise me if I would act as his apprentice. I was then about ten, and unable to understand the significance of the work which I was being taught. To be brief, I

became a thief. My tutors, Isaacs' young sons, were skilled in their trade, and I was an adept pupil.

"Now," he finished, proudly, but not boastingly, "there is no more successful 'gentleman crook' in the entire West."

"Why did you become a 'gentleman crook,' as you call it?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I learned to hate those rich people who gain their wealth by swindling the unsuspecting poor out of their well-earned incomes. My companions encouraged these views, and the knowledge of my father's loss engendered in me a desire for retaliation. Thus it has been my part to play the gentleman, to mingle among the rich, as if I were one of them, and rob them behind their stupid backs. It's a great game!" he cried, and his dark eyes flashed expressively. I asked White for details of his latest act, the one which had culminated in his arrest. He was reticent about the affair, however, and I learned little more than I had ascertained already.

"Oh," he said, "it was absurdly easy. I togged myself out in my dress suit and silk hat, put on my most dignified manner, and stalked into the hotel dining-room. Finding a place vacant at a table occupied by three prosperous men who looked likely victims, I intruded upon them. By making myself entertaining, I passed off as a 'hail-fellow-well-met,' and got into their good graces. The result was a fat wallet and a big haul; but luck was against me, and that's why I am here, resting in this single apartment, for a short time."

* * * * * * * *

It was about twenty years later. Fortune had been kind to me in the interim and paid to me that one visit of a life-time, which all of us mortals are supposed to enjoy from her. I had made good use of her call, and left rural Hoshkosh for busy, hustling New York. I was dining, one evening, in a well-known New York restaurant, one noted for its atmosphere of respectability and good fellowship. A tall, slightly stoop-shouldered man, about forty, with iron-gray hair pushed back from a high forehead, entered and sauntered towards my table. He glanced keenly at me, and then nodded pleasantly.

"I see that you are a member of the —— Brotherhood," he said, pointing to the badge of that order on my coat lapel.

I nodded.

"My name is Simson," he then said, "and I am the pastor of a church in Harringford, New Jersey."

I then introduced myself; we shook hands, and I invited him to sit down at my table. He accepted, and, after giving his order to the waiter, turned to me, and began an interesting discussion. He proved

to be very entertaining and unusually amusing for a preacher, I thought. The conversation turned upon the West, and its great progress.

"I am a native of Chicago," he was saying.

"I'm from Hoshkosh," I said smiling, and not dreaming that he had ever heard of the place.

Simson started at the name, as if he had heard it before. "Hoshkosh, yes. I know the place. It was there that —," but here he stopped abruptly, checking himself as if afraid of revealing something he desired kept secret. His momentary embarrassment quickly passed into a look of defiance. Something in the glance of his black eyes and the manner of his speech struck me as strangely familiar. But I could not place him, and renewing the conversation, told him of my former business out West, and humorously mentioned my connection with the Hoshkosh Bugle. He kept his eyes fastened intently on my face, while I was speaking, as if, in turn, to place me in his inner memory. His lips moved as if to interrupt me, several times, but he said nothing until I had stopped, and then he changed the subject entirely. His former complacency returned, and I found his remarks extremely diverting.

After we had finished our demi-tasse, we chatted a little longer, and then arose to go. He politely offered to pay both bills at the cashier's desk, and had his wallet out for that purpose. I was remonstrating with him when he dropped his wallet, and, while leaning over to pick it up, knocked mine out of my hands, on to the floor near the other one. He rescued both, and begged my pardon for the accident. He then pushed in and paid the bills before I could stop him. Soon afterwards we parted, and I had a feeling of regret that our ways were so widely divergent.

I was walking toward the subway ten minutes later with the intention of going home, when a clanging ambulance passed me. Involuntarily I watched it, and saw it come to a stop near the cafe I had recently left. A crowd seemed to have gathered there, and I could not resist the impulse to find out the cause of it.

As I reached the place, I heard a young dude on the outskirts of the crowd ask a bystander, "Heart failure, was it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," the other answered. "A fine face, hasn't he?"

I pushed forward through the throng and caught a shadowy glimpse of the unfortunate victim as he was being gingerly lifted into the ambulance. It was my late companion who was thus stricken. I was so startled and shocked by the recognition that I let the auto drive off without making an effort to disclose his identity, or go with him to the hospital, as an acquaintance should have done. The crowd gradually dispersed its several ways, and I was about to move away also, when I noticed a

black object lying in an obscure corner, near the restaurant door.

"What is that you picked up there?" a stern voice suddenly inquired. I looked up to see a sturdy figure, and an inscrutable face which I at once took for that of a plain-clothes man. My surmise proved correct.

"This is my wallet," I said, puzzled.

"Oh," he said. "Just drop it, did you?"

"No," I said. "I don't know how it got there, and I don't know how this other wallet here, got into my pocket, for I thought my own was there, as usual." I showed him a wallet similar to mine but almost empty, which, to my surprise, I had pulled out in place of my own fat one.

"Ah," he said, "that's some of Tom White's work, all right. He is a specialist in exchanging pocketbooks, you know,—lean ones for fat ones, especially."

"Who's Tom White?" I asked.

"You know that old fellow they took away in the ambulance? That's Tom."

"Who? That poor gray-haired man who was stricken down with heart failure?"

"Heart failure?"

"That's what somebody in the crowd said, and I believed him."

"He no more had heart failure than you have now. That was Tom White, a master crook, whom we have been after for years. He's a slick crook who makes a business of posing as a society man, lawyer, doctor or something of the kind. But we've got him this time."

"That man's a thief, is he? Well, I took him for a preacher. That's what he said he was."

"Yes, that's the kind of game he plays, and you bit for it pretty hard, didn't you? I thought I spotted him, about an hour ago, as he went into this eating place, so I waited to catch him, red-handed, as he came out. He almost bumped into me, as he was bidding a joyful 'so long' to you. Up went his hands, when he caught sight of my little 'silencer.' I searched him and pulled out your wallet, but just then he began to get frisky. In the scuffle I dropped the pocketbook and here it must have lain ever since. Too bad nobody saw it, isn't it? I didn't like to shoot the old boy, didn't think it necessary. But he was so obstreperous that I had to use some of my old holds on him. As a result I almost broke his arm, but he fell down on the stone and cracked his head a little. Not serious, though. Guess he'll come to all right, and live to serve a number of years yet."

I was rather shamefaced at the end of the detective's story. "I know now who White is," I said. "I interviewed him years ago out in Hoshkosh in the Middle West. I'm a native of Hoshkosh, you know, and fifteen years in Manhattan don't seem to have remedied that misfortune."

"I thought maybe you were from Hoboken," the detective said laughingly.

—George A. Dunlap, '16.

Sirmio

(*Catullus, 31*)

Sirmio, gem of all headlands and islands,
In lakes of the inland with crystalline spray,
Or 'midst the rough billows of far-reaching ocean,
Ay, all that Poseidon has raised to his sway,—

How gladly, rejoicingly free I behold thee,
My own native home in my dear fatherland!
I thought I should never leave Phrygia's pastures
Nor come to thee from distant Thynia's sand.

Ah, what is more blessed than freedom from caring,
When the mind puts aside its so wearisome load,
And we to our hearthstones from labor returning
Find rest on the couch we so longed for of old?

Reward in abundance is this for great labors.
So hail to thee, Sirmio, joy of thy lord!
Rejoice do ye also, O Garda's clear waters,
And bring forth what laughter your ripples afford!

—J. W. Spaeth, '17.

The Need for Iconoclasm

IN criticisms of books and plays we often see the disapproving phrase: "The purpose of this work is purely destructive." We are sedulously taught that belief, however illogical and weakly founded, is always better than negation; that we must never attack a theory, no matter how obviously untrue, unless we can put something better in its place. In short, we are led to look upon the destruction of an old idea as the sign of weakness and decadence, upon the creation of a new one as the token of strength and virility. It is rather difficult to see why iconoclastic or katabolic criticism has acquired this unfavorable reputation. In the first place, every creative genius must destroy a number of old ideals which are inconsistent with his advanced thought. So Copernicus, when he demonstrated that the earth revolved about the sun, undoubtedly annihilated the medieval idea that the earth was the centre and focus of God's universe; but this idea stood in the way of scientific progress, and no one now regrets its extinction. In the second place, destruction requires fully as much acuteness, and much more courage, than creation. A man may express a new thought and, if it does not openly conflict with any established and orthodox theories, he may have it received with tolerance and even with favor. But woe betide the unfortunate iconoclast who ventures to attack an old and popular illusion! Immediately he is either overwhelmed with a storm of abuse and calumny, betrayed by intentional and unintentional misunderstanding, or stifled by the still more effective and insidious weapon of stony silence and neglect. And who shall say that the despised and underrated iconoclast is not rendering as important a service to humanity as the most brilliant creative genius? For every original thinker needs a certain amount of cleared ground upon which to erect his edifice; nothing of lasting value can be built in the unhealthy shade of dogma and illusion. A study of a few of the most notable iconoclasts of the last century may help to show how far removed the genius for tearing down is from weakness and unproductiveness.

Out of the fiords and cloud mists of his native Norway Henryk Ibsen evolved some of the strongest and subtlest productions of the modern drama. If there is one quality peculiarly characteristic of every phase of Ibsen's work it is rugged strength and power. There is in him absolutely nothing of the weakness and barrenness commonly associated with destructive criticism. And yet this same Ibsen was one of the most thoroughgoing iconoclasts of his epoch. Scarcely any of the moral, political and aesthetic principles generally held by his fellow-countrymen,

escape his bitter and sweeping attack. Two of his plays, "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," the one in the form of a tragedy, the other in that of a satire, are primarily philippics against the moral cowardice and indecision, the sordidness and pettiness which he associated with the Norwegian national character. In "An Enemy of the People," a very old and highly cherished tradition, the divine right of the majority, is torn to pieces with the most ruthless contempt for the feelings of its advocates. "The Doll's House" and "Ghosts," besides being plays of gripping psychological interest, are also polemics, the former against the traditional attitude towards femininity, the latter against the conventional avoidance of vital problems of eugenics. Even in such a pure art work as "Rosmersholm" we find touches of satirical protest against the bigotry of the conservatives and the demagoguery of the liberals. So, all through Ibsen's work, eminently constructive as it is, many important passages are devoted to attacking and tearing down theories which conflicted with the dramatist's ideals of progress.

Arthur Schopenhauer has been unjustly condemned on the ground that his pessimistic philosophic conclusions reveal a mind whose attitude towards life was barren and unprofitable. The most casual glance through his numerous miscellaneous essays will show that he formed theories upon almost every conceivable subject, both practical and ideal. These theories, of course, are by no means infallible; but they go far to prove that Schopenhauer's pessimistic and destructive philosophy in no way impaired the working of his keen, powerful and splendidly balanced intellect. As a matter of fact, the courage to reject the easy and comfortable paths of optimism often develops remarkable strength and dignity in an artist's work. The breaking of the idols is usually the prelude to the worship of the true artistic gods, who have hitherto been obscured or concealed by the mists of fallacy and misapprehension.

By far the most radical change in the conception of the true function of music was inaugurated in the last century by Richard Wagner's theory of the music drama. True, the idea that music could be united with poetry and stage action had been conceived by a number of famous German poets and writers of an earlier period, notably by Schiller Lessing, Herder, Wieland and Jean Paul. But no musician had even remotely attempted to put this bold theory into practice. The early operas almost invariably subordinate plot, poetry and music to a few brilliant arias. There was little hope of material success for a composer who sought to replace the light, frivolous and popular works of Bellini and Donizetti with masterpieces fraught with profound intellectual and poetic significance, nor is it true, as has sometimes been asserted, that

Wagner was driven to create his "artwork of the future" by sheer inability to write in a popular and melodious vein. His first opera, "Rienzi," written in the Italian style, was received with great popular enthusiasm. And there is no doubt that, if he had so desired, he could have written twenty more operas like "Rienzi," attained a liberal measure of wealth and popularity, and escaped all the storms of obloquy that later fell upon him and his work. But Wagner, impelled by his sublime egoism, preferred the steep and thorny path of the iconoclast and innovator to the broad and easy road of the flatterer of popular taste. Ever rising higher, like the climax of "Tristan and Isolde," his most sublime work, he literally forced upon his blind and uncomprehending contemporaries an art heritage whose priceless value is now not only recognized by all musical authorities, but also felt by thousands who have little or no knowledge of the technical principles of music. And this Wagner, the creator of the music drama, after Bach, perhaps, the most original of all composers in his discovery of new devices of orchestration, this Wagner has often been accused of wanton and needless iconoclasm, of unseemly disrespect for the traditions and principles of classical art. And this accusation is justified: for, both in his prose writings and, far more effectively, in his music, Wagner attacks and tears to pieces old ideals after the fashion of the most merciless iconoclast. But, as in the case of Ibsen, the old dogmas and conventions stood in the way of the new art; the conflict was inevitable, and the new, virile, *iconoclastic* thought triumphed over the old, worn-out static belief.

During the latter part of the first half of the nineteenth century, French literature had fallen completely under the spell of romanticism. Lamartine and Victor Hugo vied with each other in the glorification of the ideal, and impractical. George Sand shocked the conservatives of the epoch by the bold unconventionality and unchecked romanticism of her novels. Schiller's famous maxims: *Wage du zu irren und zu traumen* (Dare thou to have illusions and to dream dreams) was carried out to the fullest extent. Even Balzac, keen satirist and psychologist as he was, yielded to the prevalent tendency and introduced into many of his novels the spirit of devout mysticism that is the usual accompaniment of a romantic period. Franz Liszt, the famous composer and pianist of the age, was strongly affected by the romantic movement, wrote a number of sentimental and melancholy "Liebestraüme" and "Consolations," and modeled one of his finest orchestral productions, "Les Preludes," on a poem of similar title by Lamartine.

But, while the Parisian salons were echoing with the sighs of Liszt and Lamartine, the northern province of Normandy was giving to the

world a stern genius whose work, a rare combination of rugged strength and perfect style, was destined to eclipse and outlive all the sentimental and poetic rhapsodies of the contemporary romanticists. This northern giant was Gustave Flaubert, another example of a man who destroyed an older style, not through inability to use it, but through capacity to see beyond it the vision of a new and higher form of expression. In "Madame Bovary" Flaubert threw down the gauntlet to all the prevalent romantic tendencies. This novel may well be called the finest literary outgrowth of realism. The author conscientiously satisfies the most rigorous demands of the realist. Taking his characters from the least picturesque orders of society, adopting a plot at once repellent and threadbare in subject, sternly rejecting every extraneous charm of vivid description or rich local coloring, Flaubert makes his novel one of the world's most signal artistic triumphs through sheer grandeur and delicacy of style, piercing psychological analysis, and remarkably able development of his plot to a climax of gruesome power worthy of Aeschylus or Shakespeare. Several years later he created, in "Salammbo," a novel whose brilliant plot, tropical coloring, rich and detailed description and superb action would easily give it a high place among the works of the romantic school. Here again we see an iconoclast who paved the way for the destruction of a form of literature that was admirably suited to his capacities in order to evolve a new and higher form.

Perhaps the most conclusive argument for the connection between iconoclasm and original creative genius is the fact that the same man wrote the most destructive and the most original book of the last century. It is difficult to read the two volumes of Nietzsche's "Human, All-Too-Human" without feeling a profound depression. For nowhere is there such a complete denial of the principles of life and action, nowhere is there such complete and unmitigated iconoclasm. Not only does Nietzsche here negate nearly all theories of religion and morality, but he also asserts the absence of free will in the most unqualified terms. According to the philosophy which he maintains in this book, every human action is directly dependent upon the character of the doer's ancestors. Even rebellion against fate is a delusion; the man who thinks he is defying destiny is only executing its will in regard to himself. Nor does he find any consolation in the idea of a beneficent Providence; his fate is a deity blind as Oedipus. On the other hand, in "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and "Beyond Good and Evil" (the former a masterpiece of rhapsodic, allegorical poetry, the latter one of trenchant, musical prose), he expresses some of the most strikingly original philosophic ideas of all time. In place of the blank of the "Beyond Good and Evil"

period we have a succession of new and interesting concepts, such as the Superman, the Eternal Recurrence, the subjectivity of morals, and the relativity of truth. So the whole Nietzschean philosophy is really built upon absolute iconoclasm.

From these examples it should be plain that, to use Nietzsche's own phrase, every great creator must first be a great destroyer. And it is an almost invariable mark of distinction between geniuses of the first and those of the second order; that the former mercilessly attack and expose the false ideas founded upon sophistry and prejudice, whereas the latter are inclined to respect and make truce with them. It is well known that nearly every young artist is forced to model his work upon that of some recognized master. The difference between the man of talent and the genius is that the former never ceases to imitate; whereas the latter finally transcends his master and evolves an art system of his own. This transition is almost inevitably accompanied by a certain amount of bitterness, disillusion and iconoclasm. But this iconoclasm is as necessary to individual artistic development as a discord is to a higher harmony. And, after all, is not much that is true and beautiful in art partially ruined by too hasty building? Is it not better to examine the foundation closely than to erect a glittering edifice on doubtful and insecure ground? As an exposition of the ideal and true iconoclasm I can think of nothing more satisfactory than the close of Nietzsche's essay, "We Philologists." The German thinker expresses his thought in the following words: "I dream of a combination of men who shall make no concessions, who shall show no consideration, and who shall be willing to be called 'destroyers': they apply the standard of their criticism to everything and sacrifice themselves to truth. The bad and the false shall be brought to light! We will not build prematurely: we do not know, indeed, whether we shall ever be able to build, or if it would not be better not to build at all. There are lazy pessimists and resigned ones in this world—and it is to their number that we refuse to belong!"

—*William H. Chamberlin.* '17.

Joanne

(*With Apologies to "Marie-Odile"*)

Cast of Characters

JOANNE, A NOVICE.
THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.
A SOLDIER OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

Time: *The Present.*

The Scene *is the interior of a secluded convent in northern France The only furniture is a bare wooden table set with chairs. On the right is a figure of the Virgin Mary, surrounded by lighted candles. Moonlight pours through a window at the back, and is splashed on the rough floor like molten gold. The hour is midnight.*

(*A light noise is heard outside, the window opens, and a soldier in uniform and helmet enters. He steps forward quickly and looks about in the darkness, then crosses and stands thoughtfully before the statue. A door opens at the left, and a beautiful girl enters, clad in a nightdress, and holding aloft a burning candle. She stares at the soldier with fixed eyes. He does not notice her, but continues to gaze at the statue.*

JOANNE. Who are you, and why don't you kneel before the holy Virgin?

SOLDIER. (*In a whisper*) An angel lost from Heaven!

JOANNE. Are you a man?

SOLDIER. (*Recovering himself, he takes the candle from her unresisting fingers.*) I believe so. Don't I look like one?

JOANNE. I don't know. I've never seen a man before except Father Ambrose. (*There is a pause, in which the soldier stares at her in amazement.*) Why aren't you in bed? Don't men sleep at night?

SOLDIER. Er—some do—when they can, but—I am——

JOANNE. What's that thing on your head?

SOLDIER. Haven't you ever seen a helmet?

JOANNE. No. The sisters don't wear them. Father Ambrose has a hat, but it isn't like that; and he wears black gowns like my dresses. Do other men look like you and wear funny hats like yours?

SOLDIER. Of course they do. And where have you been all your life, that you haven't seen them?

JOANNE. I was brought here as a baby. I've always lived here. The sisters are very good to me and I love them dearly, especially Sister Beatrice. You should see her! She is wonderful, with big, tender eyes and such a soft voice!

SOLDIER. Where is she?

JOANNE. Asleep, I guess. They're all asleep but me.

SOLDIER. And why not you?

JOANNE. I was looking at the moon. It seemed to smile at me tonight and I lay awake to watch it.

SOLDIER. You must be cold in that nightgown. Sit here and put my cloak over you. (*He goes to the table and pulls out a chair.*)

JOANNE. Hush! No! You must not stay. The mother superior would be very angry at you. She would scold you and send you away. That's her room right there. (*She points to a door at the left.*) She might wake up.

SOLDIER. We'll be very quiet. Sit down and tell me your name. (*He sits opposite her.*)

JOANNE. I'm Joanne; who are you?

SOLDIER. I am a soldier, Joanne, and I've been sent ahead to see that the way is clear for my regiment.

JOANNE. Is he coming here?

SOLDIER. Who?

JOANNE. Your regiment.

SOLDIER. Oh! (*Laughing*) a regiment is a great many soldiers.

JOANNE. Like you?

SOLDIER. Yes.

JOANNE. Then you must go back and tell them not to come. The mother superior would never permit it.

SOLDIER. Wouldn't she? (*He smiles.*)

JOANNE. No. She is very strict and scolds me terribly. I am lazy and sinful. She is very good. I hope I shall be like her some day. (*She clasps her hands earnestly.*) I want to be a sister and take my vows like the others.

SOLDIER. You couldn't be sinful, Joanne. You look like an angel sitting there with the moonlight falling on your hair and shoulders.

JOANNE. O no! angels have wings and are beautiful.

SOLDIER. And so are you beautiful.

JOANNE. Am I? I didn't know it.

(*The soldier leans forward and takes her hand, which is lying on the table. A door opens at the left. The mother superior enters. On seeing the soldier she shudders and crosses herself.*)

MOTHER SUPERIOR. Merciful heaven! What do you want here, sir? Joanne! Go to your room instantly. (*She points imperiously to the door: then covers her face with her hands.*) Holy Father! Alone in a nightdress, at this hour, with a man!

SOLDIER. Stop! Mother superior, I have a bargain to make with you. (*He steps boldly up to her. The girl remains motionless in fear while he talks in a low tone*) Listen to me! I am a scout of the Kaiser's army. Not ten miles from here 5,000 German soldiers lie encamped tonight. Tomorrow they pass by this road. You have food here. At my word this place will be ravaged from top to bottom. As far as the sisters are concerned, I cannot answer for the army's actions. Now! —Leave that girl with me in peace, and this place will not be touched.

M. SUPERIOR. No! No! We will all die to save that virgin from harm.

SOLDIER. On my honor as a man, she shall suffer no harm. Be wise and go to your room: or else you all will suffer for it.

M. SUPERIOR. (*She looks at him keenly and crosses herself. Then says, with a sob*) Oh, she is so young and innocent! Before God, on your honor as a man, you swear?

SOLDIER. Yes.

M. SUPERIOR. (*Raising her right hand in resignation*) So be it. May Heaven keep the poor child! (*She retires.*)

SOLDIER. (*Returning to Joanne*) She's gone, and I can only stay a little while.

JOANNE. Weren't you afraid?

SOLDIER. No.

JOANNE. I shall be terribly scolded for disobeying.

SOLDIER. Are you sorry now?

JOANNE. No. I couldn't go to bed. I wanted to talk to you some more. You've lived out in the world and know so much. I often ask the sisters questions, but they never tell me anything. They say, "Never mind, Joanne: learn to think upon holy things, and you will forget the world." But somehow I don't forget. I lie awake nights and think about . . . about all the things that I don't know of . . . That sounds funny, doesn't it? (*She smiles perplexedly.*)

SOLDIER. (*He takes her by the shoulders and looks earnestly into her eyes.*) Joanne, I must go away now.

JOANNE. (*In surprise*) For how long?

SOLDIER. Forever, I'm afraid.

JOANNE. Oh! (*sadly*) but I want to see you again! Whom are you going to? Your father and mother?

SOLDIER. No: I'm going to battle and my duty. I have no father and mother.

JOANNE. I haven't either: I wonder why we didn't have any?

SOLDIER. You little darling! (*Suddenly he draws her to him, and enfolding her quietly in his arms, he kisses her unresisting lips. There is a long pause as he slowly releases her.*)

JOANNE. (*Suddenly*) Why did you do that?

SOLDIER. (*Stung by her words*) Oh, I don't know! Forgive me, Joanne. It was cowardly.

JOANNE. Forgive you what? It's wonderful. I have never been kissed like that before. Do all men kiss like that?

SOLDIER. I don't know. I don't believe so. They don't all have you to kiss. (*There is a pause. She is thinking hard, with eyes cast down.*)

JOANNE. (*Joyfully, at last*) I shall always be here if you march by again. If—if you send the mother superior to her room so she will not find us, I will meet you in the garden by the rose-bushes. (*She steps close to him and looks seriously into his eyes.*) You will not forget me when you're out in the world?

SOLDIER. Forget you! Oh God, no! I won't forget the little girl for whom I cast aside my duty. Tell the mother superior to say a prayer to you for the safety of this convent. Tell her that I didn't hurt you. Good night, my little white angel. (*He takes her in his arms again, and hers steal about his neck. Then without a word he goes to the window.*)

JOANNE. Soldier! Will the others kiss me like you did when they come?

SOLDIER. (*Half angrily*) No, Joanne! The others will not come. (*He waves his hand from outside the window.*) Good-bye, sweetheart!

JOANNE. (*She watches him disappear, sighs deeply and stretches her arms out to the moon.*) Good night, you dear old moon. I'll sleep now, and perhaps . . . (*She throws her golden head back and laughs softly.*) I'll kiss him in my dreams.

Curtain.

—*Colby Van Dam*, '17.

Our Southern Poets

EDGAR Allen Poe had a conviction that there was no equal chance for the native writers of the South. Perhaps he felt that her poets were too remote from literary centers to keep up with the world's progressive changes. Sad to say, his unfortunate prediction has proved only too true. Our Southern poets must feel rather neglected in their remote corner of the Hall of Poesy. So "far from the madding crowd," don't you know!

However, if the patron of verse has sufficient assiduity, he (or she) will unravel that puzzling injunction of the Librarian, which is usually preceded by a moment of indecision and puckering of the brow,— —"Hayne? Oh, yes! Straight down the middle aisle to shelf 9,999,— then turn to your right several times. He is bound to be there." "Assurance bred from conviction, my friend! The Librarian knows. Hayne is never removed.

With the use of your convertible handkerchief-dustcloth you disinter the titles. Ah! on the top shelf! Sweet oblivion! There they are: the entire coterie from the land of marsh and pine—Hayne, Timrod, Lanier, Cawein. Reverentially open them, these poets of a lost cause. Instinctively you take the first chronologically and there you have him —Paul Hamilton Hayne, 1831–86. "A chief singer of the second grade". Second grade he may be (Poe is of course first); nevertheless Hayne displays the wealth and warmth of the Southern landscape, the loneliness of the pine barrens, and the swish of the Southern sea, with a lyric beauty rivaling in some instances the best of Swinburne. His nature poems and poems of peaceful life are better than his war songs.

"In Harbor" is a swan-song which combines the sentiment of "Crossing the Bar" with the sonorous cadence of Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine."

"I feel it is over! over!
For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah, few were the days of the rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace,
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release!
From the ravage of life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in the harbor at last,—
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver

That throbs through the sanctified river
Which girdles the harbor at last,
This heavenly harbor at last."

Like sailing from a choppy sea into the waters of a quiet lagoon, is the change from Hayne to the next Southern lyricist—Henry Timrod, 1829–67. His little book of verse, which, by the way, was first edited by Hayne, is so good that we are led to speculate on the possibilities which might have been realized if the life had been prolonged of one who communed so vividly with the Spirit of Nature. Instance these lines from "Spring":

"*At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,*
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate
Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
'*Behold me! I am May!*' "

And again, the creative and playful side of his genius is evinced in "The Serenade":

"*Hide, happy damask, from the stars,*
What sleep enfolds behind your veil,
But open to the fairy cars
On which the dreams of midnight sail";. . .

His best poems are "The Cotton Boll," "The Lily Confidante," and "Carolina." In the first of these is revealed the mystic charm of the tractless stretches of "tropical snow." It is a eulogistic description of the Southern landscape during the cotton bloom, through the eyes of a man whose poetic quality is of the highest order, and whose tender melancholy never assumes a Byronic bitterness.

"*Bear witness with me in my song of praise,*
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!"

The "Lily Confidante" is one of the most beautiful lyrics of our literature—that is, speaking of our own, simon-pure, home-grown, indigenous literature. Perfect simplicity and a delicacy of imagination, not without fervor, lend a charm to this poem, which makes you feel that it was spontaneous and glided from the brain without force or coddling stimuli. It symbolizes the purity of passion, which is voiced by the reply of a lily to a puzzled lover:

"Lily! lady of the Garden!
Let me press my lip to thine!
Love must tell its story, Lily!
Listen thou to mine."

Evanescent and intangible as it is, the moral of this poem has a sacred inspiration:

"Love's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns, and lips that flatter,
Win no modest heart."

When the trumpet of war sounded, and "the shot heard round the world" was fired, Timrod's reflective genius was transmuted by the touch of patriotism into the clarion strains of "Carolina." Aside from its local color, this poem has a distinctive merit from the standpoint of art. Its outbursts of lyric passion:

"I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!

"And now it deepens, slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!

"Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!"

vie with "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled," in their tension and lyric conception. And the faint tinge of regret that imbues the early part of the poem is like "The Harp That Once through Tara's Halls," until it bursts forth into a grand, triumphal symphony, and ends with the impassioned finale:—

"Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!"

Sidney Lanier, 1842–81, the best-known poet of the South, is dear to an audience which is more than few. Edmund Clarence Stedman characterizes him as "the host so buoyant, so sympathetic; the South-

erner nervous and eager, with dark hair and silken beard, features delicately moulded, pallid complexion, hand of the slender,white, artistic type." His verse shows the spirit of the time, and is the true "land song." His great mistake was an attempt to theorize in verse, and to essay verbal feats which dwindle into mere recitative.

His best productions, unsullied by rhythmical extravaganza, contain such poems as "The Song of the Chattahoochee," which is similar to the haunting lines of "Ulalume," and the stirring ballad, "The Revenge of Hamish." "The Stirrup Cup" is a lyric gem, and "Tampa Robins" not far below it. The poem by which he is best remembered is the resonant but somewhat nebulous "Marshes of Glynn." It is said that meat of many varieties composes the carcass of a turtle. If the far-fetched metaphor is excusable, it may be said that this testudinate poem contains some of the virility of Whitman, the spirituality of Emerson, and the melodiousness of Poe. ("Food for thought," Oliver Wendell would say!) The background of the poem is the great marshes of the Georgian coast. The poet has spent the day in "arched walks of twilight groves" and comes at sunset to gaze upon the unlimited marshes. Then,

"*Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?*
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length, and the breadth, and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn."

Aspiration, inquiry, longing, come flooding into the poet's heart and he says:

"*And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in*
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes of Glynn."

Last, but not least (this expression has been used before, I believe), is Madison Cawein. His death but a few months ago makes the memory of his life more vivid. Cawein is essentially a lyricist. His poems abound in delightful imagery and delicate fancy. One almost looks to see the wood-fairies come stepping from his verses, so light is the gossamer of their composition.

"Summer's Close" is a good example of his art:

"*The melancholy of the woods and plains*
When summer nears its close: the drowsy, dim,
Unfathomed sadness of the mists that swim
About the valleys after night-long rains;
The humming garden, with its tawny chains
Of gourds and blossoms, ripened to the brim;
And then at eve the low moon's quiet rim,

And the slow sunset, whose one cloud remains,
Fill me with peace, that moves as in a dream
'Mid fancies sweeter than it knows or tells:
That sees and hears with other eyes and ears,
And walks with Memory beside a stream
That flows through fields of fadeless asphodels."

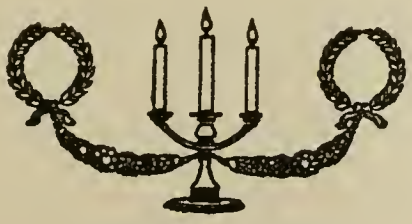
"It is not the dark place but the dim eye that hinders," said Thomas Carlyle; and this is where our Southern lyricists triumph. They not only had their lofty ideals, but, "with an unfaltering trust," they trod their aerial paths, beset on all sides by the powers of disease and ill-fortune. There is a deep pathos in the lives of those who live above the difficulties of their environment, and with the soul's sky unclouded, escape the morbid hypochondria so easy to succumb to.

Is their poetry minor? True, it is not comparable with "ye" eighteenth century rhyming bombasts, and there is not much of "the light that lies" in it. But if you want a rest, if you have a Waltonian temperament and want to escape from the rushing rivers of Shakespeare-Byron-Keats-Browning (I take variety!) poetry; if you are content to pass a little time at the fountain sources of unadulterated poesy;—then, friend, throw off your cloak of daily care, choose a shady tree in a sunny world, and take the hour, the place and—the Southern poets!

Martyrs of a fallen cause! How better can a conclusion be reached than by a verse of their own composition?—

"*Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!*
There is no holier plot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!"

—*Robert Gibson, '17.*



Her Real Hero

A SULTRY day in late August. The heat of heaven and the heat from the earth—one might say from the molten fires beneath the crust of the earth—seemed to meet in waves just above the pavements. There was a lethargy of the tropics over all Nature. A tall, broad-shouldered young fellow stepped out of the procession of sweltering humanity and entered a shop well protected from the glare by low-hanging awnings.

Inside, he paused to wipe the moisture from his hat and forehead. It was shady and cool in the shop, and the temperature was made even more comfortable by the antique atmosphere of the place. The walls were lined with great glass closets, which were filled with violins and violas of all kinds, and descriptions, old and new. About the corners of the room were basses and 'cellos, leaning against the cases.

At the sound of the door, a man who had been completely hidden in the depths of a rickety old desk chair well-lined with cushions stepped forward. He was still showing the drowsy effects of the sleep from which he had been aroused. He was short, very stout, a man never to be mistaken for anything but a German. His head was massive and topped by thin, almost white hair. His face was one to be remembered because of several large warts and deep-set, shrewd eyes.

"Hello, Pop," was the greeting of his visitor, a fine-looking chap of about twenty-five.

"How goes it with you today, Fred?" answered the older man, with a strong accent. "I have fixed your fiddle for you so that the G string will rattle no more. It needs a heavier string, though; shall I put it on?" And he went to a showcase to get the required article. Then they went back into the workroom to fix up the violin.

Here, everything was in orderly confusion,—masculine confusion, one might say.

Dust, dirt, and wood-shavings littered the floor. Upon the walls were hanging odd pieces of well-seasoned wood, and above them were shelves, piled high with many cardboard boxes, all rudely labeled. If one had taken out the modern lathe and other improved tools, the shop might have stood as a representation of the one in which the elder Amati and his still more famous pupils Guanerius, Ruggieri and Stradivarius worked in the little town of Cremona.

The task was soon accomplished, and the men sat then, talking of the latest developments in the great European war. Suddenly they

heard the shop bell and then the sound of footsteps coming along the hall to the back room. In another moment a slender, rather energetic young fellow came into the room. He was short, and bore the unmistakable features of the Germanic people in his handsome face. He formed a very striking contrast to the previous visitor, who was taller, of a heavier build, more quiet and reserved in actions and speech. Soon the three were engaged in conversation over the all-absorbing topic of the war. Later, they began to discuss the prospects of the coming concert season, for the younger men were both important members of the orchestra. Throughout the afternoon they sat and talked, until, as the whistles of the outside world began to blow, all arose to go, the old man to his home in the suburbs, and his companions to their boarding-houses in the city district.

"I suppose that I shall see you both again this evening," said old Mr. Holtz, as Fred Siegal and his friend Karl Hofmann, the last arrival, were departing. Then, to himself, with a wave of his heavy pipe—"They are good boys, they have talent, and tone, and technique. I hope that my daughter realizes that both of them love her," he added as an afterthought.

Rembrandt would have had a beautiful subject for a study in light and shadow if he could have been in the parlor of Mr. Holtz that evening. Despite the heat, Holtz, his daughter, and the two young men had gathered for a little music, as had been their custom for over a year. What a picture it would have made! Fred, no longer quiet and reserved, but putting all his latent language into his violin; Karl, entranced in a poetic languor and bending over the body of his 'cello as a mother bends over the cot of her babe; Holtz, his newspaper cast aside, held spell-bound by the noble strains of Beethoven's "Archduke" trio; and Gretta Holtz at the piano. How can one do justice to the single picture that she made! First, one was struck by the marked contrast between father and child, for Adolf Holtz was essentially Teutonic in feature, while Gretta was Spanish. Small, almost a child in stature, a perfect oval face, with a fine olive complexion and dull, black hair,—she was a perfect Castilian beauty. Nothing about her suggested her ancestors.

For long over an hour the thirst for music was unsatiated and melody continued to flow from the parlor. Finally, however, the young artists went out on the cool piazza and sat on the steps to enjoy the refreshing breeze which had sprung up. Their conversation was spasmodic, and finally drifted from one topic to the other to the subject of the war and the large enlistment of patriots who were giving up their fine prospects to go to the Fatherland.

"If I hadn't been born in America, and if they would take me, I

would enlist tomorrow. Wouldn't you do that, also, Fred?" said the impetuous Karl.

"I would not go if I were back in Germany and a citizen there. I wouldn't go if I had to," answered his friend firmly.

It was as if a bomb from war-ridden Europe had dropped in their midst.

"How is that?" blurted out Karl in astonishment.

"I believe that all wars are unnecessary, and this one especially so," was the response.

Karl looked at his companion with surprise in his face, and then glanced at Gretta.

"There is nothing nobler than to fight for one's country," she said, with her head high and eyes gleaming. "I only wish that I could help now. I can't just understand your position, Fred"—this last a little stiffly.

"I am sorry, Gretta," said Fred, "but I don't see how I could ever fight against men with whom I have no quarrel and whose animal instincts for blood have been aroused by soft-fleshed and soft-hearted wretches in order that their own battles may be waged for them under the glorious name of patriotism. That word has been sadly misused for generations."

At these words, Mr. Holtz came out on the porch and took a seat.

"I have just overheard your last few words," he said. "I have a little story to tell you. While I was an apprentice in the old country I came of military age. A friend of mine and I decided to resist the service at any cost. When we were called for duty we did not respond, and the officers came for us. We fled, but were overtaken, and my companion was captured. I hid myself in a stable and was forced to look on helplessly while he was tortured and shot to pieces by a squad of maddened soldiers who stood only ten feet from him. He died a hero's death, I think."

"Of course there was a mistake and the officers were court-martialed for not taking him before the judge, but nothing came of the matter and there was no redress. And so I came to America with a terrible horror of war. This war which we have now is not being waged by the real valor of men, but rather by the terrible and ferocious armaments built by the ingenuity of science."

There was a breathless silence at the finish of his story.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't agree with you, and I certainly would enlist if I thought that I could," said Karl impatiently.

"And I too," said the old man's daughter proudly and calmly.

Fred remained silent and gazed at Gretta with a face that was full of sorrow and anxiety.

A little later she bade her callers goodnight; Karl, with warmth and a smile,—Fred, so coldly that he turned aside with tightened lips and hastened after his companion.

* * * * * * * * * *

A month has come and gone. And, with the quickened air of the autumn, have come an unrest and a wavering to Gretta's conscience. She has allowed an ever-widening gap to come between Fred and herself because of his words that August night. She considered that he spoke as a coward and as a man who lacked patriotism. And, what is worse, she has looked more or less askance at her own father.

And yet, as she considers the matter one October morning, there was something about the man which refuted the suspicion of cowardice. She looked back over her intimacy with him. He had always been a silent background for the wit and brilliance of the more dashing Karl. He had nearly always come to the house with Karl, and she could remember only a very few times when he had escorted her to a dance or to the orchestra. And on those occasions she had found him ever courteous and kind; but never had she received the least expression of sentiment from him. Yet once or twice she had glanced at him suddenly and had surprised him in the act of gazing at her with a wonderful look of admiration on his face. At these times she had been forced to lower her eyes, for words do not always convey as much meaning to a woman as a look.

She had always thought Karl the better musician until a certain evening last May. While waiting for Karl to make up their trio, Fred had played her father's favorite selection for him. Gretta had never heard the beautiful "Prize Song" played better, in fact he had inspired her so that she had neglected the piano to listen to the wonderful melody.

On another occasion, during the preceding spring, she had been further surprised when the conductor of the orchestra had changed his program and had played a symphonic poem composed by Fred. His work had astounded the critics and had held the audience spell-bound as it was being performed. And so, as the days came and went, she was sorry for her conduct and doubted if she had been kind to put him aside so coldly. And yet—

Then, to add to her dilemma, she had acted queerly with Karl. She had ever given him reason to suppose that he had her affection, and so he had proposed only last night. She had fully intended to accept him until the words were out of her mouth. He had asked and pleaded with her in his passionately sincere way and she was deeply moved.

But there is a goddess, a whimsical goddess, who has care over maidens in similar situations. And that goddess completely upset all her sentiment and intentions by causing her to ask him to wait a week for his answer.

Karl had gone away half-heartedly, for he could not help but remember: "By-and-by leadeth to the road Never."

And so it was a dejected young lady who set out alone, a few nights later, for the concert; for she thought that she might gain some small solution of her many problems in the music.

The orchestra was playing the "Pathétique" symphony that evening. It is one of the greatest works of its kind ever composed, and in the first movement are several great climaxes in which the grief-stricken soul is supposed to be struggling for the solace and calm in the beautiful melody of the Andante. It was during one of these mighty clashes of tone color, and the audience was held spell-bound and did not notice the unusually sharp report which rang out suddenly. They thought, perhaps, that it was a part of the Tympani.

But, in another moment, all were startled by a shriek, and the sight of a man leaping on the stage from a box. Thus orchestra and crowd sat entranced while the assassin backed slowly across the stage toward the wing door. As he neared the desks of the first violins there was a slight stir. A tall man arose and laid his instrument aside. He stepped out upon the free space of the platform before the criminal saw him and brought his revolver about to cover him.

For a brief instant both men stood there looking at one another, and then the violinist lowered his head. Then there was the confusion of a dark body which dove towards the man with the gun, the quick report of that gun, and smoke. At last the audience awoke from the spell and screams filled the place.

The next move in this drama, which had all been enacted in about two minutes, was the arrival of two clanging motor cars outside the building. One bore the assassin to custody and the other rushed Fred Siegal's limp body to the hospital.

And then the orchestra finished the "Pathétique" in such a way as to make it almost a dirge for their heroic companion.

The next day the papers rang with the deed, and all the more so because the first victim had been a wealthy railroad official of national repute. The millionaire had been shot through the heart and instantly killed, but the bullet intended for Fred had only ploughed along the top of his skull as he dove forward, and had fractured one of the bones. Even so, he lay in a very critical condition after the operation which had been necessary to remove the crushed spot on his head.

For five days Gretta lived through every torture of remorse. She had wronged an honorable man. She had treated a hero with shameful cruelty. How could she ever make the least mite of reparation? Then, when she could stand it no longer, she slipped off in an opportune moment and visited the hospital.

She was led into a small anteroom just outside the single ward in which Fred lay, and was told that she could wait there until the injured man awoke from sleep.

"He is doing finely," said the immaculate nurse, "and he is perfectly normal when he is awake, but he sometimes raves most violently in his sleep. He seems to have been under a heavy mental strain and this affects him in his unconscious spells. However, he will soon be in good shape," she added with a sympathetic smile.

Above the muffled hum of the hospital noises and the murmurs in the general wards, Gretta was sensible of a deep groan now and then, coming from the next room. Of a sudden she heard a voice, familiar and yet with a peculiar gasping tone, speak her own name.

"Gretta," said the voice, "I cannot favor war. God knows I live only to please you in everything else. But I am a coward." There was a pause.

"Yes," it began again, "I am a coward, for you think so and you are never wrong. I am even a coward in your presence, for I dare not say what I mean, I can not say what I feel."—Then in a deeper tone—"God, teach me how to speak to her and tell her how I love her, how I dream of her, how I wrote the music for her."—There was another long pause, during which Gretta felt that she must cry out or faint.—"Karl, my friend," said the voice with a sob, "I give you my hand. I will ever respect you, for you have won her. Don't fear, old man, she will give her consent; she was only startled that night. She loves you all right. And you loved her enough to speak. I love her and am afraid to speak, to even open my mouth. Afraid! Afraid to speak! Karl, my friend, she will keep her word."

A gasp came from the now sobbing girl, and she sprang to her feet.

This man loved her—always had loved her. She now realized that she loved him. But tonight she had pledged her word to keep faith with Karl.

Her brain reeled and she sank limply into the chair. What should she do? She looked at her little watch. It was nearly half-past five and outside, the early October evening had almost driven out the last rays of the setting sun. Her duty lay at home at eight o'clock, when Karl would come for his answer. But she now understood her real soul:

she loved the man in the next room. She thought quickly and her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion. If she went home she would leave her true love and future happiness behind her. She believed that she could hardly refuse Karl now. And yet, that was a way out. But no! she could offer no reason even to herself for so doing. It would not be honorable. Especially since she had almost encouraged him. And if she refused him and married Fred he would hate her and his old friend. He was a gentleman, but he was a man. If she stayed she would find true peace, but she might be tortured in soul for breaking faith with the friend of the man she married. Either way seemed to lead to a broken heart and sorrow. Which one should she break?

Suddenly, her frantic thoughts were interrupted.

"Miss Holtz, the patient can see you now," said the nurse.

Gretta had come to a crossroads in her journey of life.

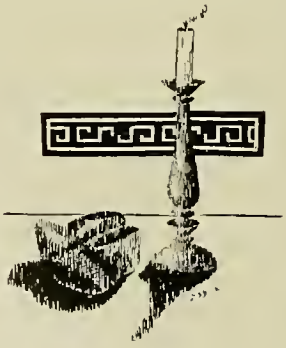
She arose and stared almost blankly at the nurse for a moment, and then looked abruptly out into the busy street below. The homeward rush of the workers had begun and the street was twinkling with lights and tinkling with bells.

The nurse stood silently in the door and waited. She was experienced in the whims of visitors of her sex.

Finally Gretta turned about with a smile and made her decision.

Slowly she walked through the door which took her to—

—Edward Thorpe, Jr., '18.



BOOKS

The American College, by Isaac Sharpless. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

The object of Dr. Sharpless' new book, "The American College," stated in the Preface, is to give a "fair idea of the American college as distinct from the university, or technological school." He begins with a brief but interesting history of the nine Colonial Colleges, starting with Harvard (1636), and ending with Dartmouth (1764).

With the exception of King's (Columbia) and Pennsylvania, all were founded for theological reasons. All had the fixed classical course up to and long after the Revolution, and they set thereby the standard for American collegiate development.

A couple of characteristic historic details which add zest to the reading are facts such as the original founding of Yale by two Harvard men, and the experience of William Smith, Pennsylvania's first great Provost, who "quarrelled with the Quaker Legislature, and held his classes in jail."

The second chapter is devoted to explain College Administration, giving first a general discussion of college standards of scholarship, and disqualifying from further argument the many bogus institutions that pose as colleges or universities, whose courses and granted degrees are ridiculous, and only permitted through the lack of any legal standardization.

He takes up then the Board of Directors, the President, the Faculty, and the Alumni.

For the first are needed business and professional men of good common sense; the President should be a man of high ideals, of first-rate powers of leadership, and full of patience and perseverance. A member of the Faculty ought to be, "beside a teacher and a scholar, very much of a man . . . he will need to possess the manners and feelings of a gentleman, the instincts of a man of the world, the personality of a strong character, and the sympathies and sense of duty of a devotee."

The Alumni's place in the College life is that of preserving through their organization, a "fine spirit of affectionate loyalty and co-operation with their alma mater." Their aid is a very great factor in the advancement of the college standards, athletic or otherwise, and in helping their college to grow materially.

In his third chapter, the College courses of study are traced from

Colonial days with their iron-like and continued rigidity of the classical course, consisting of Latin, Greek, Philosophy, Theology, and Mathematics, to the great revulsion, about 1870. Jefferson, then Ticknor, then Edward Everett implanted the germ of electives. With the expansion of Harvard after the Civil War and the founding of Cornell in 1869, came the reveling in electives, and the growth of graduate schools.

The College as we know it today is the preserver of the "general education" idea, giving the all-round mental discipline which those men like John Adams of Harvard, Jefferson of William and Mary, Hamilton of King's, and Madison of Princeton all had. After the rush toward the elective system, the reaction seems to have evolved the idea of having the first two years mostly required work, and the last two graded off with more and more electives.

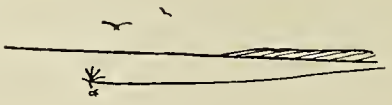
Chapter four takes up Student Life. At the beginning there was iron-clad discipline, Harvard having in her code some eighty-odd punishable offences. But with the growth of athletics and self-government the student life has less and less friction with the College authorities. Some of the great influences in student life at present are the Y. M. C. A., fraternities, self-government, the honor system, and athletics.

The final chapter is rather a resumé of specific comment on the Function of the College. One of the weak spots in the American Colleges is the tendency to turn out men with a smattering of wide-spread knowledge, but definiteness in nothing.

Their great function is summed up in the final paragraph . . . "more emphatically, too, than the universities, the best of them have stood for religious character and for correct morals, for a certain simplicity and honesty of purpose; for a respect for learning and what it may bring with it; for a greater feeling of responsibility to make of their students in all directions all that they are capable of being; and for a strong sense of democracy and fraternity."

To end our review, we can only say that anyone who wants a full, accurate, interesting, living picture of American College life in all its phases, let him read the book. It is written clearly, wittily—and directly to the point.

—D. C. W., '16.



THROUGH THE GLASSES

"Marie-Odile"

In this number of the HAVERFORDIAN a scenario entitled "Joanne" (with apologies to "Marie-Odile") has been written, and perhaps a word of explanation may not be out of place.

"Marie-Odile" is by Edward Knoblauch, and if it has not added very much to his reputation, nevertheless his ability to handle an unsavory subject with so much tact as not to offend a single critic is highly to be commended.

Marie-Odile is a novice in a convent; she sweeps, dusts and does chores, cheerfully waiting on the nuns. She has only seen two men in her life: old Peter, the gardener, and Father Fisher, the priest—evidently the Mother Superior believes in the bliss of ignorance, for Marie-Odile is kept ignorant of everything save her quiet life and duty in the convent. The Franco-Prussian war breaks out and the priest, Father Fisher, advises all the nuns to escape, for, he says, a regiment of Uhlans is in the neighborhood. All the nuns flee, except Marie-Odile, who cannot be found; she was up in the tower and did not know of anything. Enter an Uhlan corporal, sword in hand: naive Marie-Odile falls on her knees, thinking him to be Saint Michael. The Uhlans come to the convent and the novice cheerfully—as always—waits upon them. They become coarse and call upon the novice for a toast: "May God bless you all and send you back to your mothers safe and sound!" she says. The Uhlans admire her virtue and innocence and do not speak coarsely. Suddenly distant guns boom and the men rush away to attack the enemy. Saint Michael, or rather, Corporal Meissener, stays behind and a great love is born between soldier and novice; but, as all love on the stage, it ends, for he must go and fight.

The third act brings the Mother Superior back to the convent, where she finds Marie-Odile and her child—a baby, which, she says, is a disgrace to the convent. The novice must go—away from the scene of her shame, though, poor child, she understands nothing. Looking innocently at her baby, at a loss how to act, Marie-Odile stumbles out into the glory of the sunshine, groping her way toward "the hope beyond the threshold."

The author of "Joanne" has handled the theme rather differently;

and, while the character of Marie-Odile is not much different from that of Joanne, the corporal gains much. Corporal Meissner was a tall and handsome Teuton, ready to love today and fight tomorrow, and seeing how pure Marie-Odile was, however great the mutual love between them may be, he is not justified in touching her person. The soldier in "Joanne" finds the novice in a nightdress, her hair over her back—not a novice in cap and gown with cross and rosary. With an obvious effort he controls his passion and, oblivious of his duty to the captain of his regiment, he will leave the convent without any information as to the provisions there; the soldiers will not come thither; Marie-Odile has saved the convent.

Doubtless the most beautiful thing in the story is the figure of the soldier; mastering his passionate desire, conquering his physical love, as he departs slowly into the night, with nothing against his name, without having caused any doubt, sorrow and disgrace, glorying in the knowledge that he has done more good in a moment than in a life-time, and that he has left behind him one whose immaculate honor and purity will henceforth be devoted to the service of her God. On one hand Marie-Odile left us with the memory of her love in the shape of their child, and we are in doubt as to what will become of her; on the other, Joanne will live quietly, never forgetting her one sweet taste of love, her wonderful kiss, nor will the soldier ever have cause to forget his own token of their love—a love rendered far more beautiful by the brevity of its duration, a love for ever a comfort, because he has not sacrificed his honor for its gratification. —*J. G. C. Le Clercq, '18.*

'07

An informal class dinner at the University Club was arranged by E. R. Tatnall for Tuesday evening, March 30th. The following members of the class were present:—W. H. Haines, J. C. Birdsall, F. D. Godley, S. J. Gummere, C. J. Claassen, H. H. Shoemaker, E. R. Tatnall, Harold Evans.

The retiring officers, Harold Evans, president, and James P. Magill, secretary-treasurer, were re-elected, as was Francis D. Godley, captain of the baseball team.

'09

The engagement was announced on Saturday, April 3d, of James W. Crowell to Miss Helen Chambers, of West Grove, Pa.

'13

The engagement has been recently announced of E. R. Maule to Miss Carrol Seaver Keay, of Clifton Heights, Pa.

ALUMNI

Editor of the HAVERFORDIAN:—

The letter from Mr. George M. Palmer, '97, which you printed in your April issue, seems to have been an interpretation of the Haverford of 1915 in terms of the Haverford of '97. As a member of the Faculty committee on elective and required studies, which established a new elective system, taking effect in 1914, I beg a little space in order to point out to Mr. Palmer that, were he in College now, he would be able to specialize in anticipation of his business career. It is beside the mark to speak of Mr. Palmer's own career, and the alarming threat that his young son is to be deprived of the privileges of Haverford at some subsequent date; it is also beside the mark to bring up the old war-cry of vocational studies. The "Wisconsin idea" is proving somewhat of a delusion —it has not enough bottom and solid base of mind-training, and such a keen and progressive thinker as President Sparks of State College is building into his university, with every new year, more and more of the old-style subjects. So are the other technical schools, with which Haverford cannot, and does not wish to, compete. Every Alumnus of Haverford will echo the remarks of President Sharpless at Baltimore on April 16th: "My ideal for Haverford is, first, to make the College a place of general culture; secondly, to develop men who have a serious interest in the affairs of the world. I object to more than a moderate amount of vocational training in colleges of Haverford's type, such as Amherst, Williams, and Hamilton."

This is the Haverford ideal; and if any boy professedly needs and demands the most expert knowledge of machinery, or metallurgy, or agriculture, he had better go elsewhere.

But to return to the question of courses. A chemical laboratory of the latest type has now been in full swing for several years. And it may be used by Freshmen or by Seniors. According to the present requirements, properly prepared Freshmen are urged and encouraged to take Chemistry I in the Freshman year. They thus, at the completion of their college course, have had the quantity of chemistry which would take them into the Junior year of any good technical school, or into the graduate department of a university. And this under Dr. Hall, whose pupils have been successful in commercial chemistry and in teaching; they have been doing the world's work well since 1880, and they include Theodore W. Richards, '85, one of the two or three Americans who

have been asked to occupy chairs in European universities.

The Catalogue shows (pages 39 foll.) that the Freshman can begin chemistry or physics or any other scientific subject; if his schedule makes this difficult, a petition to the Dean will allow a rearrangement, provided the student be capable. In the Sophomore year, as you see on page 40, the scientist can take two related subjects, aggregating eight hours. In the Junior and Senior year a still further increase is possible. The committee above-mentioned, working at the President's suggestion, made it their aim to produce a course which gave a general acquaintance with many subjects, and an intimate acquaintance with at least one.

Summing up, we would say that Mr. Palmer's criticisms and those of any other Alumnus, are always welcome to the Faculty of Haverford College, and we hope that any interested graduate will give us his views, in the *Alumni Quarterly* (which is the proper circulating medium for such articles). The criterion seems to me, whether Haverford is living up to a definite ideal which has been proved to be the correct ideal, rather than whether that ideal ought to be changed.

Very truly yours,
Richard M. Gummere, '02.

Editor, THE HAVERFORDIAN:—

Mr. G. M. Palmer's letter in the April issue of the HAVERFORDIAN has been extremely interesting to me. It is needless to say that I do not agree with the views expressed by Mr. Palmer in that letter; if I did, I should not be writing in reply.

It would seem to me that Mr. Palmer has not examined a recent catalogue of the College, or if he has done so, he has let what may have been the case back in '97—I do not know the circumstances existing at that time—blind his eyes to the facts as they are now. Even a cursory examination of the latest issue of our catalogue with reference to the courses offered will show that a fellow entering Haverford need not necessarily be seeking "either a classical education, a scientific education to fit him to become a dabbler in science as a hobby, or a culture course," nor yet "dissipate his time on non-essentials and culture courses" or "wait until he is through college before starting to prepare for the realities."

Neither is Mr. Palmer's comparison between Haverford and the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University a fair one. In the first place, the Sheffield Scientific School is not a college department, but rather just what its name indicates; and any comparison between Haverford and Yale should be made between Haverford and the academic department of the latter institution. Furthermore, the Sheffield Scientific School does not *now* offer a full year's course in business practice, but beginning with the next collegiate

year, it will offer such a course in its graduate department. It is not an equitable proposition to compare the undergraduate department of one institution of learning with the graduate department of another. The undergraduate at Yale—whether of the academic or scientific departments—still has to go to a graduate school in order to get his business education; so wherein has he any advantage over the undergraduate at Haverford?

I think that Mr. Palmer has missed the trend of the times with reference to strictly technical education. I am not one of those Haverfordians who look "with a great deal of contempt upon the utilitarian in learning"; for I went to Haverford with the idea of going into business upon the completion of my college course, which I have done; and I can consciously trace every week a half-dozen or more instances wherein I have been directly benefited by my course at College.

Two or three years ago an official of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company issued a statement to the effect that their engineers and scientific men were too strictly technical, that they had specialized so much on the purely scientific end of railroad work that they could not see the proper co-ordination of each department one with another, that they did not know enough about the broad fundamental principles underlying present economic conditions. At the conclusion of this statement the official in question said that he hoped all college men who were training to enter the service of that great corporation, would take at least one year's general college work before taking up the strictly technical engineering courses which they would have to study.

So generally is this truth becoming recognized that institutions like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of Wisconsin are offering what they term courses in "commercial engineering," which combine the features of strictly technical education together with a study of the principles underlying our present economic regime.

Because Haverford does not devote a number of pages in its catalogue to listing a large number of differently named courses of study, does not signify that utilitarian courses are not offered at Haverford. I venture to suggest that, with the present elective system now in use at Haverford, one might make up a four years' course of study which would include sufficient engineering, economic, mathematical, and natural science courses of study to make such a course of extreme practical value. It would of course not go so much into detail as the commercial engineering course at Massachusetts Tech., for example, but there is still enough there to give a fellow a good four years' course with plenty of hard work in it.

Much the same situation exists with reference to exclusively com-

mercial courses of study. The best work in this line is being done in the graduate schools of the larger institutions. On the other hand an examination of the courses offered by those institutions which offer undergraduate work in this department will bring to light the fact that there is a tendency on the part of such institutions to teach a little about a great number of subjects without sufficient emphasis on any one of them. This tendency is exhibited most clearly in the number of two-hour courses offered either for a full year or a half-year.

I have appended below a model course which might be pursued by a fellow entering Haverford at the present time with the idea of entering mercantile life on the completion of his course. I think most people will agree with me that the number of purely culture courses listed in that model is very small indeed. As I said before, I have no doubt that I could make one up on the commercial engineering basis which would prove equally interesting. Perhaps Mr. Palmer might like to do that for himself and, after he has done that and studied the situation carefully, reconsider his decision not to send his son to Haverford and not let him lose the benefit of four years spent in surroundings unsurpassed by any other college and under the influence of men whose ideals and work are a continual inspiration to all Haverfordians—old and young.

At any rate, in considering a matter of this kind, we should be very careful to view it in all its phases, and have our conclusions based upon facts as they really exist, and not as they may have been, or as we think they are.

Yours very truly,

Roy McFarlan, '13.

FRESHMAN

English
French
German
Algebra
Solid Geometry
Trigonometry
Constitutional Government
English History
Physical Training

SOPHOMORE

English
French
General History
Elementary Economics
Plane Analytic Geometry
Differential Calculus
Physics or Chemistry
Physical Training

JUNIOR

Psychology
Biblical Literature
French
Spanish*
Banking & Commercial Law
Money & Banking
Labor Problems
Specific Economic Problems
Modern History

SENIOR

Social Work
Ethics

Transportation
Corporations & Trusts
Expenditure & Revenue
U. S. History after 1789
French
Spanish*

* You will note that Spanish is down for two years, while it is only given in the catalogue for one year; but fellows in the past have taken a second year of Spanish and I have no doubt that such an arrangement can be still made.

The Haverford Society of Maryland held its annual dinner at the Baltimore Country Club on April 16. Twenty-one members of the Society were present. Among the speakers of the evening were President Sharpless, and D. B. Van Hollen, '15. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Henry M. Thomas, '12; Vice-President, R. L. Cary, '06; Secretary-Treasurer, C. M. Froelicher, '10.

C. Mitchell Froelicher, '10; H. Froelicher, Jr., '12, and Douglas Waples, '14, will again spend the summer at Camp Tunkhannock, Pocono Lake Preserve, Pennsylvania. Camp Tunkhannock is a boys' camp successfully inaugurated by the above trio in 1914. Haverfordians (or their sons) are always welcome at the camp.

'63

Thomas J. Battey celebrated his golden wedding anniversary on the 5th of April. A large reception was held in Alumni Hall at Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I., where Mr. Battey has been a teacher for forty-seven years. The hall was beautifully decorated and banked with flowers for the occasion.

Among the Haverfordians present were: S. K. Gifford, '76; J. M. Steere, '90; Charles Battey, '88; William Battey, '99; P. C. Gifford, '13.

'65

We regret to announce the death of Joseph Miller Downing at Elsmere, Delaware, on Sunday, April 4. Mr. Downing was born in West Whiteland, Pa., July 23,1846. He entered Haverford in 1861, and after graduation went into the iron manufacturing business at Coatesville, Pa. In successive stages of his business he lived in New Castle, Tyrone, and Danville, Pa. On June 3, 1880 he married Miss Hannah P. Steele, of Coatesville. In 1886 he became a manufacturer of wheel materials at Wilmington, Del., and con-

Smedley & Mehl

Lumber
and Coal

BUILDING MATERIAL

Phones, Nos. 1100 and 1101 ARDMORE

tinued in that work until his death. Mr. Downing was the father of T. S. Downing, '05; J. S. Downing, '11, and G. V. Downing, '14.

'92

Christian Brinton had published a full-page article on "Fragonard's Famous DuBarry Panels" in the New York Sun of Sunday, April 4th.

'93

At a special meeting of the Class of '93, Haverford College, held in Philadelphia, April 19th, 1915, to take action concerning the death on March 16th, 1915, of our classmate, Carrol B. Jacobs, the undersigned Committee was directed to send copies of the following resolution to the family of Mr. Jacobs and to the HAVERFORDIAN:

Whereas, The members of the Class of '93, Haverford College, have learned with regret and sorrow of the death of Carrol B. Jacobs, who, during four years, was our classmate at Haverford, who was frequently with us at class and college gatherings during the more than twenty years since our graduation, and who in recent years served as the Permanent Secretary of our Class organization; therefore, be it

A FEW REASONS

FOR YOU TO CONSIDER IN THE PURCHASE HERE OF YOUR SPRING AND SUMMER SUIT:

PYLE, INNES & BARBIERI

TAILORS FOR MEN AND BOYS

1115 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

We specialize in clothes for young men and thoroughly understand their ideas; we carry the largest assortment of Woollens in Philadelphia; our prices are very moderate and each bolt of cloth is plainly marked; the workmanship is unexcelled and the cutting right up-to-the-minute in style.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS OPENED UPON APPROVED REFERENCES

We are READY and will be very glad to see YOU

Suits, - - - - $25 to $50
Full Dress and Tuxedo Suits, - $40 to $70

Pyle, Innes & Barbieri,
LEADING COLLEGE TAILORS
1115 Walnut Street, - - - Philadelphia

Resolved, That we express to the members of his family our sincere sympathy with them in their bereavement, as well as our sense of personal loss, since we realize that we shall no longer have his genial presence with us.

Walter W. Haviland,
Charles S. Rhoads
Committee.

'94

P. S. Williams was recently made attorney for the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia.

'98

Dr. William W. Cadbury expects to sail from China on July 3rd for his year's furlough.

'02

That the work of C. Linn Seiler is creating a stir in musical circles is evidenced by a pamphlet issued recently, which summarizes to some extent the scope of his compositions. Such vocal artists as John McCormack, David Bispham and Alice Nielsen are numbered among his interpreters. Unlike many composers, Mr. Seiler does not set *verses* to *tunes;* but he "provides a *poem* with a melodic and harmonic setting that has beauty, feeling and atmosphere." One of his best productions is "In a Vineyard," which was sung by McCormack.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

PROMPT AND REASONABLE

MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.

10 ANDERSON AVENUE

ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY

ESTIMATES GIVEN PHONE 1087

OPEN EVENINGS

Aubrey Howell Richard S. Dewees

Insurance

HOWELL & DEWEES

SPECIAL AGENTS

Provident Life and Trust Co.

Fourth and Chestnut Streets

Philadelphia

Good Hair Cutting is an art. Our men all know how, and will give you the best work at standard prices. No tipping or other annoyances.

Binder

13th above Chestnut, Philadelphia

Entire Building

INSURANCE

Fire or Burglary Insurance on Students' personal effects while at College or elsewhere.

Tourists' Floating Insurance on personal effects against all risks in transit, in hotels, etc., both in this country and abroad.

Automobile Insurance covering damage to car and liability for damage to property or for injuries to persons.

Longacre & Ewing
Bullitt Building 141 S. Fourth St.
Philadelphia

Repairing of Hall, Chimes and French Clocks a Specialty

A. A. FRANCIS, Jeweler
115 W. Lancaster Ave. PHONE 144D
Ardmore, Pa.

C. W. Scott Company

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Carriages, Wagons and Automobiles

"Careful Handling and Quality"

Send us Your Suitings to be

Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

At Reasonable Rates

Our College Agent

Mr. I. Thomas Steere

S. P. Frankenfield Sons

Undertakers

ARDMORE, PA.

Successors to

JOSIAH S. PEARCE

33 E. Lancaster Avenue

Phone, Ardmore 9

J. OWEN YETTER

General Shoe Repairing

ARDMORE, PA.

Will Collect Shoes Monday Evening and Deliver Thursday Morning

T. B. Whitson, College Agent

Attractive Wall Paper
At Popular Prices

A. L. Diament & Co.

1515 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM S. YARNALL

Manufacturing Optician

118 S. 15th Street. Philadelphia

Phone 258

C. E. Edwards

Confectioner

ICE CREAM AND FANCY ICES,
FANCY CAKES

Ramsey Building BRYN MAWR, PA.

Bell, Market 1632, 1633 Keystone, Main 109, 110, 111

A. N. RISSER CO., Inc.

PURVEYORS OF

MEATS, PROVISIONS
BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY

215 Callowhill Street, ∴ Philadelphia

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

EDGAR C. BYE, *Editor-in-Chief*

DOUGLAS C. WENDELL, 1916 — ROBERT GIBSON, 1917

GEORGE A. DUNLAP, 1916 — WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN, 1917

JACK G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) — ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 — Single copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *twentieth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII — HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1915 — No. 4.

Robert Gibson

will occupy The Uneasy Chair for the remainder of the present volume. While one cannot but lay aside the shears and paste with some regret, it is a pleasure to hand them over to one who has proved his efficiency by two years of creditable work.

In This Issue

Special Features

The Religious Life of Haverford.....H. J. Cadbury, '03 133
Cricket in 1915.....A. J. Scattergood, '98 136
Japan's Policy Towards China.....Yoshio Nitobe, '15 148
The Concert.....E. L. Shaffer, '15 151
Bird Ramblings.....George H. Hallett, Jr. '15 153
Jersey Eagles.....Kenneth W. Webb, '18 163

Stories

La Belle Guerre.....F. M. Morley, '15 139
Pitching According to Hoyle.....George A. Dunlap, '16 156

Verse

If I Were Home.....E. R. Dunn, '15 135
Lines Written In An Italian Garden.....Robert Gibson, '17 138
Old And New.....E. M. Pharo, '15 150
Ronsard's Amours, I, LIX.....Donald G. Baird, '15 161
Vale.....J. G. Le Clercq, '18 162
Youth.....Douglas C. Wendell, '16 168

Departments

The Uneasy Chair
What Is The College Doing For Us?.....
William H. Chamberlin, '17 165
Success In The Short Story.....George A. Dunlap, '16 166
Through The Glasses
Review Of The Season.....William H. Chamberlin, '17 167
Alumni.....Robert Gibson, '17 169

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., JUNE, 1915 No. 4

The Religious Life of Haverford

EVERY man who has attended Haverford College in recent years has become familiar with the figure of "water-tight compartments," and he has learned that any theory which divides life into such impenetrable sections can be torpedoed out of existence. For all sides of a truly human life are closely bound together, even when life is most polygonal and versatile, as it is in this little microcosm that we call college. Our religion, whatever it is, is not something that can be separated from the rest of our existence. It is not to be found only at certain times or places. No registrar can schedule it away into fixed periods, no professor can "require" it in his classroom, no coach can taboo it from his training table.

Of course we are wont to think of special features of college life as peculiarly religious. The Y. M. C. A. represents no doubt the greatest single agency and organization for religion in colleges. And when, as at Haverford, it is much more alive than dead, it deserves, and receives, the support of the true religious impulses of the students. Through other means also, whether under the curriculum of the college or in connection with his home, the college man comes into the more public and formal practice of worship, of Bible study, or of social service. But religion is so much more profound and personal than all these public demonstrations that it is worth while to devote attention exclusively to its less obvious features. There are in the ordinary private life of the college man so many latent and largely unrealized seeds of spiritual growth and power.

In the first place youth itself is more religious than it seems. Of course the college man is very cautious of his expression of interest, and he is able to give to others, especially his parents, an impression of extreme indifference. This studied attitude is far from blameworthy; it originates from an almost morbid desire for sincerity, and often curbs superficial emotionalism by making the current of true religion run deep. If it is an error it is an error on the safe side. A sane man sooner or later discovers it in himself with some secret amusement. One can only regret that

sometimes the subject deceives even himself into thinking he is not religious, or rather he fails to perceive that religion itself is in reality very much the same as his own instinctive impulses and not necessarily a certain foreign ritual, prescribed dogma, or strange inner miracle. One can always be sure that sincere religion, if not labelled too conventionally but expressed in modern terms, will find a chord of hearty response in Haverford men.

Another factor favorable to religion in college is the environment. As the bacteriologist would say, it is a good medium—a life not too busy nor monotonous, but with plenty of stimulating thought from books and companions. There is a wholesome atmosphere of growth,—in body, but chiefly in mind, which is most congenial to the formation of new religious insights and ideals and effective habits of will. Of course certain subjects of the curriculum foster these new growths especially, but the college man often is already beginning his intellectual readjustment before he ever reaches these courses.

But this fluid condition is a possible danger as well as an advantage. While thoughts in college are in a formative state, it must be remembered that they are also beginning to get set. They are becoming fixed for future life. Every college man is choosing a life companion—the self he will live with. It is a momentous choice. Usually college life inclines him to choose breadth, adjustability, and even an optimistic disposition—and all these are to be jealously prized and safeguarded as worth more than all H's and degrees. On the other hand, college life has certain lacks which, unless pains are taken, will crystallize character defectively. Dormitory life, amid congenial company but independent of many mutual duties, does not provide much opportunity for altruism. Every man does much as he pleases and yet rarely interferes with others' pleasure. This is of course delightful, but it fails to train in self-sacrifice. To supply this lack, social work and other definite programs of self-denial may be adopted to train the will. A more spontaneous method is that of learning to be more sensitive to what other fellows might enjoy from us in fellowship and of diligently cultivating the art of friendship and schooling ourselves willingly in the self-sacrifice that the deepest friendships ever entail.

Above all, college is the place for making religion real. Surely college life is all a search for truth and reality, but on its religious side it sometimes seems that this inherent love of reality is too negative. No one is more hostile to hypocrisy or more quick to detect it than the college man. But his defensive sincerity is not matched with equal aggressive strength. His quest for God is too much a scorn for outworn theories

and theologies, not a vigorous search for Him. He is so anxious not to "follow wandering fires" that he fails also to "follow the gleam." The solid sincerity and unartificial honesty of college life are the best possible foundation for a positive faith. For honesty means honesty to budding faith as well as to growing doubts, and few men can be less sincere than the mere sceptic.

This realizing of religion—this making real of ourselves to ourselves—this raising of religion from the plane of hearsay to that of acquaintance, from "knowledge about" to "knowledge of experience," is the great joy of all maturing life. And fortunately for the taciturnity of college men it is largely a private and personal matter. Public demonstration of it is not easy nor necessary. It is inward. Just as the praying of a college man is merely the heart's sincere desire for the reality of life, so all his religion is a spontaneous honesty in the presence of his ideals. It presupposes no perfected philosophy, it implies no spiritual claims. It need not fear charges of hypocrisy from without or attacks of scepticism from within. It is the secret self-confession, nay, self-assertion of our ambition to be real men or real worth expressed in lives of real service.

—H. J. Cadbury, '03.

If I Were Home

Rondel

If I were home, as would I were,
'Tis but a short delay I'd make.
My bridle from its peg I'd take,
And catch a horse and ride to her.

The roan should travel fast to her,
The miles from underfoot she'd shake.
If I were home, as would I were,
'Tis but a short delay I'd make.

But coming back no whip I'd stir;
I'd let the long reins idly shake;
And watch ahead for limbs to break
The moonless sky, the road's faint blur;
If I were home, as would I were.

—E. R. Dunn, '15.

Cricket in 1915

IF I had it to do over again, I'd go over to the Shed the first chance I had as a Freshman and keep it up until I learned to play cricket. It's the only sensible thing to do at Haverford," is the tenor of a remark often made by many non-cricketing Haverford Alumni. And there were no doubt many echoes of this remark from undergraduates after the glorious victory over the University on the 21st of April.

If, however, one would really get into the true spirit of Haverford cricket, he must go back to the beginning; let him browse in that delightful volume, "The History of Haverford College, 1830-1890," reading the few pages beginning with 289, which relate the romantic birth and early success of the Dorian C. C., the forerunner of the Haverford College Cricket Club; let him turn then to 427 *et seq*, describing the glorious victory of 1878 over the University in a "Past and Present" match, and let him be sure to read Joseph Parrish's "Cricket Song" on page 432, from which we get the "Swish! Swack!" of our College Yell. Since those days, many glorious chapters have been added to our cricket history.

To some, however, unacquainted with the past, the present enthusiasm for baseball sounds the knell of cricket at Haverford; but in this, history is simply repeating itself, for every game has its ups and downs, cricket no less than others, and the "History" above referred to contains many allusions to the desire to make baseball *the* College game. Haverford cricket does, however, face a grave crisis at this time, because cricket in 1915 is everywhere at a comparatively low ebb.

With England at war, almost as never before, cricket there will take a subordinate place this season; in fact, it will hardly be a cricket season at all without any county or other first-class matches. There will, of course, be a lot of club matches and some of the local league matches, for those cricketers still at home will, no doubt, argue that they can keep up their health and spirits better by a bit of the game that is so dear to them than in spending their time moping. Nor should this temporary shut-down of county cricket be without its beneficial results on the game, for the evil influence of professionalism was resulting in increasing sordidness in the conduct of the game, and this has done much in recent years to dull public interest therein. We have here a somewhat similar case in our professional baseball, though there is this difference, that the professionals in baseball, being far and away the best players, dominate the spirit of the game; their style of play, with much of its rowdyism and unsportsmanlike treatment of opponents, is too often the example followed by college and school teams, thus to some extent spoiling a game

which is in itself an exceptionally fine one. In cricket, on the other hand, the ethics and spirit of fair play of the game have not suffered at the hands of the professionals, although the spirit of true enthusiasm has often of late been lacking, and the money-making side more apparent in the county matches, so that to do away with them for a while should result in an improvement in these respects when the matches are again resumed.

On this side the Atlantic, however, we can lay the cause of the growing lack of interest in cricket to no such thing. It is too easy now to play lawn tennis or golf, to motor, or week-end parties are too attractive for cricket to flourish as it did for many years until recently. The game is as good as ever, just as much fun, just as worth while as a developer of character, of friendship, and of many other admirable things, but the youth and men of today can be more independent than were their predecessors, because they have the choice of more things to do, and they are unwilling to tie up most of their Saturday afternoons with the chance of being able to spend only a few minutes, perhaps less, at the wickets, and all the rest of the time fielding or watching others make huge scores. Such, of course, do not appreciate the joys of bowling and fielding, worth cultivating, if one is properly to enjoy the game. Then, too, it would seem that they fail to appreciate that there is much pleasure in the game outside of the purely selfish one of performing oneself.

But cricket, in Philadelphia at least, is confronted with the above situation. True, there are a few clubs in which the juniors are taking a renewed interest, and in some schools also this is the case, but on the whole, it must be admitted that there is less enthusiasm for cricket now than say ten years ago and previously. And Haverford is affected likewise, in spite of her rich traditions of cricket. Nor is this surprising when we find only one collegiate opponent, when a few years ago there were three. Traditions and sentiment are worth something, but they can never take the place of competition with natural rivals of the same class. "Cricket for cricket's sake" will never, in a college at any rate, keep the game in a healthy condition. Intercollegiate competition is needed, and those of us who are interested to see cricket continue to flourish at Haverford may well interest ourselves in cricket at the University of Pennsylvania or any other college where cricket might be played. The plan of having three matches a year with the University should be followed, and we should be careful to do all we can to avoid having happen there what ruined cricket at Harvard, that is, foolish eligibility rules, which were neither needed nor demanded by anyone. Any Haverfordian who attends a professional school at Pennsylvania should, if competent, play on the cricket team there.

In lieu of this kind of competition, Captain Brinton and those in charge of cricket at the College have this year made a very wise move in entering the Philadelphia Cup Competition, where they will meet a hearty welcome and should make good showing, perhaps win it. One marked advantage of this is that it will lengthen the previously very short season a month and a half. The matches in this competition and the matches in "Cricket Week," to be held just after Commencement, a most excellent idea, should develop the eleven into a formidable one. To my mind, it means not only increased enthusiasm for next year and the years following, but stronger elevens than we have had for some time. It should also attract more young cricketers to Haverford. There will be some excellent material in next year's Freshman Class, which with proper development should come near taking the place of this year's Seniors.

Another bright spot in the situation is the organization by Dr. Richard Gummere of an eleven of old Haverfordians, known as the "Haverford Rovers," who will play summer eleven matches with the various clubs.

In view, therefore, of all this healthy and satisfactory activity in Haverford cricket, may we not pluck up courage and confidently believe that cricket is now simply in the midst of a periodic slump, and that the future holds for Haverford just as much honor and pleasure on the cricket field as the past has yielded her?

—A. G. Scattergood, '98.

Lines Written in an Italian Garden

Softly o'er the fruit trees and the heavy-laden vine,
The moonlight streams in beauty with a chastened glow benign;
And in the center of the green but half neglected sward,
Is a fountain, small and circular, whose foam the Naiads card
For the dewy spray of gossamer which interweaves its threads
With a mass of climbing roses risen from their earthy beds.
The vagrant fancy wanders back to days long past and gone,
When the waters played and sparkled in a starlight that was wan;
And the forms of classic phantoms cast their shadows long and dark
Across the unveiled face of night within the somber park.

—Robert Gibson, '17.

La Belle Guerre

PEPPO, go home!"

It was a picturesque tableau. Jean Marpie, brown, erect, and tense with human dominance, pointed down the dusty road to where the tall poplars danced together in the shimmering radiance of the August sun. Peppo, shaggy and soft-eyed, usually humble and obedient, crouched the lower, drawing down his eyelids to shut out the stern command, and nervously flapping a deprecating tail in its deepening furrow of dust.

"Peppo," said Jean, his words punctuated by the shrill whistle of a train from behind the hill of the Three Virgins; "Peppo, I do not, I cannot comprehend your actions. Please *go home!*"

The chill precision of the words cut deep, but the terrier did not stir. Things had changed during the last hour and for once big Jean was mistaken. He was not to go away and leave Peppo behind,—that much was evident. The little-mother-of-Jean knew what was best, and she had told him to go with his master. Just an hour ago, while sleeping in the shadow of the rabbit hutch, he had heard the familiar call, and when he dashed barking round the corner of the house, there they all were, beside the laurel bush at the gate—Jean with a bundle on his back, the little mother, Marie-from-the-cottage-by-the-church, Jean's father and several more,—he had not had time to notice *them*. All were crying too; —that is, all but Jean's father, and he stood there apart, so stern and straight,—Peppo had never seen him stand so straight. Then Jean had knelt down and taken his unwilling paw in the way that always made him feel very embarrassed and human. "Good-bye, Peppo," he had said. "Take care of them all; be a good dog, and don't chase Marie's geese." That was not a nice subject to mention before so many people, but none the less Peppo could not help feeling that it was merited.

So he had shaken hands, wondering, and the next moment Jean was through the gate and striding briskly down the road, and all the women were crying softly. But not Jean's father. He stood there, straight as the old pump, his hands stretched out in front of him. "Remember '71, Jean," he had said. "Remember '71!" It was a foolish thing to say, for Jean had not been born till '93. Bayard, the old horse, had often told that to Peppo; he was so proud because he had been born the same day as Jean. "Jean et moi," he would say, and then, a little later, "moi et Jean." But then Bayard was old, and as such had the right to be eccentric.

There they had stood, waving handkerchiefs, till Jean had turned the

corner by the twisted oak, and then suddenly the little mother had seized Peppo and lifted him right off the ground. Certainly everyone was crazy today! "Va, Peppo," she had said with a sob. "Go with Jean and *take good care of him!*" She had pointed down the road, so of course off he had gone and had followed behind his master all the way, not making any noise, because Jean was evidently thinking hard, and besides that, he *had* been told good-bye, so perhaps it was best not to speak until he was spoken to.

The train shrilled into the station and Jean stood for a moment, irresolute, looking first up the empty road, then at Pierre Duplis, the miller's son, who had just climbed aboard and was calling to Jean to get into his carriage. The guard blew his whistle and Jean made up his mind. "All right, Peppo," said he. "Come on, boy, there'll be plenty of dachshunds for you in Berlin!"

And as Peppo snarled with the rage he always felt when he remembered that ugly dog who had killed the black chicken, Jean caught him up in his arms and they got in with Pierre.

At the big concentration camp near M—— life was a series of new experiences for Peppo. Never had he dreamed so many men existed! Thousands of them; marching up and down, up and down, in an aimless kind of way; digging ditches across the fields; and strangest of all, building bridges right out in the meadows where there wasn't even so much as a puddle of water anywhere around. There were a good many other dogs in the camp so Peppo wasn't at all lonely. One old setter, who had been the regimental mascot for several years, was the Nestor of the community, and answered all ingenuous questions with the calm complacence of assured knowledge: "No, the men weren't crazy—no, indeed! They were going to war." The colonel had taken him apart and told him so, he said; and none of his auditors dared move a dissenting muscle. He had been in the war,—in Morocco,—and it was nothing to be afraid of. Once indeed the tribesmen had cut off a party of their scouts, and when the regiment found them they were not nice to look upon. But as a general thing there was very little danger in the war. "La belle guerre," he called it, with that familiarity which sits so well upon the veteran campaigner.

Peppo drank in all these dissertations, and felt his spirits rise as he listened. It was only going to be a sort of picnic with an extra lot of men and no girls, which last was by no means a pity, he thought. After all he would have no trouble in taking care of Jean. And every night as the men returned from drill he would meet his master, conduct him to the

entrance of the mess hall, sit at his feet during supper and by the big camp fire afterwards, and when Jean rolled into his blankets at taps there would be Peppo close at hand, a round and shaggy ball of contentment. This was something like, he thought. Why didn't men realize how much nicer it was to sleep outside all the time? If this strange war was going to mean a return to outdoor life, a better mutual understanding between man and dog, then he for one could not see why the little mother had cried when Jean left. . . . Still, women were rather prone to cry needlessly anyway. . . . It was very nice not to have them at the war. . . . .

And at this stage Peppo's philosophy usually faded quietly away, his cold nose tucked itself behind a bushy tail, while far above the distant stars looked calmly down on man and dog, company and regiment, and on the huge masses of humanity already swaying together along mile on mile of frontier.

Towards the end of August there came a change. Early one morning the comrades again boarded a train, though this time there were no coaches,—only clean cattle cars, as many as the engine could move, and each filled to discomfort with soldiers. Half the day they rattled slowly eastward, the men smoking, playing cards and chatting,—probably of "la belle guerre," thought Peppo, who, nestled between two rolls of blankets, minded his cramped quarters not at all. At length, after an interminable number of stops, they came to a final grinding halt and the soldiers poured forth, Jean carrying Peppo somewhat negligently by the much-abused scruff of his neck. "This," he thought, "was not what the little mother meant when she told *me* to take care of *Jean*."

It was not a station at which they had landed, but wide open country. Fields and meadows, with an occasional white-walled cottage peeping out from its protecting fringe of trees, stretched away on all sides. As flat as your hand everywhere, except to the east, where the meadows merged imperceptibly into gently rolling hills.

Peppo had expected to be very merry and full of life when he got off the train, but somehow or other he now felt very serious. The soldiers were standing silently in little groups, leaning on their rifles and all looking in one direction,—towards the hills. Peppo looked too, but saw nothing. There was a distant rumble in the air, dull and continuous, more felt than heard even to his sensitive ears. That explained matters. *He* always felt a little irritable and nervous during a thunderstorm, and men were really not unlike dogs in a great many ways—though they did do a great many things dogs could not,—such as making all their friends

cry by going away to play a game of war. Peppo wondered if all the mothers and sweethearts of all these men had cried when they left home. A big orange butterfly lit on a blade of grass beside him and then fluttered impudently before his nose, but Peppo was too engrossed to notice the challenge.

The soldiers streamed down the embankment, fell in line at the foot, and marched across a pasture to where a sunken lane wound a tortuous path eastward. It followed a stream bank, and the thickly clustering aspens and willows met overhead to dot the road with grotesque flecks of sunlight. One of the men started humming, and soon they were all singing gaily, keeping time to the music. Behind, the dust rose in a thick cloud, through which the bright red trousers twinkled merrily. Peppo chased a field mouse who, incautiously patriotic, was peering at the unwonted sight from behind a clump of daisies.

Two miles on the lane joined a high road, and here a cavalryman was waiting for them, his horse standing limply by the roadside, too weary to crop the thick growing clover. He saluted the colonel as he rode up, and handed over a sealed envelope. The officer opened it with quick fingers. "We trench in this field, men," said he. "General Surenne writes that the Germans are attacking in force and he expects to fall back here tomorrow!"

Nearly four months of trench life had brought Peppo to the conclusion that war was a much over-estimated pastime. Since that August afternoon when the regiment had dug itself into the bosom of the clover meadow, life had become very stupid and monotonous. At first there had been some excitement and novelty. It was strange to see a thousand men digging a long, long ditch across the quiet field. Not that they had been content with one, for there was a second parallel to the first, and another behind that; all three joined together by funny little zig-zag ditches. Then over-night more men had appeared; thousands of tired, dirty men with beards and unkempt hair, and dusty, faded uniforms. Thereupon there was more digging to be done, until as far as the eye could reach the landscape was scarred by mounds of loose earth and twisting trenches. It made Peppo think of that time in his puppyhood when he had buried an old soup bone in the little mother's front flower bed. He hadn't meant to hurt the petunias at all, but that wasn't understood,—otherwise he would never have gotten the beating he so well remembered. However, this was very different. Men could dig holes so much longer and deeper than dogs, that it was all right for them to do it. Had it not been so, the damage could scarcely have been pleasing to the owner of the clover fields.

Gradually Peppo became used to living in the trenches. The colonel had given permission and all day he would lie and doze at the bottom of the trench, close to where Jean stood at his loophole. At first this was not such bad fun, for when he slept there would be the wildest and most delightful dreams. In them his master was always the central figure, but somehow it was a very different Jean from the one he knew in real life. A very hairy Jean, all clad in skins, who bent nearly double when he walked . . . . or rather, crept. . . . . And sometimes,—it was all very shadowy and vague,—they would be stealing side by side through a vast, dim forest, silently, cautiously; Jean with a big stone axe in his hand, and he, Peppo, a little in front, belly to the ground, nose outstretched, alert, awake, ready. . . . . Once even,—and he wished that dream would come again,—they had chanced upon another man, crouching asleep before a dying fire. Jean had pointed to him, gripping the axe tighter in his hand, and then . . . . together . . . . they had leapt. . . . . Peppo knew it was all a dream and that things like that couldn't happen nowadays, but none the less it was very delightful. If men would live like that now a dog could really be their friend—could help them and be of use once in a while. The little mother had told him to take care of Jean, and he wanted to with all his heart, but what chance was there for a dog to show his worth in a world where men were civilized, and went to war, and lived together by the thousands in *ditches!*

When the snow came it was no longer pleasant. Jean tried to make Peppo stay by the old farmhouse back of the lines,where the commissariat had its headquarters, and where the camp followers hung about and told unbelievable yarns. Most of the other dogs were there, including the old setter. He had told Peppo in confidence that any sensible dog would do well to become friendly with one of the cooks. "I learnt that in Morocco," said he. "You will only be in the way where the fighting is going on. Besides, there is always a chance of getting killed, and back here there is room to run round, warm places in which to sleep, and more bones than you know what to do with. Moreover, I repeat, they do not want you in the trenches."

But Peppo knew better. He had become a general favorite with the soldiers, and he well understood that his place was at Jean's side. Any shirking of this duty would be a dereliction of his instructions, and indeed of his own desires. One of the men had dug him a little niche in the side of the trench and here he would lie, out of the snow and slush and close by the angle where Jean had his position.

Often of course there would be days when the regiment had its relief and he could enjoy himself back of the lines with a clear conscience.

Yet, strangely enough, many things which used to appeal to him had lost their interest. At the farm, for instance, there was a cat, a black cat too, insolent, overbearing, presumptuous, and very, very fat. In days gone by there could have been nothing more delightful than to harass that cat, but now it was different. Everything seemed different when you knew you had a mission in life.

Once when they went to the farm Peppo could discover no trace of his friend the setter. Also there was a big hole in the road by the barn. On inquiry he found that there was a significant connection between the two incidents. A *Taube* had passed that way, they said, and this was the result. A *Taube*, it seemed, was *une colombe*,—a dove. A very peculiar dove, he thought, and by keeping his ears alert to the camp conversation he gathered that this *Taube* was more like a hawk; an extremely superior sort of hawk! He must be watchful, for one of those *Taubes*, you know, might well take it into its head to come for Jean!

One morning the trench was alive with an atmosphere of suppressed excitement very different from the usual monotony. Peppo ran up and down, eager to find out what it all meant. Perhaps the "advance" of which the men often spoke longingly. Sometimes, it must be confessed, he got between the soldiers' legs and they would curse him roundly—not with any feeling of animosity, but in those friendly, masterfully eloquent oaths which are world-wide characteristics of the common warrior, whether he be French or Fiji. As he passed Jean's corner he was seized by that much-insulted neck and thrust unceremoniously into his own particular niche. "Lie still, Peppo," said Jean dispassionately. "You must be quiet, for today the Boches are going to give us an especial treat. Our aviators have seen and counted the big guns they have collected behind the hill yonder. Over eighty of them. Perhaps God will grant that they may charge the position afterwards, and then we will give them Hell." He ran his finger lightly along the edge of his knife bayonet and held it to the dog's nose.

Peppo sniffed curiously at the tiny drops of blood. Often lately he had smelt that strange odor. Behind the lines he had seen rows of warped figures that looked like men asleep, ... yet were not so natural; not so perfect. . . . . And always that haunting smell. . . . . Somehow it made him think of his dream about the forest and the stone axe and the hairy, squatting man. . . . . All this had at least taught him why they dug these ditches. They put these other men into small ditches very much like the big ones. Doubtless when enough had reached the stage when they smelt this peculiar way the big trenches would be filled up and those who were left would go home. That, he supposed,

was the real object of this game of war. Only it did seem ridiculously stupid to let yourself be planted under the earth like a potato when you might be running round with nothing but fresh wind and fleecy clouds between you and the blue, blue sky.

Suddenly a horrible thought occurred to him. Suppose they tried to put his master into the ground! What could he do to prevent it if Jean lay still and quiet as those other men? But he *must* prevent it somehow. It didn't matter how, so long as he obeyed the little mother's instructions. Only he did wish that the Almighty had been pleased to give his dogs a little more sense so that they could clearly understand the reason of this strange game of war.

A shell screamed overhead, to burst with an ear-splitting smack among the leafless trees behind the rear trench. It was the signal for the German assault and in a minute the meadow had become an inferno of flying steel, the crisp, cold air shattered and torn into protesting shreds of these efficient messengers of death.

"Using their 42 C-M's, Pierre," said Jean to his right-hand neighbor. "They must want us pretty badly."

"This angle —." Pierre left his sentence unfinished. A splinter of shrapnel flying crosswise from an exploding shell caught him with mouth open, passing in at one ear and out at the other. He sighed, folded his knees carefully together and slipped quietly down to the bottom of the trench. In his little shelter Peppo, shivering at the terrible tumult and immensity of the bombardment, crouched tensely, his dark brown eyes turned with a brave anxiety towards his master's pallid profile.

From the batteries in the rear the French artillery were speaking an ineffectual answer. Their air-scouts had only that morning discovered the abnormal concentration of the enemy's guns and there had been no time to adjust the inequality. In the front trench the men huddled helplessly beneath the overhanging sandbags, waiting, ... waiting, ... bringing into play all their hopeless fatalism,—the sure inheritance of that peasant class which, fortunately for war, forms the backbone of every army. Dotted like sacks of wheat along the bottom of the trench were the ever-growing numbers of those whose waiting was for ever past. Strangely inert shapes, torn and twisted into a hundred fantastic postures. Headless, armless, riddled with sharp steel splinters, gashed and mangled in wet and pulpy shreds. . . . . Peppo could see one man quite close to him, ... he *thought* it was a man, ...trying again and again in a weak and helpless manner to replace part of himself in what had been his

stomach, ... something that kept slipping out whenever he succeeded in putting it back. . . . .

Peppo knew there must be some reason for it all, but he didn't understand. He was only a dog,—and he felt very sick indeed. He couldn't *see* what it was that smashed these men. Nor indeed could Jean, who, peering through his loophole in the angle, could only discern dense rolling clouds of smoke far behind the German infantry positions and occasionally a vivid sheet of distant flame. It was very like trying to fight against the thunder and lightning, except that they,—he looked at the abattoir about him,—made cleaner jobs of their victims.

To the terrier it seemed that all the horror of this hellish morning was culminating in the destruction of the world. The whole trench seemed to collapse and fall together—not caving in at all, but rather as though some huge dump cart had let fall its load to fill up the excavation and level off the tortured meadow. . . . .

Suddenly he remembered. This was what had happened to those men back by the farm. What he had reasoned out would some day happen to Jean. Without his realizing it, they had been buried in this long grave which they themselves had dug,—where they had passed their life during the last four months.

He had been shut inside his little niche by the collapse of the trench, and he would have to dig to get out. The loose earth filled his eyes,—clogged nostrils and mouth until his aching lungs gasped for breath. Something was the matter with his hind legs. They seemed to have no feeling. He couldn't move them; worst of all, he couldn't dig with them.

However, every physical sensation was subordinate to the great wave of joy which surged through his shaggy bosom and urged him in great convulsive movements towards the surface. At last the opportunity had come to prove his love for Jean. The little mother had trusted him, and he would show her that the trust was not misplaced. Now at last he realized what the old setter had meant by speaking of this strange, inexplicable life as "la belle guerre." It was because it could renew the relationship of his dreams, the old, forgotten comradeship that had once existed between dog and man; because it could put them once again upon the same plane of helplessness and mutual dependence, that war, he felt, was really beautiful. Whining in his intense anxiety, he reached the surface, gulped his lungs full of the fetid and gaseous air, and started to dig furiously in the angle where he had last seen Jean.

That evening Heinrich Doppel, formerly instructor of electrical physics at the University of Bonn, and the Herr Doktor Schlegel, his

military superior and erstwhile lecturer in the Ethical Seminar of the same institution, stood side by side, surveying the captured trench. Between old friends and colleagues, especially after victory, it is sometimes fitting that military etiquette should be waived, and the day had proved a splendid success for German science. After the morning's terrible bombardment their infantry had met a broken and demoralized resistance. The three lines of trenches, the farmhouse headquarters with large supplies of material and equipment, the two square miles of terrain which the position dominated, had all changed hands, and in the rich glow of the sunset the captors were working hard to consolidate their gain before the arrival of French reinforcements.

"They seem quite bedraggled by our little rainstorm," said Doppel, surveying the crumbling trenches and their quota of slain defenders.

Hauptmann Schlegel smiled at the touch of humor. "It was your last shell that did the trick, Heinrich," said he, pointing to the ploughed crater where the salient angle of the foremost trench had been. "See, we will not have the trouble of burying a good many of them. All leveled off for the Spring sowing, too.

"Mein Gott!" he added with a chuckle; "it is something like to capture this fine farming land and at the same time have the Frenchmen agree to fertilize it for us!"

His companion grinned broadly. "See," he said, pointing. "There is one who is only half buried. I wonder how he managed to escape."

They strolled over to where the French soldier lay unconscious, the lower half of his body still covered by the loose soil. Close to his head, with back and legs twisted to an unnatural angle, red tongue hanging from his mouth and eyes tight closed, lay a little Irish terrier.

"The dog must have dug him out," said Schlegel, indicating the hollow in which the man lay, and the surrounding heaps of scooped-up dirt.

He stooped, feeling for signs of life, while Doppel turned and whistled to a nearby Red Cross worker. A startled exclamation made him turn. The professor of Ethics was erect and nursing his right hand.

"Der verdammte hund hat mich gebissen," he snarled, glaring at the rigid little body whose great brown eyes, now open, were fast glazing in death.

—*F. M. Morley, '15.*

Japan's Policy Towards China

THE Japanese policy in the Far East is to establish conditions assuring a firm and lasting peace, so that she may be at liberty to develop normally and gain prosperity through legitimate channels of trade in China. Since commercial China in the future means the lifeblood of Japan, it is of paramount importance to her that China should be stable. The instability of China means the insecurity of Japan. The conflicting interests of the western powers in the Middle Kingdom have been of the greatest menace to Japan, and unless remedied will prove to be still more so in the future. If China were able to do her share in establishing the permanent peace of the Orient, by withstanding the encroachments of western powers, Japan would leave her alone, but inasmuch as China completely lacks that power, it is the purpose of Japan to acquire a stabilizing influence. This means that Japan demands that she shall be consulted in all matters which may prove to be an opening wedge for foreign intrigue against Chinese stability.

It is well to remember that at the bottom of the tremendous sacrifices in life and money which Japan has had to undergo in the last few years, lies China's vacillating foreign policy. Her repudiation of the Treaty of Tientsin (18th of April, 1885), in which the equality of Japan was recognized in Korean affairs, brought about the Chino-Japanese War. Again, if China had done her share in withstanding Russian aggression in Manchuria, Russia would never have threatened Korea, which brought about the Russo-Japanese War. Finally, the removal of the Germans from Kiao-chou, which may be compared to the lancing of a boil by a surgeon, would not have been necessary excepting the diseased state of political China.

The last analogy is not a claim for Japanese altruism, for Japan is taking these precautions for her own welfare, but since it is China's stability that Japan desires, it is evident that the interests and the welfare of both peoples overlap. The expansion of Japan into Korea has led many to believe that she contemplates a similar move into China. Korea is strategically necessary for Japan's territorial integrity. On the other hand, the occupation of China would gain nothing either financially or strategically for Japan, which she could not far more cheaply secure by the removal of disturbing factors. There are also many who believe that a fear of a strong China would lead Japan to keep her in her present weakened state. A *Teutonic* China would undoubtedly imperil Japan, but the danger of that is remote (to those who know the pacific nature of Chinese character) as compared to the peril of a tottering

China overwhelming Japan in her fall. It is with all sincerity, therefore, that Japan desires the integrity of China and the permanent peace of the Far East, for peace spells trade and it is that above all that Japan desires.

Those Americans whose sympathies have been won by Young China may wonder why Japanese statesmen evidently doubt China's ability to solve her own problems. Japan's attitude towards China is founded on a very extensive knowledge for which her psychological kinship with China and the presence of 75,210 resident Japanese in that country especially fit her, and it is no exaggeration to say that Tokio knows more about the internal conditions of China than Peking herself. Many Westerners expect in China a rise somewhat similar to the evolution which Japan has undergone. This is to misread the real causes of Japan's strength. To Young China, the formula of a constitutional government, modern machinery and Western education constitute the secret of Japan's power. They ignore the centuries of civic virtue, political discipline, and intense loyalty which alone have weathered Japan through her struggles. Some such unifying force constituting an integral part of Chinese life is necessary for an organized, modern China. Young China, throwing aside the traditions of her ancestors, is endeavoring to form some such force out of the whole cloth—an impossibility, as studetns of history will realize. The only cohesive force in China which in any way corresponds to the "Bushido" of Japan, is Confucianism—which by its very nature is anti-progressive. These are the views of the late Prince Ito, on whose opinion Japan's Chinese policy is largely founded.

Perhaps a comparison between China and Mexico will render Japan's position clearer to Americans. Suppose that Mexico in her present condition were the prey of Japan, England, and Germany, who held Magdalena Bay, Tampico and Vera Cruz, with corresponding spheres of influence, including mines and railroads. Would not the United States view with grave concern the further encroachments of these powers? Furthermore, suppose that the United States were dependent upon Mexico for her future material welfare, and that there were little indication of Mexico being able to so organize herself as to withstand the aggression of those nations. Would not the United States feel that it was necessary for the peace of this hemisphere, the legitimate future of her own people, and the good of Mexico to insist on a position of dominant influence in the affairs of that country and a strong hand to stabilize it?

And America would insist upon it by diplomacy, arms (is not your fleet to uphold the Monroe Doctrine?), or further measures if necessary.

China politically is the Mexico of the Far East, and Japan by virtue of her position is taking upon her shoulders the burden which, as a self-respecting power, she must and ought to bear.

—*Yoshio Nitobe, '15.*

Old and New

A dream street lies, a dim delight,
All gold in lanterns' mellow glow,
Where, mid the murmuring of the night,
A tide of Mystery seems to flow—
The mystery of Old Japan.

At times behind a gleaming door
Sound geishas' songs and samisen,
Where rapid feet on polished floor
Dance joy into the hearts of men—
The smiling hearts of Old Japan.

The booming of a temple bell
Reverberates through violet air;—
A priestly chant recalls from Hell
The dead, to meet the living there—
To tell the Fate of Old Japan.

"Soon down the street of Life and Death,
With noiseless stride of wooden clog,
In purple silks as light as breath
Will steal with stealth of sea-borne fog,
The silent ghost of Old Japan."

—*E. M. Pharo, '15.*

The Concert

I lie on my couch; I am not definitely conscious of the room about me. I am in what the psychologist might call "the borderland state," where a slight stimulus will either pull me into waking consciousness or push me into sound sleep. I am not wholly unconscious to everything about me; I am "aware" that certain events are happening outside, but I cannot probe them; I cannot differentiate or analyze them.

And as I lie thus, there suddenly is gently wafted through my open window a most wondrous tune, borne as it were by a fairy breeze. It is indescribably sweet and smooth. The dulcet blending of the instruments is marvelous; the liquid notes coalesce just as the little brook smoothly glides into and mingles with the placid waters of the pond. I strain my ear in an effort to determine what selection is being rendered, but it is unrecognizable. However, I am sure it must be a bright, optimistic theme, for although the notes are smooth and gentle, yet they possess a strange clarity and crispness; the spirit seems to be Hope and Firmness.

Now I hear but one instrument. Have the rest of the musicians vanished, leaving a sole representative of their wonderful talent? No! for soon I hear the splendid ensemble which had first filled the air with melody. I understand it all now; I am to be treated to a solo, perhaps by a world's celebrity! The golden tones pour forth from the soloist; the tune is shrill, yet pleasant and dominating in spirit—perhaps emblematic of the King's Proclamation. One by one the musicians join the soloist, and finally the entire orchestra pours forth a glorious crescendo. The drums are beating violently—especially the bass-drums—with regular rhythm.

Then of a sudden, quiet reigns, and I hear a most melodious whistling note, becoming more and more distinct. I speculate; is it a flute, piccolo or fife? Soon other reedy notes join the first. What delicate harmony fills the air! But I have an uncanny feeling which bids fair to drive away the ecstasy of the concert. I chide myself for it, but of no avail. This uncomfortable state in which I am is almost indescribable, it is so mystic and vague. I can neither see, hear, nor with any of my other senses appreciate the presence of a leader, a bandmaster. Yet throughout the entire concert I have had a feeling that he must be there; by some mysterious sense I feel his rhythmic beat steadily and continuously during the concert. I cannot shake off this

sensation; I cannot close my eyes or ears to it. In some extraordinary fashion I have divined the presence of a leader, and so it must be!

And now the concert is coming to a close; the harmonious notes are becoming fainter and fainter, and are soon inaudible. The grand concert is over and now I hear a mighty applause breaking the still air. Then all is silent. I lie on my couch impressionless, sensationless; just as a marble statue. Perhaps the psychologist would call it "completely dispersed attention." At any rate the stimuli impinging on my sense organs produce no perceptional reactions.

For a while I lie thus, when suddenly (I know not by what) I am pulled into waking consciousness and I begin to realize my surroundings. Sense impressions pour in voluminously upon me. I try to gather my scattered wits together, and straighten out my skewed thoughts. I begin to appreciate that I am again in the living world. A faint smile flits across my face as I analyze the concert I had just heard. The splendid ensemble resolves itself into the crowing of the hens and roosters of Ardmore; the soloist is of course one particularly loud rooster; the beating of the drums becomes the rumbling of the trains and cars; the flute, piccolo or fife is the morning song of the robins outside my window; the mighty applause is my window-shade violently fluttering in the wind; and, most wonderful of all, the strange feeling of the leader's presence I trace to the regular ticking of the clock on the mantel.

It is a grand concert!

—E. L. Shaffer, '15.

Bird Ramblings

THE study of bird life is one of the most delightful of hobbies. Many, perhaps most, of us are almost totally unaware of the vast throng of charming little creatures living about us, without whose tireless efforts we ourselves could not exist. Even a slight acquaintance with these small benefactors of humanity adds greatly to the enjoyment of every country walk, while to the veteran bird enthusiast every field and woodland contains the possibility of delightful surprises, and every sound bears a message of its own. The bird world has always been a fairyland for poets, and it is sure to appeal to the poetical in each of us if we give it half a chance. The great number and variety of birds that are with us, their elusiveness, and the brilliant plumage and beautiful songs with which many of them are endowed, combine to make ornithology the most attractive, in my opinion, of the natural sciences.

In making the acquaintance of our bird neighbors it is a great advantage to learn their songs and call notes along with their appearance, for a thorough knowledge of all the common notes will save many a long search in pursuit of a note only to find a common bird at the end of the journey, and will often cause an uncommon note to catch the attention which might otherwise have been lost in the general confusion of bird sounds. It is usually easier to determine what birds are in the vicinity by hearing than by sight.

A person starting his acquaintance with birds at the time when they are most in evidence might easily become bewildered and discouraged by the magnitude of his task. For this reason winter is the ideal time of year to make a start, though the abundance of birds at that season is usually not such as to inspire great enthusiasm. In winter the few birds that are with us love company. Sometimes after walking for miles and noting scarcely a bird one comes to the sunny border of a wood and finds oneself suddenly in the midst of a little group of birds, nuthatches, creepers, woodpeckers, chickadees, titmice, and cardinals. Occasionally a more unusual meeting brings a delightful surprise. It may be a flock of horned larks flying with tinkling notes over barren fields or making themselves invisible in footprints in the snow, or a cheery little group of siskins. In the course of an all-day walk in midwinter in eastern Pennsylvania one would probably find not many more than fifteen species of birds, but along the sheltered streams of western New Jersey bird life in winter is much more abundant. Here many of the birds which spend the winter normally not far to the south and appear among the first arrivals in the spring may occasionally be found mingled with the great

flocks of winter birds which frequent these valleys. For several years past it has been my privilege to take an all-day bird walk with a friend on Christmas day in such ideal locations. Every time we have brought back a list of twenty-eight species or more, always including several kinds not usually with us in the winter. Every Christmas walk is rich with mild adventure. Up before the sun, we start off through melting snow or over frozen fields and streams, as the case may be, breaking through tangles of briars, sinking in hidden mud holes, and meeting occasionally a bellicose dog or a group of unnaturally hilarious men. At midday we eat our lunch seated on a mossy log, or, if the weather is too cold, in some hospitable farmhouse or by a fire made from last year's broken peach baskets. Then we plod on through the afternoon, the additions to the list coming more slowly but often in the shape of most unexpected surprises, and return to supper in the darkening twilight, somewhat weary, but with a good list and a feeling that the trip was well worth while.

During the first warm days in the middle of February, when the cardinal announces his presence by long, glad whistles, and a few bold insects venture forth, a careful observer is nearly sure to be thrilled by the familiar note of a robin or bluebird or a close-flying flock of dusky forms, the advance guard of the blackbirds. These birds, which later pass almost unnoticed, are then greeted as enthusiastically as the rarest warbler in May. The arrivals from the south are rather few for the first month, but they become more frequent as the season advances, and about the middle of April the great migration waves commence, for most of our birds come not as scattered individuals but in great swarms by night corresponding to rises in temperature. A piece of woodland entirely uninhabited on one afternoon may be literally alive with flashes of color and slight lisping songs the next morning. The first three weeks in May are the banner weeks for the bird enthusiast. Every day brings new arrivals and woods and thickets are teeming with life. Rare warblers lurk here and there in the midst of their numerous relatives, and the persistent searcher is usually rewarded with two or three such finds every spring. It is easy to lose interest in bird life at some times of year, but any latent germ of interest is sure to spring into lively enthusiasm when the warbler throngs arrive.

By the first of June most of the transients have passed on to the northward and those that stay settle down to the duties of family life. The nesting period affords one of the most attractive opportunities for intimate acquaintance with bird life. Some of us have had the privilege of spending summers in Maine, where most of the Pennsylvania transients

may be found in their summer homes. I have many pleasant memories connected with the evergreen-bordered lakes of southern and central Maine, and among them birds have an important place. One bird that has always had a strange fascination for me is the loon, which seems to me, as to many others, the incarnation of unconquerable wildness. On many a moonlight night has its indescribable ringing call, weird yet strangely pleasing, sent a thrill through me, and occasionally as the canoe glided over peaceful waters a long neck has been seen to disappear silently beneath the surface, to reappear as silently a moment later at a safe distance. Another impressive bird which sometimes frequents the Maine lakes is the bald eagle. It is a great sight to see one of these grand birds hover high over the lake, then suddenly drop headlong into the water, and soar away with its prize. One of my most interesting adventures occurred in the woods about half a mile from the nearest clearing in south-central Maine. I had been walking alone along a trail through the forest for some time, absorbed in the great number of warblers and white-throated sparrows nesting nearby, when I was seized with a feeling of uneasiness such as I have never felt in the woods at any other time. I shook the feeling off and went on for a short distance, observing the tangle of deer footprints wherever the ground was soft and hoping for a glimpse of the timid creatures. Soon after I turned back and about the place where I had previously felt uneasy stopped to look at a parula warbler. After standing motionless a few moments I became aware of a slight rustling in the leaves approaching the trail. I turned my attention to it and was still trying in vain to see through the dense tangle of underbrush, when a black bear crashed away through the bushes, uttering two emphatic exclamations in bear language as it went, and never stopping till the sounds of its stampede were almost inaudible in the distance. I later learned that a young bear had been shot in the same place the day before.

In the fall the migration of the spring is repeated in reverse order, but for the birds autumn is not a time of courtship and song, so that their passage southward is a quiet and inconspicuous one. Large numbers of young birds with plumages totally unlike those of their parents and usually possessing few distinctive markings make the observer's task a far more difficult one than in the spring. About this time every year the bird lover is apt to lose interest temporarily. By the first of November all the winter birds have arrived and only the latest migrants still remain in small numbers. By the middle of December these also have all departed and the yearly cycle is completed.

—George H. Hallett, Jr., '15.

Pitching According to Hoyle

LINE her out, Spank, line her out. A hit means two runs and that's all we need. Two runs to win. Pick out a good one, Spank."

These words from the coacher's box at first, and similar expressions from another Hughey Jennings down at third, were meant to encourage Captain Spank Drear at this crisis in the last half of the ninth, with the home team a run behind, two men out and two on.

"Well hit," lustily called out a spectator wearing a white sweater and cricket colors. The ball veered off sideways towards College Avenue and came to rest on a convenient roof.

"Foul," said a wise youth.

"Come on, Spank, show 'em what you can do. One little hit'll do the trick. This is the one."

The opposing pitcher wound up, and the ball came whistling in, but Spank spotted it, and "spanked" it out on a line over second base. The ball bounded to deep right center before it was recovered. The two runners from second and third came pounding in, and Spank stopped comfortably at second. His work was done, and his team had won out, 2–1, after an exciting pitcher's battle in which they had been behind all the way.

The dispersing crowd on this warm, clear Saturday in mid-May, was composed of student "fans," cricketers coming and going during a lull in their game, curious townsmen, schoolboy visitors, and Alumni enthusiasts. Spank was delayed by short but well-meant congratulations. At last, however, he started towards the Gym. in company with Ted Harrison, the second baseman.

"A tough battle, wasn't it, Spank? Your little hit did the trick, though, old boy. But gee! I didn't think Tom could hold his own with Jarvins. He certainly pitched a great game, didn't he? They would have run away with us, I guess, if he hadn't held them down. They only got about six hits, didn't they?"

Spank nodded and picked up a tennis ball which had escaped from one of the courts near the "Chem" building. He hurled it viciously and somewhat wildly at its owner.

"Thank you, Spank. Feeling strong, are you?" The white-trousered, tennis-racketed figure leaped vainly after the ball, only to see it soar over the ten-foot back-stop.

"Hello, Tom," greeted Ted. "Congratulations! A great game you pitched today."

Tom Caldwell smiled and muttered something in depreciation, as he

joined them in front of the Gym. "I thought for a while that you batters weren't going to help me out at all. That one run of theirs looked mighty big. Jarvins sort of had you fellows buffaloed, didn't he, Spank?"

Spank, for answer, slammed the door to with a bang that aroused the whole place, and unceremoniously yanked off his baseball togs, which, after fumbling with the combination, he threw helter-skelter into his locker. The shower seemed first, unmercifully hot, and then, unmercifully cold. The pool was crowded and did not tempt him, and he returned to his locker. Snatches of conversation came to his ears from a couple of so-called baseball critics, loitering in the hall.

"Tom showed real class, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he had to be the whole show. Ten strike-outs! Just think of that!"

"Our batters were rotten, weren't they? Not a hit for five innings, and Spank struck out twice when he could have sewed the game up early, instead of waiting till the last minute, and making Tom pitch his head off."

Spank, dressed, thrust his straw down over his head, muttered something unintelligible to his loquacious companions, and strode up the walk towards Founders and supper. More congratulations for him, and loud praises for Tom's twirling.

After supper Spank did not join the group lingering around Barclay steps, idly chatting and singing, or playing "dingle" ball, nor the noisy circle engaged in French cricket. Instead, he hiked along with two or three "going down " the well-worn path through the golf links and the bushes; endured their cheerful nonsense for a time, and finally sought consolation in town on the 7.42.

Sunday night found Spank in bed early, not much benefited by a Sabbath's mechanical round of cold breakfast, sporting news, compulsory church, chicken and ice-cream, novel and sleep, iced tea, strawberries and cream, more novel, and a little, very little, "cracking of the books." Singularly enough, the sacred concert directly underneath, seemed trying on his nerves; the mad clash of the mandolin, 'cello, fiddle and mouth organ, usually very soothing to his heavy slumbers, disturbed him, and he "fitfully tossed on his narrow cot" till 12.15. Even then, when darkness and quiet joined hands, Spank did not sleep. He got up, and stood like a ghost before the window, watching the moon shine over Merion Field. Returned to bed, he thought intently for an hour, and then, at last, sank into a troubled sleep.

Monday night, a week later, the *News* came out with this startling scare-head tucked away in a quiet corner of the first page.

DREAR TO PITCH; CALDWELL IN INFIRMARY

"From baseball circles comes a persistent rumor that Paul S. Drear, otherwise known as Spank, Haverford's baseball captain, will cavort around left garden no longer, but hereafter, will be seen hurling the spheroid from the centre of the diamond. This is welcome news, coming as it does, simultaneously with the announcement that Tom Caldwell, this season's regular boxman, is confined to the Morris Infirmary with tonsilitis, and will probably be out of the game for ten days.

Spank's debut will be made in Wednesday's annual game with the *Sawbones* from town. The embryo doctors are not thought dangerous, and should be a good try-out for Drear. Those who have seen him in action say that Spank has speed and "stuff" rivaling Alexander or Walter Johnson. As a right-hander he should make a good teammate for southpaw Caldwell. Spank, we feel sure, has everybody's wishes for a good start Wednesday in his latest role."

* * * * * * * *

The day quickly came, and the hour at which Spank was to begin his career as pitcher. The *Sawbones* arrived early, glad of an afternoon off, no doubt. The Red and Black players came straggling out in ones and twos, but by a little after four, all were ready, and "Ump" bellowed out the nation-wide summons, "Play ball."

Spank, impressive in his six-foot frame and red flannel sleeves, drew back his long arm, and shot a fast one straight at the batter's head. The latter ducked and edged further away from the plate.

"If the batter shrinks away from the plate, he is evidently afraid of the ball, and curves on the inside corner are sure to get his number." Therefore it was that Spank, acting upon this information, struck out the first batter.

"Big smoke, there, Spank," said Ted from second.

Hal King, recruit catcher, who was also making his professional debut, signaled for an outcurve for batter No. 2.

Spank thought of the little blue pamphlet resting in his hip pocket, and of its contents. Before delivery, he "grasped the ball with the first two fingers of the hand and thumb, turned the ball downwards, as if holding it in a saucer, and then let it quickly pass between the thumb and first finger with a turn of the wrist at the same time."* He was surprised to see the ball almost hit the batter in the ribs, but understood the cause when he suddenly realized that the batter was left-handed, and hence the outcurve really "inshooted" on him. This slight over-

---

* Misquoted from "How to Pitch," A. G. Spalding Co. $ .10, net.

sight caused him little embarrassment. Soon further instructions from that magical blue book came to his aid.

For the inshoot, "hold the ball firmly, with hand in an upright position, and when the ball is released, let it go over the tips of the fingers, and use a lateral motion in delivering it." Inshoot and out followed one another in bewildering succession, until three men had vainly whiffed the air, and retired with only a couple of weak fouls to boast.

"A good beginning," said Hal.

After his teammates, in their first turn at bat, had knocked out three runs, and two more in the second, Spank began to gain confidence. With a margin of five runs to work on, he essayed the drop, in throwing which, as the book says, "the manner of grasping the ball is identical with that employed in pitching an outcurve." But in the act of releasing the ball there must be a peculiar and unconscious "pull back" of the hand, thus producing the sudden descent earthwards, so mystifying to batters. Several of Spank's drops dropped prematurely, so much so that they would have made excellent leg shots for a cricketer; others did not drop at all; and one or two rose perceptibly, so that Hal had to jump to prevent them from scaling the back-stop. As a consequence the bases were soon loaded by runners receiving free transportation. But Spank, in the emergency, condescended, at Hal's strong entreaty, to "mix 'em up a little" and, with the help of a long running catch in left for the third out, the inning was safely navigated.

A "Long and Fast" encouraged him after he had mowed down the opponents in one, two, three order, in the fourth. His good spirits continued even after he struck out for the second time that afternoon, an unusual feat for Captain Drear, "slugging outfielder," as he was once known. The book, he remembered, said nothing about pitchers' batting averages.

As he "ascended the mound" in the fifth, however, Spank was suddenly reminded of the existence of his right arm, for it was brought painfully upon his consciousness by an acute ache in his shoulder muscles. It seemed to need oiling badly.

A measly little bunt started it. Another precipitated the crisis, and a terrific blow completely shattered everything. The first, Spank fumbled and then successfully picked up, and hurled towards first. He involuntarily threw, what he had vainly tried in the third, a perfect outdrop; it would have fooled any batter in the world, not excepting a Cobb or Lajoie. Hence it fooled Mike, on first, who was neither Cobb nor Lajoie, but a mere first baseman, with no thought of encountering outdrops. After barely failing to fracture the runner's leg, the ball rolled

and rolled until an obliging bystander intercepted it, and the base-runner, held up by ground rules, rested patiently on second.

Contrary to generally accepted baseball etiquette, the next *Sawbones* batter bunted again to the pitcher. Drear, in an attempt to nip the ad vancing runner at third, threw late. Both men were safe, and the "Doctor" on first promptly stole second while Spank was winding up. It was unfortunate, as events proved, that the next batter was a free hitter—the best on the visiting team, in fact. It was unfortunate, too, that Spank forgot for the moment whether, in pitching an out, "the ball should be turned downward as in a saucer," or "the hand should be held upright" and whether a side arm or overhead delivery is necessary. The result of his indecision was that he grooved an easy one, which came back, fast and true, for his head. Spank, impelled by a primeval instinct of self-preservation, ducked, forgetting utterly that his glove was meant for use. The ball gracefully soared over the second bag, and two runs cashed in at the plate.

"Stand up to them, Spank; they won't hurt you," said a pitiless voice, sarcastically.

Spank picked himself up from the dust, held a short consultation with his battery mate and returned to his duty. The tenor of some remarks made by McGraw of the Giants in the little blue book, referring to a pitcher's ability to field, burned into him. "Many a game is lost by so-called star pitchers because they are absolutely useless as fielders. There is not a club in the National League that did not have to let some pitchers go last spring because they ascertained on trial that they could not field bunts properly."

During the course of the next forty minutes, Spank experienced the sensations of his first balk, first wild pitch, and what was much worse, he witnessed, for the first time, balls batted from his delivery, fly over the heads of outfielders, who vainly shot out both gloved and ungloved hands to save their tired limbs from chasing these same balls down over the track on Walton Field, or over into neighboring farm lands.

But detail is painful and useless, considering the excellent account which the *News* has given of this whole affair, the only mar on Haverford's otherwise brilliant record for that year. It is enough to say that Spank kept himself in for three innings more, and then, at the end of the eighth, with spectators few, and watches registering much later than the supper hour, the game was called. In that mad race around the bases of the last few innings, in which the home team had also taken its share, the *Sawbones* came out on top, and the final score registered 16-14 in

Jersey Eagles

THERE are lots of things which can spoil a perfectly good summer's vacation, such as, for example, a long rainy spell or a sponging bunch of affectionate relatives, but neither of these horrors can compare with a siege of mosquitoes at the seashore. The mere name of mosquitoes is quite sufficient to fill the mind of a veteran with terror, and the sure mark of an amateur is that old remark, "Oh no, mosquitoes never bother me." No one ever says that who has been through the mill.

Suppose you are the tired business man who comes down to the shore every night for recreation and a good night's rest. After a long, dusty ride you are lucky if the famous "eagles" do not meet you and your train at the station with genuine Jersey hospitality, but we will suppose that you are fortunate enough to reach your grand hotel or modest cottage without molestation. After supper you start out for the "walk." You notice that the beautiful sun is gently setting on the horizon, but you soon learn that the sunset is not all it's cracked up to be, since it is generally the bugle-cry to arms for a great and tragic war. The rest of the stage-setting has also been completed by this time. The mythical sea-breeze has already abdicated in favor of a husky land-breeze which sweeps over the grassy swamps and brings the winged troops to the front. The Germans are well mobilized—there is no doubt of that—and are fully prepared both in body and spirit.

You are first made aware of their presence when you accidentally run into some of their scouts laying plans for their attack. Then the fun begins. The fair damsel you are escorting down the walk suddenly discovers that her arms and ankles are real tender and palatable, and you spend some exciting moments flagging the "birds" with a handkerchief while shoving in most appropriate remarks now and then on "how those pests do spoil everything!" You rush down the boardwalk after punk and citronella, and, hotly pursued by the foe, you dash into a pharmacy to demand your precious balm, only to find that the last bottle went ten minutes ago and that you are the foolish virgin without any oil of citronella for your lamps. Desperately you run out and speed with fellow-victims to the nearest "movies." You find them doing a big business, and here in the dark the sport is more exciting, as there are fewer "eagles" to go around among the crowd, and you keep guessing whether the mosquito you hear buzzing triumphantly overhead is after you or your neighbor.

As you wend your weary way homeward you discover that the common foe has received strong reinforcements from across the bay,

and as you dive into the house the "Uhlans" are crawling over each other, trying to find a spot into which to thrust their bloody bayonets. Then comes true disappointment, for what can be more sickening or disheartening than to find that something you relied on to be nothing but a fake? Such indeed are screens and mosquito netting, together with citronella, punk, and all such paraphernalia; but hope springs eternal in the human breast and the beginner is sure to throw away good, solid cash on all such stuff before admitting defeat. Coming back to your own desperate case, you will, probably, after arousing the convention of mosquitoes in your room, fall on the bed exhausted, resigning yourself to the pleasures of the night. But no such chance!—a few more vicious bites and you jump up frantically to pad your ankles with paper and cover up more thoroughly. You dig out cigarettes from your suitcase—because some fool has told you that smoking is a fine cure for mosquitoes—and soon you are far on your way to break the record, which, by the way, for such a race is two packs of Fatimas in twenty-eight minutes. By this time you are boiling with perspiration from all your wraps and have turned into a raving idiot raging around the room. You swear eloquently, you call upon gods of all kinds, and finally offer the mosquitoes arbitration or a truce on any terms. Suddenly you calm down and begin to study your enemy. You find him most interesting and your midnight observations disclose all kinds of queer things about the beast you never knew before. His intelligence startles you, his unsportsmanlike tactics rile you, but the thing that puzzles you most is where he keeps his sixth sense which picks out unerringly good, choice white meat. And thus you rave on, finally ending up with the happy thought that you have discovered a new type of bravery and a supreme test for an optimist.

To make the sad tale short, you stagger out the next morning a mental and physical wreck after your grand nightmare, and hustle up to the city to take your humble station in the busy marts of trade. Naturally, no one at home will swallow your tale of woe. They laugh sarcastically and think you are just fishing for sympathy; but next spring, when vacation pamphlets and timetables begin to fly around, you stop a minute, smile bitterly, and mutter to yourself, "Once burnt; twice shy."

—*Kenneth W. Webb, '18.*

THE UNEASY CHAIR

What Is the College Doing For Us? We often hear of the man who "does a great deal for his college." Such a man is usually characterized by devotion to a number of college activities which lie outside the regular curriculum of studies. And such devotion, when kept within bounds, is perfectly natural and laudable. But in the enthusiasm of doing something for the college are we not apt to forget the far more important question of what the college is doing for us?

There seems to be a general impression that the duty of the college is fulfilled by giving instruction to its students in a certain number of subjects, and finally, at the end of four years, giving diplomas to such students as have performed the work of the courses to the satisfaction of the college authorities. But certainly this is an extremely narrow conception of the true function of the college. The four years of college life should be, for the student, a period of mental growth and activity far beyond the measure of his achievements in the shape of marks and outside activities, valuable though these may be. He should come out of college possessed of genuine and well-rounded culture; able, at least, to maintain an intelligent conversation upon such subjects as music, art, literature and current events. Hazardous as it is to make generalities, it is safe to say that the typical American college man falls far below his proper standard in this respect.

How many of the following important names, for instance, would be readily identified by the typical college student: Renan, Turgeniev, Flaubert, Schopenhauer, Burne-Jones, Baudelaire, Corot, Brahms?

The name Wagner might bring up visions of the athletic feats of a certain well-known shortstop; but would it be calculated to bring up an equally clear picture of the composer of "The Ring" and "Tristan und Isolde"?

Surely there is no reason why the average college man should not be better informed on such common subjects of cultured conversation. Surely it will do no harm if we pay a little less attention to what we are doing for the college and a good deal more to what the college is doing for us.

—*W. H. C.*

SUCCESS IN THE SHORT STORY depends not a little on the quality of local color portrayed. If the latter be real, and typical of an actual locality, the story has a good chance of success But, on the other hand, poor local color ruins any story. This is especially true of those amateurish attempts to reproduce the *metropolitan* atmosphere, which beginners in fiction seem to regard as an essential part of their stories. If the story carries with it no distinctive setting of its own, of course, New York with its broad cosmopolitanism, may give it the needed touch of realism. But still it is wiser for the young writer to stick to his own environment, that which he has around him all the time, and which no one should be able to depict better than he can. A faithful description of life in his own vicinity, may, by its attention to intimate detail, save a too obvious plot, and be the making of the story.

Haverford undergraduates in undertaking the short story can have no better setting than their own home town or city, or better still, Haverford College itself. The atmosphere of the metropolis is not necessary to make a manuscript acceptable to the editors and readers of the HAVERFORDIAN. In fact we have too many stories of New York life, and too few of Haverford and its immediate vicinity. Why not try to choose that setting for our stories which best fits them and which is best known to us? It matters little whether it be "God's Country," the sunny Southland, or that most American of cities, safe and sane Philadelphia. The important thing is to be realistic, and, at the same time, sympathetic in our local color.

The late O. Henry believed that no locality was a too prosaic subject for the short story, and to prove this, he cleverly wrote "A Municipal Report" with Azalea Adair of 861 Jessamine St., Nashville, as chief character. Haverfordians, fond of wielding the "mightier than the sword," would do well to search out the romantic elements in their surroundings this summer. Or, perhaps, a glance back at experiences of the college year, will, through the glamor of intervening time, yield inspiration.

In either case, let us have your impressions down in black and white before they flit away, perhaps never to return.

—*G. A. D.*

THROUGH THE GLASSES

Review of the Season

The past theatrical season has not been especially successful, from the standpoint of notable artistic triumphs. This is hardly to be wondered at, inasmuch as theatres all over the country complain of the effects of depression.

The Little Theatre went through the season without interruption and, in a few cases proved that artistic merit and financial success are not always incompatible. Sheridan's "The Rivals" was especially well received. Among other outstanding productions of the season were Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," and Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." Mr. Kennedy appeared in his own play and did full justice to the spirit of lofty and exalted mysticism in which the work is written.

The Garrick opened with the operetta, "Adele." Among its most conspicuous successes of the year may be mentioned "Potash and Perlmutter," with its inimitable dialect, and "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a combination of melodrama and farce which proved a huge success. "The Yellow Ticket" had vivid fascination, while Lew Fields provided a roaring farce in "The High Cost of Loving." "The Argyle Case" and "The Little Cafe" were old favorites which renewed their previous triumphs.

The Broad, which opened its season rather weakly, provided a number of theatrical treats during the closing half of the year. "Diplomacy" was very warmly received, while "The Phantom Rival" did not meet the appreciation it deserved. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" was one of the most notable features of the local season, while Billie Burke eclipsed most of her previous triumphs in "Jerry."

The Forest, as usual, confined, itself to the lighter forms of dramatic art. A succession of musical comedies and operettas offered a rich treat to those theatre-goers who prefer that kind of production. "Chin Chin," "Sari," the Girl from Utah" and "Hello, Broadway" were among the best of the season's offering. The music in the musical comedies may be characterized as extremely good, with very few exceptions. Old favorites which appeared on the Forrest's playbill were "Ben Hur" and "Pinafore."

The first two plays at the Lyric "The Passing Show of 1914" and "The Whirl of the World" both fall under the head of musical comedy

"High Jinks" and "A Mix-up" were extremely entertaining; but the best performance of the year, at this playhouse, was Ayril Maude's interpretation of "Grumpy." Robert Mantell presented the only Shakespearean performances of the year.

By far the main feature of the year at the Adelphi was "Peg of My Heart," which had a run of eleven weeks. Grace George's interpretation of "The Truth" was one of the best serious performances of the year, while "Suzi" and "A Pair of Sixes" were perhaps the best of the lighter dramatic works.

The season of opera which opened under such depressing auspices turned out very creditably. Although the conventional French and Italian works predominated in the Metropolitan Company's repertoire Wagner was represented by "Lohengrin" and "Die Walkure" and the lovers of novelty were suited with such works as "Boris Godunov," "The Love of the Three Kings" and "Madame Sans Gene."

—*W. H. C.*

Youth

Hope! Life! Love! God!
Down all history has trod
Humanity to that refrain.

Through our souls there ebbs and flows
The hope of Life, the love of God;
In our souls there comes and goes
A great transmuting rod—
A touch of Love and God.

When life is sick and hope forlorn,
And fear within us born,
And night we pierce with eyes a-strain,
In us still runs the great refrain,
Imaged by friends in trooping train—
Of Hope! Life! God!

—*Douglas C. Wendell, '16.*

ALUMNI

'41

William Howland Hussey recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday at his home in East Orange, New Jersey. Mr. Hussey is still actively engaged in his business, which deals mainly with plumbers' supplies.

'43

Robert B. Howland was recently inteviewed on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday. Mr. Howland is still very hale and hearty. During his stay at college he played on one of the earliest of the football teams. His life has been very active in many lines. He was one of the first pioneers of the movement to give higher education to women.

'72

Dr. F. B. Gummere completed his fortieth year of teaching on May 21st, 1915.

'82

Dr. George A. Barton has just published a volume of Babylonian inscriptions from Nippur, entitled "Sumerian Business and Administrative Documents from the Earliest Times to the Dynasty of Agade." It contains one of the earliest Babylonian inscriptions known.

'94

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia, P. S. Williams was elected a Director for the unexpired term of William Longstreth, deceased.

'97

F. N. Maxfield, PhD. has published an article entitled "An Experiment in Linear Space Perceptions," in Psychological Review Publications.

Alfred M. Collins has recently returned from the Collins-Day South American Expedition, which left New York December 26, 1914. The expedition penetrated into remote parts of Boliva, and brought back a number of valuable animal specimens.

'01

Walter H. Wood has been appointed to fill a teaching position at Westtown Boarding School.

'03

Dr. H. J. Cadbury had an article in the April issue of *Present Day Papers*, entitled "Counting as Rubbish," based on the words of St. Paul in Phil. 3: 4-14.

'06

Thomas K. Brown, Jr., married Miss Barnes at the Haverford Meeting House on the 1st of June.

EX-'07

C. Jansen Claassen stopped off in Philadelphia for a few days early in April, on a business trip. Mr. Claassen is Secretary of the Peters Trust Company of Omaha, Nebraska, and has been very success-

ful in placing Nebraska farm mortgages in the East.

'08

T. M. Longstreth is expecting to take a party of schoolboys and college men to the !Pacific Coast this summer. Mr. Longstreth has published a book on the weather, and is connected with a private school at Bryn Mawr.

Walter W. Whitson intends to spend the month of July at the University of Wisconsin.

'09

The engagement of P. V. Miller to Miss Letitia Radcliffe has just been announced.

'10

R. G. M. Underhill, who was in Germany on a traveling scholarship, was forced to leave Berlin, and is now in Italy.

Richard H. Mott is now the owner and active manager of Hotel Overbrook, at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

'13

The Class of 1913 will hold a reunion and class supper at the College on June 12

S. H. Mendenhall announces the birth of a son, Lewis Herschel, on Thursday, May 6, at Hartford, Connecticut.

J. M. Beatty has received a scholarship in the Graduate Department of Harvard University.

'14

C. D. Champlin has been appointed Assistant Instructor in English at Haverford College for 1915-1916.

EX-'14

Thomas Tomlinson, was married to Miss Amy May Felton, of Philadelphia, on Friday, April 23. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson will be at home at 809 East Washington Lane, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

'11

The HAVERFORDIAN is in receipt of the following letter from Philip B. Deane.

The writer was very pleased indeed to receive with his American mail this morning a January copy of the HAVERFORDIAN, and particularly pleased to read in it, several articles of countries he himself has just visited. I have now been away from America for eighteen months on a tour of the world in the interests of my principals, the H. K. Mulford Co., of Philadelphia. In the course of my travels I had the pleasure of meeting S. E. Hilles, who wrote "A Jaunt to the Far East," while in Manila. I remember very well dining out at the house of his son, also a Haverfordian, by the edge of the bay in which Dewey's battle took place, and we three had a good talk on things Haverfordian. I remained in Manila nearly three months, and availed myself of the opportunity to do some extensive sightseeing and also to accomplish something commercially. We had the interesting experience of making some vaccine experiments with

smallpox vaccine, and all turned out well. I crossed then on the *Empress of Asia* to Hong Kong, which is also mentioned in the article of my classmate H. S. Bernard Stuccator, 1911. This was exactly the time war was declared, and four days later the beautiful and luxurious *Empress of Asia* steamed out of Hong Kong harbor with six-inch guns all mounted, painted entirely gray, indeed in appearance a formidable cruiser. Hong Kong being so upset, as a British port, I proceeded to Canton, where I remained two weeks. The occasion was excellent to become familiar with Chinese business methods, and with German competition entirely cut off, success was easier. Here I met Dr. Cadbury, a Haverfordian, and saw his new hospital approaching completion. In Shanghai I met Dr. H. H. Morris, a Haverfordian connected with St. Luke's Hospital—in conjunction with St. John's University; altogether a work of considerable scope and magnitude. After traveling extensively in China I proceeded to Japan, and I can assure the reader that the two articles in the January number on this country have more than a usual interest for me. My stay in Japan was of some length, and I availed myself of the opportunity to remain with an American family, long-time resident in Tokio. Commercially I had many new problems and six weeks were consumed in going from one city to another, and from one official to another. The article "Is Madame Butterfly Japanese?" recalls many pleasant memories, and I can well appreciate the writer's calling attention to the errors in the presentation of the opera. His remark about a Japanese as soon going into a house with his "geta" on as an American going to bed with his shoes on recalls an amusing incident. When the railroad was first put into operation between Tokio and Yokohama, a run of some eighteen to twenty miles, the Japanese passengers, on entering the cars at Tokio, removed their *geta* and on arrival at Yokohama were somewhat dismayed not to find them. Can I also remark the strip of white paint across the car windows to prevent the possibility of injury in connection with putting one's head through the glass? My knowledge of the home life and customs is in no way comparable with the writer's, but in so far as I did learn such, I can vouch for the same. The home life must be

Smedley & Mehl

Lumber
and Coal

BUILDING MATERIAL

Phones, Nos. 1100 and 1101 ARDMORE

exceedingly congenial, to judge from the happy faces one meets on the street; the women particularly, always cheerful, though they may be carrying heavy loads, not to mention the infant strapped on the back. I had the experience of witnessing the lantern processions in Tokio to celebrate the fall of Tsingtao. The parade was supposed to contain one hundred thousand persons, each with a swinging Japanese lantern held aloft, and invariably the best of order was preserved. The embassies of all the Allies were visited and speeches were made. A few weeks later when the English General Barnardiston arrived the celebration was renewed.

While celebrating Xmas with my American friends in Tokio and preparing to return to Australia I was suddenly called to proceed to Petrograd at once. We fellows who travel the foreign field are in the habit of carrying out orders as soon as received, and in doing so I had some rather unique experiences, not particularly interesting save to the one involved. The censor of this letter will not let it through if it contains too many details, but there is nothing prohibited in the few remarks following. In crossing from the little Japanese seaport Tsuruga to Vladivostock, our tiny boat succeeded in losing forty-eight hours on a thirty-six-hour trip and the three and one-half days were spent mostly in going up and down. I had two

A FEW REASONS

FOR YOU TO CONSIDER IN THE PURCHASE HERE OF YOUR SPRING AND SUMMER SUIT:

PYLE, INNES & BARBIERI

TAILORS FOR MEN AND BOYS

1115 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

We specialize in clothes for young men and thoroughly understand their ideas; we carry the largest assortment of Woollens in Philadelphia; our prices are very moderate and each bolt of cloth is plainly marked; the workmanship is unexcelled and the cutting right up-to-the-minute in style.

CHARGE ACCOUNTS OPENED UPON APPROVED REFERENCES

We are READY and will be very glad to see YOU

Suits, - - - - $25 to $50
Full Dress and Tuxedo Suits, - $40 to $70

Pyle, Innes & Barbieri,
LEADING COLLEGE TAILORS
1115 Walnut Street, - - - Philadelphia

distinctions, the only foreign passenger and the only one about and at the table. We eventually broke our way through the ice, at Vladivostock, and not to my surprise I learned that the only Trans-Siberian trains were trains which made every stop, carried no diners, and no sleeping accommodations. Fortunately for me, who spoke no Russian then, and English friend had to make the same trip, so together we collected a kitchen, a pantry, and a bedroom. The interesting details I must omit, but you may be interested in knowing that at Irkoutsk, the capital of Siberia, we slept one night on the tile floor of the station and the next in a vacant car on a siding, and the temperature was exactly 58° F. below zero. In seventeen days, however, and none the worse for the experience, I entered this hotel in Petrograd which is on a par with many of the best in America. I lost no time getting to work, and hope, like the rest of the ever-increasing transient army of American business men here, to do what we came here for. Everywhere while travelling in Russia, and I have just returned yesterday from a trip to Vilna, Warsaw and Moscow, I have been treated by Russian officials with the greatest courtesy. A review of Russo-American history shows a record of consistent friendliness, with one particular outburst, when in the Civil War a Russian fleet lay in New York harbor with sealed orders to be given only to President Lincoln. —*P. B. Deane, '11.*

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

PROMPT AND REASONABLE

MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.

10 ANDERSON AVENUE

ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY

ESTIMATES GIVEN PHONE 1087

OPEN EVENINGS

Aubrey Howell Richard S. Dewees

Insurance

HOWELL & DEWEES

SPECIAL AGENTS

Provident Life and Trust Co.

Fourth and Chestnut Streets

Philadelphia

Good Hair Cutting is an art. Our men all know how, and will give you the best work at standard prices. No tipping or other annoyances.

Binder

13th above Chestnut, Philadelphia

Entire Building

INSURANCE

Fire or Burglary Insurance on Students' personal effects while at College or elsewhere.

Tourists' Floating Insurance on personal effects against all risks in transit, in hotels, etc., both in this country and abroad.

Automobile Insurance covering damage to car and liability for damage to property or for injuries to persons.

Longacre & Ewing
Bullitt Building 141 S. Fourth St.
Philadelphia

Repairing of Hall, Chimes and French Clocks a Specialty

A. A. FRANCIS, Jeweler
115 W. Lancaster Ave. PHONE 144D
Ardmore, Pa.

C. W. Scott Company

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Carriages, Wagons and Automobiles

"Careful Handling and Quality"

Send us Your Suitings to be

Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

At Reasonable Rates

Our College Agent

Mr. I. Thomas Steere

S. P. Frankenfield Sons

Undertakers

ARDMORE, PA.

Successors to

JOSIAH S. PEARCE

33 E. Lancaster Avenue

Phone, Ardmore 9

J. OWEN YETTER

General Shoe Repairing

ARDMORE, PA.

Will Collect Shoes Monday Evening and Deliver Thursday Morning

T. B. Whitson, College Agent

Attractive Wall Paper
At Popular Prices

A. L. Diament & Co.

1515 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM S. YARNALL

Manufacturing Optician

118 S. 15th Street Philadelphia

Phone 258

C. E. Edwards

Confectioner

ICE CREAM AND FANCY ICES,
FANCY CAKES

Ramsey Building BRYN MAWR, PA.

Bell, Market 1632, 1633 Keystone, Main 109, 110, 111

A. N. RISSER CO., Inc.

PURVEYORS OF

MEATS, PROVISIONS
BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY

215 Callowhill Street, ∴ Philadelphia

their favor. As an aside it may be whispered that the last out of the game occurred when Spank hit into a double play with the bases full and only one out.

The game ended, Spank carelessly sauntered off the field, apparently oblivious of the hornet's nest which he had stirred up among his teammates, and of the frankly expressed comments that they were directing against his person.

The same caustic voice which a little while ago had mocked him when he so shamefully ducked from the liner shattering at his head, now greeted him once again.

"What have you been doing out there all afternoon, Spank? Pitching hay?"

"No, I've been thinking up a subject for my Senior thesis."

"Did you get one?"

"Yes, after mature deliberation, I finally decided upon this: 'Why a Pitcher Need Not Burn the Midnight Oil, or, The Futility of a Study of American Literature in Solving the Complex Problems Confronting an Aspiring Young Matthewson.'"

—*George A. Dunlap, '16.*

Ronsard's Amours,

I, LIX

Like as the stag, when spring destroys the keen
And poignant hoar-frost of cold winter's sway,
To better browse the honeyed leaf's soft green,
Flies from the grove with earliest streak of day;
Alone, secure, far from the hounds and chase
Now on a mount, now in a vale doth speed,
Now near the water in some hidden place,
Free, wanton where his flying feet may lead
His spirit proud fears neither snare nor bow
Until the deadly arrow strikes his breast,
Its shaft encrimsoned by the bloody flow;
So thus went I, nor thought of hurt oppressed,
That day her eye with but one glance apart,
Transfixed a thousand arrows in my heart.

—*Donald G. Baird, '15.*

Vale

TO Second Lieutenant Donald Henderson, of the First King's Royal Rifles, these lines are sorrowfully dedicated. Just as the Duke of Wellington once said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, so the present writer has come to regard the self-sacrifice of the officer who willingly lays down his life for his country, as the realization of the high ideals of the schoolboy of England.

Second Lieutenant Donald Henderson was killed while executing his duty, struck by a shell in the trenches in northern France, and is buried in a little cemetery behind the trenches on the road to Richebourg l'Avoue, where a simple wooden cross stands over the grave of a hero who died for his country.

Evening's cloak of black envelops
Hill and dale where was the fight,
And the crimson day develops
Slowly into murky night.

In a grass-green grave they laid him
Gently. And a wooden cross
Was the last respect they paid him,
Fully conscious of their loss.

Deathlike hush of awful sorrow
Reigns around the verdant tomb;
All is quiet till the morrow
Dawns with deaf'ning cannon's boom.

But when quiet life is ours,
When this brothers' fight will cease,
Then amid the dew-kissed flowers,
God will let him sleep in peace.

—*J. G. LeClercq, '18.*

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

ROBERT GIBSON, 1917 *Editor-in-Chief*

D. C. WENDELL, 1916 — W. H. CHAMBERLIN, 1917

G. A. DUNLAP, 1916 — J. G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) — ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 — Single copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII — HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1915 — No. 5.

Eugene M. Pharo, '15,

won the Garret Memorial prize for the best poem submitted with his poem "*Old and New*" which appeared in the June number of this Volume.

In This Issue

Special Features

The New Year.....Isaac Sharpless 177
Friedrich Nietzsche; Poet and Philosopher.....
W. H. Chamberlin, '17 179
Idling.....E. M. Pharo, '15 190
A Poet of the Forecastle.....George A. Dunlap, '16 191
The Light of Truth.....J. G. C. LeCercq, '18 195
Only Eighteen.....Robert Gibson, '17 203

Stories

The Cancelled Reservation.....C. Van Dam, '17 184
The Intruder..... '17 204

Verse

A Pool In India.....J. W. Spaeth, '17 178
The Dew.....R. G., '17 194
The Argosy of Promise.....F. M. Morley, '15 202
The Simile Ship.....D. C. Wendell, '16 202

Departments

The Uneasy Chair..... 208
Through The Glasses.....
The Birth of a Nation.....E. T. Price, '17 209
Books
A Far Country..... .. 210
Alumni.....R. G. '17 211

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., OCTOBER, 1915 No. 5.

The New Year

THE College Year 1915–16 opens comfortably with something over 180 students: The Freshman Class seems to contain good material and to be up to the usual standard.

Most Haverfordians with whom I have spoken seem to argue that Haverford should not increase in numbers at the expense of any of the standards which it has maintained in the past; that it should not go into any undignified or uncollegiate methods of advertising for numbers through athletics or otherwise; and that provision should be made in dormitories for all students accepted, except for a few who might live at home.

This plan probably involves the continuance of an examination system of entrance. This causes the loss of more students, some of them desirable, than all other causes combined. We know them all around us. We are the only small college for men in America, and the only one of any size, except Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton, to make this requirement. The real Haververfordians who appreciate life and conditions here, will make the effort and get in. But the increase must come from those who do not know the college well, and, who other things being the same, will go to the place where their certificate admits them without further trouble. Some of these are weaklings whom we can afford to lose, but some are rather desirable men who if they came would always be pleased with the decision. These facts are mentioned to show the cost of our efforts for good standards.

The other condition which will make increase difficult is supplying halls of residence. The break in Lloyd Hall is calling loudly for its two sections. It is pretty safe to say that $1000 per student will be required for dormitory accommodations. If we are to have 250 students we must have something like $70,000.00 for this purpose, not all at once, but in $10,000.00 sections as needed.

Chase Hall now fills out quite nicely the requirements for recitation quarters for the non-laboratory work of the college. It supplies two large and two small new rooms and has also been well heated, lighted

and ventilated throughout. One more laboratory for Biology and Physics we must have at an early date. With these improvements our physical equipment upon which we have been working for 15 years will be in a satisfactory shape for 250 students. What happens after this will be for another generation to provide.

Internally the college is wholesome and our reputation outside is as good as we deserve. The faculty is but slightly changed from last year and the good old Haverfordian spirit is undiminished.

—*I. S.*

A Pool in India

Aside a pool in India
There squats an idol, leering-eyed,
Warded by countless lamas' care
From profane touch or worldly stare,
But naught of worldly gold denied.
Frankincense perfumes his altars;
Jewels from Eastern lands of wonder
Tint his sallow skin with fires,
Fill his coffers rich with plunder,
Coffers of this squatting idol,
By a pool in India.

Aside a pool in India
There rests a village, Death's retreat;
Within its doorways mothers stand,
Their naked child on every hand,
And wait the father's plodding feet.
To these squalid, mud-built hovels
Death's dread angel on the morrow
Comes his master's toll to gather;
All is endless toil and sorrow,
Nothing more than toil and sorrow,
For the dwellers in this village
By this pool in India.

—*J. W. Spaeth, '17.*

Friedrich Nietzsche: Poet and Philospher

Few men have suffered such bitter and varied criticism as has fallen to the lot of Friedrich Nietzsche. The obscurity which enveloped the man and his work during his lifetime has given way to a torrent of criticisms, for the most part, virulently hostile. The luckless philosopher is simultaneously accused of being a Prussian reactionary and an extreme anarchist; he is depicted in the double light of a tiger thirsting for human gore and a feeble, unbalanced decadent; above all, he is universally held up to opprobrium as the evil genius of modern Germany, the guilty associate of Bernhardi and Von Treitschke in their evil course of unbridled militarism. A brief review of Niezsche's life and works may help to show how much of this extremely contradictory criticism is justified.

Friedrich Nietzsche was born in Saxony in the year 1844. His father, a Protestant clergyman died when Friedrich was very young. As a boy Nietzsche showed unusual precocity of mind; and, at the age of twenty-four, he received the honor of a professorship in the University of Basle. At this period he specialized in classical philology; and his study of Hellenic thought, especially of the early Greek philosophers and dramatists, exerted a compelling influence on his own lifework. His first important literary contributions, published during the years 1873–1876, took the form of four essays, entitled "Thoughts Out of Season." These essays contain a severe arraignment of contemporary culture and a number of suggestions for radical change. Shortly afterwards his health broke down; he suffered acutely from dysentery and excruciating headaches. Notwithstanding this handicap he brought out "Human, All Too Human" in 1878. In the following year continued ill health and a desire to devote himself entirely to literary work caused him to resign his professorship. The next ten years of his life are full of creative work. Among his more important works may be mentioned "The Dawn of Day" (1881), "The Joyful Wisdom" (1882), "Thus spake Zarathustra" (1883–1885), "Beyond Good and Evil" (1886), "The Antichrist" (1888), "Ecce Homo" (1888). In the winter of 1888–1889 a combination of mental and physiological causes brought about a complete collapse of his faculties; and the last years of his life were shrouded in the darkness of mental oblivion. He died at Weimar, in 1900.

So much for the comparatively brief and uneventful chronicle of his life. His intellectual development may best be considered by dividing his career into three periods. The first of these includes his four,

"Thoughts of Season," "David Strauss: Confessor and Author," "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth," "The Use and Abuse of History" and "Schopenhauer as Educator." In these essays Nietzsche tries to realize the vision of a new German culture, of which Schopenhauer was to be the high priest, Wagner the poet and musician, and Nietzsche himself the critic and expounder.

Very different is the spirit of the second period as expressed in "Human, All-Too-Human." Nietzsche's faith in Wagner is completely gone, his trust in Schopenhauer is rudely shaken. His old ideals have vanished; as yet nothing new has arisen to take their place. As a natural consequence, this period is characterized by bleak uncompromising negation. Every value, every ideal is mercilessly tried in the balance and found wanting. Schopenhauer himself, in his darkest moments, never reached the depth of pessimistic despair which Nietzsche attains in "Human, All-Too-Human."

But pride and intellectual honesty alike forbade Nietzsche to remain long in the slough of despondency. For a man oppressed with physical suffering to take refuge in pessimism seemed to him a cowardly abandonment of duty. Instead of following in the footsteps of Schopenhauer and setting up a negative philosophy of life Nietzche, in his third and most vital creative period, sets out to formulate a philosophy of virile and defiant optimism. His new thought finds its first expression in "The Joyful Wisdom." In this book one finds an abundance of aristocratic gayety, of delicate mockery, of playful sporting even with his most cherished theories. The whole work seems to be written in the spirit of the dance.

"Thus spake Zarathustra," Nietzsche's best known work, is a lyrical, highly colored and richly imaginative prose-poem, in which the author expresses the fundamental principles of his new philosophy in allegorical form. The same essential ideas are expressed more clearly and soberly in "Beyond Good And Evil," the prose counterpart of the poetical "Zarathustra." Among Nietzsche's original ideas the two known as the Superman and the Eternal Recurrence, deserve special notice.

The Superman is an ideal human being, as yet unattained; but possible of attainment in the future. He is depicted by Nietzsche as a man highly developed mentally and physically ruthless in the pursuit of his ambitions; but willing to dare everything for their realization. To the production of such highly developed individuals, humanity is to bend all its energies. As may be seen Nietzsche's viewpoint is the direct converse of the Hegelian idea that the great men are bound to sacrifice

themselves for the benefit of the masses. In the one case quantity is sacrificed, in the other quality.

More abstruse and unsatisfactory is Nietzsche's theory of the Eternal Recurrence. Arguing that the number of combinations of circumstances is limited, while time is infinite, he deduces that every man's life is ultimately certain to reproduce itself, down to the minutest details. He tried to find a scientific basis for this theory; but does not seem to have been very successful in the attempt. While the Eternal Recurrence can hardly be taken seriously as a scientific fact, it might very conceivably have a powerful influence in persuading a man to lead the type of life that would be worth living over.

In addition to elaborating these two theories and chanting his eternal hymn to life as it is, Nietzsche conceived another idea, which, in stupendous boldness, has few parallels in the history of philosophy. This was the conception of a transvaluation of all moral values. Audaciously casting aside the most cherished ideals of morality, he aspired to found a new system of morals, radically different in form and character from anything that had previously been conceived. Pride, courage, self-confidence were to be put in the class of virtues; meekness, humanity, lowliness in that of vices. The fatal breakdown came upon him in the midst of the gigantic undertaking; and "The Will to Power," the book in which he had hoped to summarize his whole philosophy, remains unfinished.

We may well leave to the philosophers of the future the problem of the value of Nietzsche's new philosophical ideas. In his relation to the present world he is more interesting from the fascination of his personality and the charm of his poetic style than from the academic logic of his philosophy. Let us, then, consider him rather as man and poet than as philosopher.

There can be no question of the compelling power and interest of his personality. The few who came into contact with him during his lifetime all bear witness to the power and brilliance of his mental attainments. His reading, despite the double handicap of weak eyes and bad health, was omniverous. Almost every page of his works bears eloquent testimony to his sympathetic study and understanding of history and literature. Wide and comprehensive as was his reading, his thought was wider and more comprehensive still. In studying his works we are perpetually confronted by new theories on art, music, literature, economics, history, theories that are often heterodox, to be sure; but always original and thought provoking. The broad culture, which was so conspicuous a feature of Nietzsche's personality, cannot fail to have

a stimulating and helpful effect upon all who come under his influence.

But it is morally rather than intellectually that Nietzsche should have his most powerful appeal. It may sound strange to speak of the moral appeal of a man who is so universally branded as an atheist and immoralist. But a close study of Nietzsche's character cannot fail to reveal certain traits which might well be emulated by his bitterest critics. His very abandonment of Christianity was, to him, no stroke of idle flippancy; but a titanic inward conflict, which shook his very soul. It would, unquestionably, have been far easier for him to have become an eloquent advocate of Christianity, another Pascal or Bossuet. We may deplore the unfortunate mental processes that led to his infidelity; but we cannot withhold our admiration for the high and exalted passion for truth which led him to sacrifice one after another, his most cherished ideals and convictions, which ultimately led him even to the sacrifice of reason itself. In few places do we find such grand hymns of courage, loneliness and spiritual friendship as in the pages of "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Nietzsche's surpassing excellence of style extorts the admiration of his severest critics. In all his works, instead of the unwieldy, tedious, clause-laden sentences of the typical German writer, we find short, crisp, epigrammatic sentences, clear in meaning and happy in phrasing. In some of his books the depth and novelty of his ideas make him rather difficult to understand; while in others he may fairly be accused of an excess of allegory. But these defects are more than offset by the rich vein of lyric poetry which runs through all his works and finds its fullest expression in "Zarathustra."

" 'Tis night: now do all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul is a gushing fountain."

" 'Tis night: now only do all songs of the lovers awake. And my soul also is the song of a lover."

But, poetic and mystic though he is, Nietzsche never writes mere high-sounding phrases without any definite ideas behind them. His thought is like the diamond, hard, brilliant, glittering, and his bitterest contempt is lavished on those thinkers who try to conceal vagueness and inconsistency of thought under the cloak of spiritual depth and refinement.

Another feature of Nietzsche's style is his remarkable mastery of the art of satire. The rapier-like thrusts of his wit combine the earnestness of Schopenhauer with the light and carefree banter of Matthew Arnold. His essay against David Strauss was so keen and biting that the object of its satire is said to have died of mortification. But Nietz-

sche is always conscientious, according to his own standards, in the use of this power. Unlike Bernard Shaw, he never aspires after brilliance for its own sake. He only turns his batteries upon objects which he considers worthy of ridicule and opprobrium.

It was almost inevitable that such a brilliant, all-inquiring and skeptical mind as Nietzsche's should have brought itself to many false theories and erroneous conclusions. The ill health and solitary life of the philosopher often leads him to lose his sense of perspective and to resort to unjustifiable violence and intemperance of expression. A mind which sets logical accuracy as the sole test of a philosophical system can find in Nietzsche contradictions and inconsistencies without number. But a larger, saner, more tolerant outlook, even though it may reject most of Nietzsche's views and theories, will gratefully acknowledge the spirit of sincerity, originality and genuine culture which animates his whole work. And in regard to the frequent shifting of his viewpoint on life we may well remember the words of a certain Chinese sage: "Only the foolish and the dead never change their opinions."

Finally, a few words as to the possible effect of Nietzsche on America. There is certainly very little danger, from present indications, that the United States will be in any way harmed by Nietzsche's radical ideas on religion and morality. A nation whose observance of Sunday is surpassed in strictness only in England and which has recently given such abundant testimony of its capacity to respond even to the crudest religious stimulus is hardly likely to succumb to a wave of skepticism. So the possible evil effects from Nietzsche's teachings are reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, even the warmest admirer of America can hardly deny that she would be improved by a considerable infusion of Nietzsche's better qualities; his entire freedom from fanaticism, the clarity of his thought, his merciless condemnation of mawkish sentimentalism, under whatever guise. Few unprejudiced observers will deny that the most pressing need of the United States is culture, with all of refinement, discrimination and mental clearness that the word implies. And among those who have always carried on the difficult battle of culture against Philistinism and materialism, very few, in devotion and understanding, are superior to the maligned and abused Friedrich Nietzsche.

—W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

The Cancelled Reservation

THE boys in the office said I was pale and had a thin "citified" look about me. I told them that lawyers were generally pale and necessarily "citified," but this didn't stop them from persuading my father who incidentally was my employer, that I needed a vacation.

"Son," he said one morning, "you've been working hard, I think the firm can live without you for a couple of weeks. Take a holiday and go somewhere for a rest."

I felt as well as a Mellin's Food baby, and told him that I couldn't break away and leave everything in the lurch, as if New York were built for my especial benefit.

He eyed me keenly and declared: "The only thing you can't leave is a certain light-haired, blue-eyed lady. Now you just forget your fiancee for a while, and remember that she doesn't want a sick man for a husband. Take Sam with you and beat it my boy. If you need money let me know."

I might have known that I couldn't fool Dad. I was engaged all right, and had learned to my surprise what a difference one little person could make in your happiness, in your plans and your pocket-book.

Miss Dorothy Allen was my first cousin, and when I look back on the times when we romped about together masquerading in each others clothes, I find myself wondering how that boisterous tom-boy has ever blossomed out into my Dorothy-so-sweet, and so feminine in every way. Had anyone told us in our childhood that some day we would marry, I believe that we would have joined hands and thumed our noses at the person for the lack of some better way of expressing our surprise. Since that time her laughter and animated spirits have always been like wine in my veins. When, to my shame, I reached that feverish unsatisfied period of manhood, in which a wife seems an immediate necessity to one's welfare, it was natural that I should turn to Dorothy to fill the bill. It was also natural that, when I had my wife all "reserved," and only waiting to be "called for," that I should be a little loath to leave town.

How ever, that night I ordered Sam, my grinning, colored valet, to pack my things, and told my father that I would take his advice. While we were talking, Dr. Bennett our family physician dropped in to see Dad and learned of my intended trip and of my reluctance to leave.

"By the way" remarked the grim "medicine-man" "Miss Allen is your sister's child is she not?"

Dad looked at him in surprise. "Of course she is, and a little peach too."

"Has your son thought of the possible danger of marrying a cousin?" he inquired.

"He has consulted a specialist, who said that, in a good healthy pair, there isn't one chance in a hundred of any trouble. They've been in love for years—he wouldn't lose her for worlds! Would you my boy?"

I made some little speech about "having her or nobody," and fled the room. The subject didn't appeal to me.

The following day I departed with Sam and my gun. Dorothy came down to see me off and I remember distinctly how she told her brother to await her, on the dock,——how tightly she gripped my arm with her little hands as we walked up the gang plank—how she said,—"Horace! Please change your mind, won't you? It isn't too late. Somehow I'm afraid to have you go 'way off there alone. I feel that something may happen. Please————

I kissed her protesting lips and told her how foolish she was.

In a few minutes a deep voice sounded down the deck. "All ashore that's goin' ashore" she left me smiling bravely and dry-eyed, for which I was very thankful. Weeping maidens are embarrassing at best, and if you love them they are unbearable.

I waited on deck till the flutter of her little pink handkerchief was no longer visible and then went to my cabin to unpack.

* * * * * * * * *

In four days time we were comfortably settled in a squatty little bungalow on the Island of Pass a Grille. This was the most admirable spot we could find—a little strip of land in the Gulf of Mexico, seven miles long and so narrow that you could throw a stone across it. Sam was one broad grin from morning 'till night, until the third day when he saw a mirage on the Gulf, and came in to me crying "Gude Lawd Sah! de ocean done vomit up it's bottom!"

Our favorite sport was coon hunting We hired some dogs, and in a few nights we had cleaned up what few were on our island. Sam was not satisfied; it was the delight of his soul to see the hump-backed, beady-eyed creatures fall out of the trees, when shot.

Then one memorable night, we decided to try the mainland some few hundred yards across. We learned from the natives of a place that was especially good, and departed about eight o'clock in our little boat.

If you have not been there, you do not know, and never can know, the madness and the wild fascination of a night on the Florida gulf. It was as fantastic and unnatural as the fairyland of my childhood books. As we "chugged" through the sheet of inky black water, great globules of phosphor burst into flames behind us and left a stream of light on either side of the boat. There was no moon, but the palms and the semi-tropic woods were dimly visble as we glided by the shore. The stars seemed to be hanging just over our heads, and the whole sky with its thousands of glittering points seemed merely a curtain hung above us, with the real heavens hidden behind it. The air was soft and the night was so still that our exhaust rang out like rifle shots, and echoed away into the darkness. The night seemed unreal and unnatural, and when I look back on the events that followed, they all seem blended in a weird dream—yet a dream as real, as it was horrible.

According to directions, we turned to port around a jutting point, and entered a quiet "baiou." This little lake was a picture that would have done proud to Venice, or Italy. The moon was just rising, and its mellow light came filtering through the wavy air-plant, which, like the shrouds of a ghost, hung from every branch, and swayed sleepily in the soft breeze.

As we grounded on the white sand a weird cry, half wild,—half human, drifted to our ears from the opposite shore.

"What's dat?" snorted Sam suspiciously.

The dogs answered him with nervous little barkings, as we jumped ashore. Sam grabbed his knife, I, my gun and shells, and up the beach we marched at an eager pace. To my surprise we found a fair sized house placed in the woods, a few yards back from the water. Still and dark, it nestled among the palms, with the tall trees waving their twisted arms above it. A little wharf stretched out into the water, and a huge pile of oyster shells covered the beach. Row boats were lying idly floating, and the place seemed to be the home of a thriving oyster-man.

"Wonder who lives there, Sam!" I commented.

"Sure I don' know sah! No one but de debbil himself would come way off here ter live."

We passed on, after a few curious glances.

"Look!"

Sam suddenly pointed up the beach.

A woman was dimly visible against the darkness of the trees. She came nearer. She passed, just on the edge of the water, as if trying to avoid us.

"Bet you dat's a witch" my companion mumbled nervously.

I almost agreed with him. Her hair was down, head lowered sullenly; an old black skirt rose and fell with her shuffling gait. Her face never turned aside and she seemed not to notice us, but I saw that her feet touched the water as if she were keeping away from us when we came near.

We found our coons in plenty; on the mud flats their tracks were visible everywhere. In an hour our keen dogs had treed a dozen for us. I left Sam to skin them and strolled back towards the boat. The shooting had jarred my nerves. The bang of a shot gun and the smell of powder seemed out of place in the still, pale, glory of that night. There was a warm radiance suffused through the air, which lulled my brain. It seemed a time to think of love and dreams—a spiritual hour, when heaven breathes on earth, and worldly things are far away.

Suddenly, as I was slowly passing the house, I came upon the woman sitting dejectedly in a row-boat, high upon the beach. My curiosity aroused, I spoke to her.

"Beautiful night isn't it?" I remarked pleasantly.

"Huh?" she looked up blankly.

"Do you live here?" I ventured.

"Yes—I do. What of it."

I remembered how she eyed me suspiciously, as though I were challenging her.

Just then I glanced up the path, and saw, in the shadows, a tall figure coming haltingly down from the house. She heard the footsteps also, and I noticed how tensely her eyes were fastened on me.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked in dismay. He was reeling from side to side like a drunkard. The woman did not answer but her head sank wearily on her thin breast.

The man came down to us, and such a sight I have never seen. He was stark crazy. His powerful frame was partly covered with filthy clothes. He stared at me for a moment with dizzy crossed eyes; his lower jaw fallen, he was drewling disgustingly from the corners of his mouth. Inarticulate sounds were gurgling from his throat, and his fingers twitched like a nervous child's.

A startling noise like the baying of a wolf sounded from across the little "baiou" and with the leap of a wild beast, the fellow went suddenly bounding away.

The woman saw the surprise on my face and volunteered.

"That's my boy; don't look at me like that!"

"Your boy madam!" I repeated in amazement.

"Yes," she replied wearily. "I got five more like him. He went to answer the call of one of his brothers. What do you want 'round here?"

I studied her tired, pinched face in the moonlight and wondered why such people were left alive to suffer in that solitude.

"Won't they sleep at night?" I asked gently.

"Sleep! No. They never sleep. They roam about these shores and cry to each other like animals. Hear 'em?"

I knew the gruesome call, as it echoed through the night like the shriek of a ghost; It was the same sound that had frightened Sam at our arrival.

"Wish they'd calm down a bit! I need sleep" the woman sighed wearily.

Her features were blank and expressionless as she gazed dully over the waters; her dejected figure setting alone amidst all the beauty of the night seemed like an awful mistake—an ugly scar in the perfection of nature.

Her presence revolted me, I turned to go, but something held me back.

"Your husband, where is he?" I asked.

"Sleep I guess!" she replied.

"Why doesn't he look after them?"

"He don't care. Relations never do. I should ha' known that long ago. He's my first cousin."

The words fell on my ears like a thunder bolt, and for a moment I staggered as if stunned by the shock.

"Good God your cousin you say!" In my excitement I siezed the old woman by the wrist.

"Leg'go, What's the matter with yer" she grumbled. After a time I questioned her carefully, with a little persuasion she told me of her youth, of her love and marriage, of her children,— whole life-tragedy, too harrowing to repaeat in this tale.

My pulse was pounding hard when she finished: one moment I could have choked her for telling me, and the next, my heart was torn with pity. Unable to express my feelings, I simply said "good night" to her, and fled back to the boat.

My mind was dazed as I sat waiting for Sam. Once a wild uncanny cry drifted to my ears, and startled me pitifully.

At last he came. I can't remember what I thought, or did, on the way home. Sam said afterwards that I was "like in a dream."

It was not until he had gone to bed, and I strolled out to the shore

of the gulf, that I was able to think collectedly. Even then, the face of that fellow haunted me. I saw it again and again peering out of the darkness, and saying "Take her, take her, and you'll have one like me,—like me—see!" Then his jaw would hang down, and his mouth would stream, and I would shut my eyes in horror.

In those wild, lonely hours of early morning, I thought of everything in my life. Dorothy come to my mind unceasingly—her words at parting, her kiss, her etherial sweetness. It was inhuman, unthinkable that she should have a child like that blabbering brute: I felt that God was just and fair,—that he could not send desolation, to such a holy tender love as was ours.

I looked up to the sky as if to find the answer to my problem, but it was all changed, the moon was a ghastly yellow, the warm air stifled me, the darkness was fearful, and full of hidden despair.

I walked all night in the worst mental battle that I have ever waged. I defied myself and God:—told him entreatingly that our love was good, and not to be paid for in tears—told him defiantly that, if she and I were married, He would not dare to curse us with an idiot-child. Later, when the night was far spent, and the moon had waned, the answer came as though from the skies. We were doomed to bear the lesser struggle of denial, and save ourselves the torture of breaking nature's law. My steps seemed to have been guided by a predestined fate. It surely was the kind hand of God that had led me to that spot, out of all America, to show me the price that I must pay.

In the early dawn I went home and wrote Dorothy a long letter breaking our engagement. I told her the whole story of what I had seen, and of how I believed that Providence had spared us, by showing me the living sample of what our fate might be.

—C. Van Dam, '17.

Idling

WHO has not known the luxury of absolute idleness, not warranted idleness but illegal ill-timed idleness? We do not advise such a one to go forth and seek that luxury. None the less one who is prone to such occasional indulgence has much to offset the sneers which the industrious visit upon them.

Take for instance, a day last September which was snatched from the calendar and prostituted in its entirety, to idling; an entirely useless day in the way of accomplishment. A day in which our mind floated lightly on clouds of unreality and our limbs moved lazily in an atmosphere of ethereal lassitude. The most real thing in the world was the blue smoke from our pipe, moving slowly across a view of drifting clouds and wooded valleys.—(Somehow we had dragged ourself to the top of a hill where green turf bordered the road and a snake fence afforded back rest when we tired of lying at full length.) The most illusory phantasm in the universe, was the day's labor we had shirked. A grown-up school boy playing "hookey" and with the same lack of conscientious pangs for the deed—such we stood revealed.

But had we striven with all our might and the might of ten thousand more, all our sweat and effort would not have brought us what our fancy did as we lay at full length in the shade. After all what is the joy of effort, but a fancy of convention? Our fancy works at such a time, more extensively than could our muscles in a millenium. We pass from earth to heaven on the back of a cumulous cloud. A more extended journey is made than the most zealous drummer would undertake. A goal is reached in an afternoon, which combined the hopes of the Hindoo and of the christian; Nirvana and Paradise—absolute forgetfulness and the blissful peace.

We see the clouds from our pipe, and the fleecy phenomena of the sky and imagine we smoke some divine pipe of peace with the Creator. Our oneness with nature assures us we commit no blasphemy.

We glance lovingly at the winding road and imagine summer to be a twelve months affair and ambition to be a silly obsession. We think our forefathers must have numbered vagabonds untold in their midst and that we receive the reward, and pay the price.

Our pipe goes out. We fill it once more and apply the match. The smoke has lost its taste. A lead colored cloud is on the horizon. We arise with a sudden distaste for ourselves, a sensation of "something wrong" suffuses us, and we step out briskly for home and work.

—*E. M. P., '15.*

A Poet of the Forecastle

THE Germans may blow up three or four more British Dreadnaughts and reduce Tommy Atkins' ranks several hundred thousand more, but, with all their boasted "kultur," will they ever be able to obliterate England's imperishable sea literature? The war certainly cannot affect "Mr. Midshipman Easy," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," or Kipling's "Captains Courageous." These marks of English devotion to the seas will last as long as there is a reading public to peruse them. But as for the future, those who believe that war deadens literature, naturally look for the death of England's sea literature. However it is improbable that the English people and especially the men of letters, can possibly neglect the great part that the British navy is playing in the present conflict. Sea poetry, and fiction as well, will, I think, be revived, and in this revival, the virile pen of John Masefield should play a preeminent role.

The popularity of the sea tale has somewhat dwindled in the the United States, and the ideal of every scapegrace runaway, is not, as formerly, to take ship and sail the "ocean wild." Still captain Marryat and W. Clark Russel have not been wholly blotted out of the minds of the American youth, and Mr. Masefield's faithful delineation of life under the mast, should receive a favorable reception in this country.

Masefield's poetry is, as it were, an offspirng of the sea itself. His youth and young manhood were spent in an environement entirely different from his later peaceful domestic life, in the vicinity of London, where he has come to be referred to as a coming "literary lion." This early training proved to be invaluable, as it resulted. At the age of fourteen he began his eventful career as a seaman. For a number of years he sailed in all kinds of vessels over all seas; twice he navigated around the world, once he left the sea and became a tramp for a short time, but soon returned again to the old life. His second departure from the sea resulted in his employment as a bar tender in the old Colonial Hotel of New York city. Later he returned to England, where he settled down, and was prevailed upon by his friend, Mr. Jack B. Yeats, brother of the poet, William Butler Yeats, to write of his life experiences.

It must not be thought that all of Masefield's art has been devoted to the sea. This is by no means true, for he is extremely versatile. "The Everlasting Mercy" and "The Widow In Bye Street," his first successes, were written in an absolutely different vein. These two poems, though they served to first attract the attention of England to the appearance of a new poet, are too much reminiscent of Masefield's

bar-tender days. Their unpleasantness and over-realism are not ideal for any poet's consideration. The sea is always more poetical than John Barleycorn or pugilism. Then again, Masefield's rough metre and forceful, Billy Sundayesque vocabulary are admirably suited to a reproduction of life on the high seas. It is in this latter field, I think, that Masefield's best work has been done.

To support this statement, we have but to turn to the poet's works. His best sea tale is, doubtless, "Dauber, The Story of a Round House." Dauber is interesting for several reasons—its gripping theme, its excellent psychological study of the hero, the delicate marine painter, tormented by his heartless round house mates. Finally it is interesting by its very form, for it represents a daring and successful revival in poetry of the long narrative which has suffered a distinct decline since the time of Tennyson and William Morris. One critic in the "Review of Reviews" goes so far as to make this startling commendation of the poem. "There is perhaps nothing in the English tongue, not of Swinburne's nor in Noyes' magnificent epic of the sea, "Drake," that excels it." Rather fine praise, but not altogether undeserved, as a careful reading will testify.

Masefield seems to be the only modern English poet who uses the versified short story. This form holds forth much promise to future poets, Masefield uses it again to advantage in "Daffodil Fields" a work which suffers, in its unfolding, by comparison to that masterpiece of romance, "Enoch Arden."

In the same volume with "The Story of a Round House" is "Biography," a poem of varying merit. Its thought while often obscure and pessimistic, is strongly personal, and therefore of special interest. The poet recalls some of his maritime adventures; in the description of the crew race of the rival cutters he is excellent. The following also is vigorous:—

"Good swimming days, at Hog Back or the coves
Which the young gannet and the corbie loves;
Surf swimming between rollers, catching breath
Between the advancing grave and breaking death.
Then shooting up into the sunbright smooth
To watch the advancing roller bare her tooth."

In "Sea Fever," the poet yields to the call of the ocean:—

"I must go down to the seas again for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied,

And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying
And the fleeing spray and the blown spume and the sea gulls crying.
I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way when the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover,
And quiet sleep and sweet dream when the long trip's over.

"Salt Water Ballads" a collection of poems written by Masefield in his early manhood, is another of his consecrations to the sea. This volume may best be described by saying that it is an ambitious attempt to do for the sailor what Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack Room Ballads" has done for the British soldier in India. There is nothing to match these short tales in giving the local color and inner meaning of the seaman's life. They are light, whimsical, and often ironical. "The Yarn of the Loch Achray" and "Sing a Song O' Shipwreck" are full of this grim irony which saves them from becoming oppressive. Although they describe shipwreck and disaster, the reader hardly realizes it, so filled are the poems with the carefree, elements-defying attitude of the mariners.

Many of the ballads are monologues, and in them the speech of the typical sailor is ably counterfeited. He is full of oaths and slang, but through it all runs a covering of rough heartiness. The sailor's superstitions are pictured, his fear of Mother Carey and her man, Davy Jones. In the "Burial Party" is presented the peculiar legend that a dead body will not sink in the ocean if buried at night. In the same poem occurs this line: "for its *bloody* soul's afraid of the dark 'n' sticks within the throat."

The use of the adjective, "bloody" is interesting on account of the profound disfavor into which this awful word has fallen in England today, which Shaw has capitally satirized in "Pygmalion." Masefield evidently defies public opinion, for he has used "bloody" at least thrice in this one volume.

"Philip, the King," Masefield's recent work is not a sea-drama, yet it contains a vivid and striking description of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. The following extract will give a good example of the terseness and vigor of the phrasing:—

"The wind and sea were fair
We lay at anchor there;
The stars burned in the air,
The men were sleeping.
When in the midnight dark

Our watchman saw a spark
Suddenly light a bark
With long flames leaping."

Another poem, "The River," in the same volume is more characteristic of Masefield. It is a narrative describing the wreck on the shoals of the full-rigged ship, "Travancore." It has the flavor of the sea in every action. Only a poet who has seen and was perhaps himself the survivor of such a disaster, could have written "The River." His training, no doubt, witnessed several such wrecks.

A comparison of the sea poems of Masefield and Kipling is possible, but not favorable to Kipling. Both have absolute command of the sea's jargon, but both do not make equal use of it. Kipling's sea poems, with one or two exceptions are heavy and dull. The swing, lightness and humor usually present in his work are absent. "The Rhyme of the Three Sailors" and "The Liner's She's A Lady" alone are worthy of comaprison with Masefield. Kipling, in general, personifies the ship and pays only incidental notice to its sailors, while Masefield's whole effort is to humanize the sailor. The latter method is much the better and productive of better results. However, the comparison between these men is not quite fair, considering the fact that Kipling has given his best work to the soldier, in which field he has no rival. Masefield, indeed, has an opportunity to make the "Tommy Atkins" or "Mulvaney" of the sea. Can he do it? What a splendid chance is given him just now when his country's navy is engaged in a desperate struggle to maintain its disputed supremacy in European waters.

—George A. Dunlap, '16.

The Dew

On summer morn it teguments
The grass with gleaming filaments,
Until the sun the sky frequents
And drinks the crystal dew.

It dazzles on the lily pad,
Where perches many a pert Naiad
In colors of the rainbow clad,
To startle me and you.

—R. G., '17.

The Light of Truth

Time: *Night.*
Place: *A Hill.*
Dramatis Personae: *A Man and a Woman.*

(*A storm. Loud thunderbolts. A flash of lightning, followed by a long silence, save the low murmur of the western wind. The bleat of a lost sheep. Or the cry of a child from the hamlet in the valley. But silence invariably follows.*

At length the storm abates. As after any storm, the air seems to hold some surprise for one. Some uncanny suspense pervades the atmosphere.

Presently a voice is heard. A man's voice. It is gruff and harsh. The man is swearing drunkenly: oath after oath breaks the silence.

Other sounds. Somebody coming up the hill from the village.)

THE MAN. O God! Who in the name of —— is it?

THE WOMAN. I am. . . . . a woman.

(*It is indeed a woman's voice. A tired, hoarse voice, full of discords. It inspires sorrow; no doubt its owner has suffered much. Still suffers, perhaps.*)

THE MAN. A woman! Why here? at this time! in this weather!

THE WOMAN. I ask also, why?

THE MAN. Well, it's an ungodly night. Sit down here.

(*He makes a place for her on a heap of leaves.*)

THE WOMAN. Thanks. I'm tired.

THE MAN. Why did you stop here?

THE WOMAN. Well. . . . . But you?

THE MAN. I don't know. Lost.

(*The woman looks at him. She seems to read him.*)

THE WOMAN. I see. Drunk again.

THE MAN. What! . . . .

THE WOMAN. Deny it then! You can't. You were drunk. I can smell it—the stink of whisky.

THE MAN. Yes. It is true. But you?

THE WOMAN. I am here because . . . .

THE MAN. Well?

THE WOMAN. Because I have nowhere else to go.

(*The Man does not understand. The Woman explains rapidly, sadly.*)

I live nowhere. I sleep in the ditch to day, in the saloon tomorrow—or on a hill—like tonight. You see there was no man drunk enough—brute enough.

So I sleep on the hill tonight.

THE MAN. Then you're a . . . .

THE WOMAN (interrupting). Yes . . . .

THE MAN. I'm glad you stopped my calling you a . . . (*again checks himself.*) Anyhow I am not much better. A drunkard!

THE WOMAN. (*With the conviction of one who has learnt from experience—from sad experience, but from true.*) No better.

THE MAN. What?

THE WOMAN. No better!

THE MAN. I don't understand.

THE WOMAN. Yet it's easy. You sell your soul to drink. Your body. Your strength. And I sell mine to men. Drunken beasts. Like you.

THE MAN. But . . . .

THE WOMAN. Then there is yet another difference. You are what you are because you are weak. A love affair, or something. Jilted! So he drank. (*Laughs pityingly.*) But I am what I am because I had to choose—choose between poverty and shame or honor. I chose poverty and shame. Because I would rather be true to myself.

I am not a good woman. But I might have lived with what people call honor as long as I was not found out. Anyhow I preferred the honor that brings shame and tears. So I am better than you. For I am true to myself. I deceive no one. I live in the Light of Truth.

THE MAN. I see what you mean. Yes, you are more honorable than many people known as respectable people. You are indeed.

THE WOMAN (*takes his hand.*) Thanks, my friend.

THE MAN (*holds hers.*) You are pure too—impure in body perhaps, but pure in soul—in ideals—in Truth.

THE WOMAN. Ah!

THE MAN. And I love you.

(*He moves toward her. Sways. Tries to seize her waist—madly, passionately.*

She thought she had to do with other love. Not physical as his, but ideal. Alas for her! she had forgotten the Light of Truth.)

THE WOMAN. Stop. . . .

(*She speaks with firmness, yet gently, pityingly. Something indescribably beautiful in her voice compels respect. And he is a good man—good in spite of his sins—or because of them.*)

THE MAN. I'm sorry I did that.

(*And he really is.*)

THE WOMAN. Thanks. I'm glad. Glad you're sorry.

THE MAN. I don't know why I stopped. I have never respected woman before.

THE WOMAN. No. You see you don't understand Love. I do. In spite of the Men—Men—drunken beasts—like you. All you love is Passion. And Drink.

THE MAN. (*Defiantly.*) Yes.

THE WOMAN. I also have met your gods. Have known them—have been happy with them. But lately I learnt to see Truth. And when one knows Truth one cannot be happy. Ignorance is always bliss; true happiness is the incapability of appreciating things at their right value. You never prayed—never mentioned God's name, except in oaths. But I have prayed. And I shall go to Heaven. For my sins are not grave sins—merely faults. And I am penitent. Do you understand? This is my Trial. My crucifixion. But one day it shall be over. And then I, who have realized what Life is, shall live eternally—in Paradise.

THE MAN. Then Life is . . . .

THE WOMAN. Life is the supreme test. Realize that it is a test, a martyrdom, and do not try to be happy. Then you will be right. Deny this and live in a fool's paradise.

THE MAN. Ah! If only you could prove this! (*Eagerly, pleadingly.*) O pray to your God! I want the Light of Truth.

THE WOMAN. Then prepare never to be happy again.

THE MAN. I am ready.

(*The Woman is thinking hard—puzzling. He moves expectantly toward her. Suddenly she seizes his arm, and speaks, quickly, confusedly, tremulous in the triumph of her discovery.*

THE WOMAN. The veil of centuries is lifting. Look, brother! Look! I will show you what you were—what I was—what we were two thousand years ago.

(*Yells with excitement.*) Look! Look and learn!

* * * * * * * *

The same hill. It is Day. Bathed in glorious sunlight.

On a heap of leaves, a Man and a Woman. Despite the sunlight a melancholic something fills the air. . . .

THE MAN. Yes, I know it is sad. But we must bear it.

THE WOMAN. Why? Why? (*She weeps.*) Stay, please stay!

THE MAN (*gently, but with emphasis*). No. I cannot.

THE WOMAN. Would you desert me? Your wife!

THE MAN. Be good. Be reasonable. I am not yours.

THE WOMAN (*with bitterness*). Yet you asked *me* to be *yours.*

THE MAN (*sadly*). Yes. I had not received the Call then. The Call to Christ.

THE WOMAN. But you asked me first. . . . .

THE MAN. Enough! I belong first to God, to Christ, to the Church. Then to you, to myself.

THE WOMAN (*weeping piteousiy*). Oh! Why did we join a church that separates man from woman, that forces the wife to become a widow; the children to become orphans!

THE MAN. It is sad—very sad.

(*Exalted, exultant.*) But I must go. To the Savior. To Christ. He is now before the Pilate. And although the Pilate is a just man, yet they may condemn him.

(*Shocked.*) Good Lord! Condemn the Son of God to Death!

(*Determinedly.*) But I will die too. Be crucified with Him!

(*With faith.*) But no. He has reserved me for a higher destiny.

THE WOMAN (*fiercely*). To leave your wife!

THE MAN. Yes. To make sacrifice after sacrifice, to be scorned, spat upon. Like Christ. But to teach His word. To go far away, in distant lands. And proclaim His Gospel. Preach His teachings—with him of Tarsus—him whom they say to have become of our Faith.

THE WOMAN (*sobbing*). And our Love?

THE MAN. First is God. And Christ—Love of Mankind; then you. Myself—Love of Woman.

THE WOMAN (*moans.*) Oh! Oh! Oh!

My husband!

THE MAN. O Lord! Give me strength. Strength to go and preach Thy word. And her—strength to live without me. And make Thy Holy Face to shine upon us—upon her and me.—For the sake of Him they say to be Thy Son.

THE WOMAN (*clutching the end of his gown*). Stay! stay!

THE MAN. I cannot. Jesus calls me. Calls me to Him. I must go. Go to the Son of God. Farewell!

(*But still she clings to him.*)

Be gentle. Be good.

(*He pushes her back with force. She seizes him again. At last he tears himself away from her.*)

THE MAN. Let me go!

The Woman's head falls on a heap of stones—and they cut it. She bleeds. A red stream runs down, over the stones, on the grass, staining it. Many purple blotches in the mud. She buries her head in the dirt.)

THE MAN. God forgive me. But it is for Christ!

(*Slowly, regardless of her frenzied cries, he kneels down amid the stones and dirt. He looks into her face. He kisses her blood-smirched lips. Her*

hair blows in his face. And smears it with blood and mud. He presses her to him. Gently, ever so gently. Then, he goes away—slowly, down the hill. To his destiny. To Christ.

The woman stays there. Her face buried in the dirt. She still sobs. And bleeds.)

THE WOMAN. Ah, God! You have separated us!
I might as well have been a harlot,
And he a drunkard. Oh! Ooooh!

(*She curses loudly—fiercely defiantly.*

But the sun is gradually sinking in the western heaven. And she is left there as darkness comes. Her voice, fierce and broken, sags as the long shadows of the mountain creep silently up to meet the kindred shadows of the Night.)

* * * * * * * *

(*The scene is as at first. But it is not so dark. And the wind has ceased.*

In fact it is morning. Shadows of Night float away and are replaced by the grey mists of dawn, heralding the Day about to break.

Dew is on the grass—Tears of God.

The Man is speechless. And the Woman. Like people dumbfounded. They have not realized. They are still waiting to see more. But it is not to be.

The veil hanging between Past and Present has been wrung down. Nor will it ever be lifted again.

A bell tolls from the Convent, down in the valley.)

THE MAN. Good Lord! I've have seen. Looked. And learnt.

THE WOMAN. What?

(*The Man is sitting very close to her. And he loves her. Not physically because they have both seen it: the Light of Truth. But spiritually; for she is his wife. Or mother. Or sister.*)

THE WOMAN. Have you understood?

THE MAN. Yes. I have seen the Light of Truth.
And you have shown me. You, a woman.

THE WOMAN. Yes. Are you grateful?

THE MAN. Very. Grateful because you have lifted the veil of falsehood from before my eyes.

THE WOMAN. And how have you profited?

THE MAN. I was a libertine. A drunkard. I gave way to Passion—to everything and everybody save God.

THE WOMAN. Yes.

THE MAN. And I am grateful to you for having taught me.

Taught me about Nature. About Love. About God. And about myself. I know Nature's fickleness. (*Bitterly*) Ah God! what irony to say that it consoles us. A mother! Never! Nature cannot console me. Nor will she. For I have seen what she is. Eternally insulting.

THE WOMAN. And Love?

THE MAN. Love! Love is a lure—a pitfall set for the best of us. For me. Because I am a King among men. A trap set by the ironic powers of Life. A chance to make us pay for a second's pleasure with a lifetime's pain. This is Life and Love! As they *really* are—not as people say they are.

THE WOMAN. And woman?

THE MAN. Woman is ever impure—In mind. And body.

And woman—tenderly, unwittingly—is no kinder to us than Nature.

But Love has some good in it. It is a passion—a Martyr's like Christ's. A crown of thorns. And not one lacking.

Love is the atrocious torture of crucifixion.

I know Life—not wisely, too well.

But I shall live happy—as happy as I can.

THE WOMAN. And God?

THE MAN. . . .Has deserted us. Like He deserted Christ and let Him bleed. Bleed on the Cross. Ever since He failed to answer his Son's plaint he has been eternally silent. He will be forever.

Alas that there should be a man worthy of the name to pray to One who has abandoned him. Left him alone, opposite sin, with nothing better than a name. A meaningless name. Ah! I have paid for the True Philosophy by my disillusion.

THE WOMAN. What is the True Philosophy?

THE MAN. Self. I shall live in Myself. For Myself. And by myself. I am my solace.

I love pain. Grief. Woe.

I am an Apostle of Human Suffering.

The utter futility of Life makes a hero of me. A god!

For I stand up against life.

Let my life be one sweet song. One sad sob to others.

But I shall not weep. My life shall be the working in obscurity. I shall work in the Dark—for Myself, by Myself, in Myself. Thank God I've seen the Light of Truth!

(*But the Sun is about to rise in the heaven. Dawn is in its turn fleeing. Fleeing before the host of morning rays. The vapors of day float up to mingle with the last shades of dawn. A cock crows, melodiously. Or hideously, But shrilly. In the distance.*)

THE WOMAN. It is Day. And I must go.

THE MAN. I am sorry.

THE WOMAN. And I. I have been very happy here.

THE MAN. You have made me happy too. For I have seen Light. Thanks.

THE WOMAN. Alas! You will not be happy soon.

THE MAN. (*draws himself up proudly*). I have myself. . . . .

THE WOMAN. Not happy in the eyes of the world.

THE MAN. No. For their happiness ignorance is essential. I know Truth. You see they will call me a fool. You made me a fool—by revealing Life to me. But I am glad to be a fool.

THE WOMAN. Farewell.

THE MAN. Farewell. And thanks.

THE WOMAN. Thanks too. Adieu.

(*The cock crows again. Loudly.*

There is a sound. A sound of many voices.

Music. From the convent in the valley.)

VOICES. Ave! Ave Maria! Gratiae Plena! Sancta Mater Dei! Ora pro nobis peccatoribus nunc et in hora mortis.

(*The voices die down. Silence.*

Then a swell. Songs of Thanksgiving Te Deum Laudamus! Nuns singing and praying. To a deaf God. Ah! the irony of it!

The air is heavy—full of sadness.

The hill seems full—full of the tears of the world.

The echo of many songs. Refreshingly sorrowful. Sweetly lugubrious.

Songs of birds. Dainty chirruping; But sad! oh, so sad!

At last the sun rises. Its rays cover all.

There is no longer melancholy. But joy. And light.

Yet it is not the True Light. Not the Light of Truth.

And the tears that filled the hill, the tears of all the world, seem to float away in the music of a distant brook.

The man stands alone. Alone at the crest of the hill.

He follows the Woman with his eyes.

And she stumbles away—far away—in the glory of the morning sunshine.

The Man sighs. Another Day. Another thorn in the crown. But in the glory of his pride he does not fear it. He is an Apostle of Human Suffering. So he does not fear the grief in store for him. But faces it proudly. Exultingly. For he has seen the Light of Truth.)

—*J. G. C. LeClercq, '18.*

The Argosy of Promise

Thick upon the headland grows the purple, scented heather;
There the night wind stoops to kiss a saffron sea,
And there the wavelets whisper and the ripples laugh together
As they splash about the rocks in childish glee.

I wonder, is it fancy that has conjured up the maiden,
Like a pearl that lights the sombre throat of night,
Who is questing to the Westward for the galleon treasure laden,
For the ship that sailed away at break o'light.

But out upon the ocean 'tis the wintriest of weather
And the tempests lash the breakers to be free,
While amid the leagues of darkness, far from aid of Love's endeavor,
Drifts a wreck that answers not the helms decree.

—F. M. Morley, '15.

The Simile Ship

A ship set her sails on a blue-green sea,
And her wings gull-white,
All unbedight,
Like a Goddess' drapery,
Gave her, in the breeze of the coming night,
A perfect symmetry.

And on and on in smoothest dips
She bows with curtsiful grace,
While curling swells in eager race
Kiss gently her maiden lips.

And so let me sail on a warm spring day
In my simile ship, the cloud,
On my ocean the gray-green dale—
Away from the cruel city's crowd—
Away, away and away.

—D. C. Wendell, '16.

Only Eighteen!

May 1st.—A clear day. This Spring is the most beautiful I can remember. My new gown finished. It fits beautifully; but Mother thinks it ought to be taken in a little at the bottom, so we sent it back for repairs. I hate dressmakers!

Father promises to arrange my coming-out affair for early in June. He is an old dear, is Dad!

Charlie V— called and said he had tickets for Vajima—the new musical comedy—for Saturday night. Charlie is awfully kind, but a horrible dancer.

May 2nd.—Bright. Calls. Met a Miss Hartshorne from Chicago at Sylvia's. I think she is rather a prig. Read story of Joseph before going to bed. If I had a husband like Potiphar I would get a divorce. Joseph must have been divine.

May 3rd.—Went to Vajima with Charlie. (Oh! I forgot to say, it was a horribly sloppy day.) The music was rather catchy, but Don Vino was not a bit handsome. I like handsome heroes—it always seems so much more romantic and fairy-taley.

May 4th.—Beautiful. I met them—all four—at Dorothy Varden's house-party. Two are light and tall; one is dark and rather short; and the other has red hair and is—oh! horrible! (Sylvia calls the light-haired ones Castor and Pollux.) They *are* good-looking and—nice.

May 5th.—Served tea on the lawn. (Wonderful day.) Castor and Pollux were here, and the dark one, and Torchy (Virginia says he's just like the fellow in those Sewell Ford stories—I've never read them). We had the Victrola out, and Roland (that's my little brother, ae., 10) played it while we danced. Castor is a won-der-ful dancer, and so tall and interesting, and not a bit fat. I hate fat ones. Castor danced *eight* times with me. P. S. I have given up reading the Bible at night—I am always so tired. (Roland spilled tea on Virginia's dress. He is an imp!)

May 6th.—AWFUL day! Rain. Wet. Read Bible tonight!

May 7th.—Sunday! Church. Poor sermon: all about generosity. (Roland takes collection at the services, and he said Mr. Stack gave a talk on generous giving and then put a black penny in the collection plate!) I don't like generosity like that. Charlie called tonight. Poor Charlie! he is worried about the new chaps and their looks.

May 8th.—DANCE—dance—dance, at Elizabeth Dale's. Perfectly glorious time. Castor was there and—so was I. We had *many* dances together. (He knows a dandy new fox-trot.) Then one dance he said it was so warm and proposed (no, not really!) sitting it out. So we

walked through the garden. Dale's have a beautiful garden; it was made by special Japanese architects—or constructors—or whatever they are. So, with the flowers and sparkling fountains, and moonlight and—well, it was all very wonderful! Castor has traveled a great deal. He helped on the Panama canal, and is a broker with offices on Wall Street! Did not read Bible.

May 9th.—My greatest ambition fulfilled—met a real, live Duke. De Maussin or something is his name, and he has a string of titles yards and yards. Good-bye, Castor!

* * *

June 2nd.—I am terribly excited, with my debut only three days off; and getting ready and all. Went canoeing with the Duke this morning, and he called tonight. I don't like him quite so well as I thought. He is so egotistical and rather a bore. Castor came around to take me motoring this afternoon, but I was out.

June 3d.—Am all nerves. Nice day. Come out tomorrow. 150 invitations. Three gowns. Will wear white satin crepe and a bouquet of orange blossoms. That Duke is around all the time. I dislike him now, he is so officious. Castor is lovely; wants to help send invitations and everything. He is the nicest man I know. I believe, truly, if he proposes I will accept him.

June 4th.—It's all over! I believe I am getting old. Not that "the coming out" wasn't a success. Everything went all right, and the dance and congratulations and stupid presents. But oh! here comes the sad part! A man named Blaine was here from New York, and he knows the men at the houseparty and told me all about them. The Duke is bogus! (Well, that didn't surprise me so much. I always did hate him.) But Castor is MARRIED! ! ! ! ! !—

My romance is over. I shall remain an old maid. But still—there is Charlie!

—Robert Gibson, '17.

The Intruder

OUT in the convent garden the stillness was profound. A light mist had settled above the plants and shrubs near the moist earth, and the heavy leafage of the trees was bending low in the monlight as though drunk with sleep. The still air was ladened with the fragrance of flower-beds carefully laid beside white paths.

The only visible life in the peaceful garden was a sister wandering

aimlessly and gazing at the moon. Occasionally she would bend over to smell the flowers or sit for a minute on the rustic bench next the high wall.

Believing herself alone with her thoughts she was startled when a man's voice spoke just behind her. He had climbed the wall and approached unheard on the soft grass.

"Sister Alice?" he questioned.

When she turned he stood still as a statue and the moonlight showed a tall figure with a handsome youthful face.

"You are not allowed in here sir. Please leave the way you came," she ordered.

"It is you!" he murmured gazing at her intently. "You almost smiled at me in church last Sunday, then I saw you and you looked down and blushed. You remember it?"

"No! will you leave or shall I call father." She answered quickly. She dared not tell him she remembered.

"Sister, Sister, he can do us no good. I expected to find you here. I must talk to you, and you must listen." His tone was eager and tense.

She shrank back glancing nervously towards the windows where the other sisters were sleeping.

"How do you know my name? I have nothing to do with you?" The words came in a half frightened whisper.

"Nothing except that I've watched you Sunday after Sunday in church and thought of you every night for so long that at last I swore you should not be only a dream to me."

"You may continue your reveries sir. I must go in." She declared coldly turning away.

The man seized her arm, and held her firmly.

"Do you dare stop me" she whispered.

"I don't dare let you go. I'll never see you again, Sister."

"How did you know I would be here?" Her voice trembled slightly.

"I didn't know it, but I've watched you before and one night you remained to walk alone. I prayed that you would to-night."

His voice became listless and gentle, and somehow the sister began to lose her fear. His manner was refined, his bearing manly, and his tone almost reverent. Thoughts of the past came flashing confusedly through her brain and tore at her will power. His presence made her cheeks burn and thrilled her pulses. Her fear of him vanished and she became afraid of herself.

There was a moments silence with no sound but quick breathing. Then he took her by the shoulders and gazed into her upturned eyes; he saw that they were no ordinary eyes, but large, deep and beautifully

set in a little oval face, under long lashes. He spoke convincingly:

"You're not happy little girl! That's all you are! Your face in church is sad. You never smile. You don't belong in here. You're full of healthy vigor to shut your heart in like this. It flies away at times. You're put here in this world to live in the fullest way you can Sister; not to let a convent shelter you from the blows of life. It's a coward's business to shirk the fight because once it proved too strong."

She shuddered as though the words stung.

"You mustn't talk like that! How do you know these things? I've told them to no one but God." was her amazed reply.

Ignoring her, he continued, "You were out here to-night dreaming, dreaming of what you'd lost—crying with every fibre in you for the life you left behind."

"That' a lie. My thoughts were good—until you came." she declared closing her eyes as if to shut him out of her mind.

Suddenly the man seized her in his arms and kissed her beautiful mouth fiercely, almost cruelly; The touch of his lips seemed to flow through her veins like poison, the moral shock seemed to paralyze her, and she lay limp, half fainting in his arms. That minute had wiped out two years of a holy life lived voluntarily with no obligation but to herself and God. It had dragged her back to her starting point and discounted the one strong deed of her life, when that deed was about to bring her peace. The times when her heart cried for the world had grown fewer and fewer until she had begun to feel the spirit of the sacred life take possession of her and shut out the world like a dead dream of the past. Now her devotion was turned into a mockery and she was no longer worthy of her place among the sisters.

When she looked up at him again the words of scorn died on her half parted lips. His voice was vibrant his eyes filled with tenderness. The words were the simple message of one soul to another.

"Alice, I've looked for someone like you for a long, long time. When I saw your eyes in church, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful in my life. Had I dared, I would have spoken to you then. Instead, I stole in here to-night to see those eyes shine in the moonlight, and to hear the voice that I knew must go with them; God made dream-nights like this for such as you and I, Sister. You're half spirit, half human; that's why I love you. Don't try to be all spirit. You are made of flesh and blood and you can't get away from the fact. Come out with me and live the life of action; self-restraint in a world of sin, is a higher tribute to your Maker than it is behind these sheltered walls. I love you darling, and you'll find more of God in love than in all the prayers and churches of the universe."

She had listened like one enchanted. A new light had come into her eyes. Then when he took her in his arms her lips met his, almost willingly. As he slowly released her she removed her cowl and cloak. There she stood, the moonlight falling on her short hair—just a little, little girl, gazing at her lover like a thousand others might.

"Take me" she said simply, "I can't go back and confess this. It would kill me. I did see you in church, but I wouldn't let myself watch you. I thought I had forgotten all about love and now—"

She stopped helplessly. For a time they walked quietly, talking in undertones, then he lead her out the gate, leaving it open behind him.

"Where are we going?" she whispered. "I have no clothes but these and oh" she held back half frightened" "I don't even know your name or what you are, or anything."

"Have faith Sister, don't be afraid. We're going to my home."

For the first time the man seemed a little nervous, but the girl was too excited to notice it. He looked about him from side to side as they walked rapidly down the narrow street. They had reached a dark building and were about to pass, when they heard voices in the shadow. The man stopped.

"What is it?" the Sister asked fearfully

In a moment they were surrounded by a crowd of boisterous youths. Cries of "*you win.*" Oh you *Lady-killer.* She fell *Flat* for you," filled the air.

The girl slipped into his arms trembling like a wounded bird. The man held her for a moment, then, as the fellows surrounded the pair he gently released her.

"Sister forgive me. It's only a bet. I can't marry you." he said softly.

A little scream of horror escaped her as she shrank away from him. They were all handing him money. Wild eyed the poor girl saw her price being payed. Then with a sob, she stretched her bare arms straight above her in appeal.

"O Christ forgive!" she murmured brokenly.

The crowd became hushed. Hats were removed. With transfixed eyes they saw her beautiful head sink upon her breast as she turned and walked away.

Her betrayer watched for a moment with teeth set: an angry scowl came into his face.

"The devil take the money!" he cried, and hurled it away into the darkness.

—*1917.*

THE UNEASY CHAIR

"*UNEASY lies the head that wears a Crown!*" Little foresaw Henry IV, the portentous weight of this exclamation for future generations of ill-omened monarchs. The universality of the statement is irrefutable; in fact it is almost becoming a household expression.

As the schools and colleges enter upon another year's work, the world situation is almost as uncertain as at the end of spring, and the clouds of war still hang dark upon the horizon.

We may count ourselves fortunate to be in the peaceful and elevating atmosphere of Haverford, in these trying days. Realizing our opportunities, we renew our collegiate tasks with increased vigor.

Naturally, with new faces where the familiar ones were, and new officers in the various activities, the questions of policy and purpose make their annual reoccurrence.

Since the advent of man in the garden, his Promethean nature has led him to invent schemes to outwit the gullible public. But the said public has proved times innumerable to be ingullible, so why waste time in outlining a policy for this magazine?

It is not patting the former editors on the back to say that the present board aspires to continue the HAVERFORDIAN as it has been edited in the past—with one exception. We do wish the HAVERFORDIAN to be a little more representative. We want every man in college who is able,—and how much ability is dormant—to contribute and feel that his contribution will obtain impartial consideration. It is possible to better the magazine. Will you help?

Eaglesmere is almost forgotten at this time of year, and yet its mention awakens pleasant recollections in the minds of those privileged to represent Haverford at the recent Y. M. C. A. convention. Too much stress can not be laid on the importance of maintaining the present number of the college delegation, and if possible increasing it.

The benefits derived from association with the class of men that attend Eaglesmere conference, is traceable indirectly by the constant increase of representatives at these conventions.

From the moment the fellows spied the quaint narrow gauge railway, which ascends to the enchanting spot, until they unloaded to gaze upon the beauty of the place itself, and to enjoy the wholesome comradeship of clean men, they were ready to give a lusty "Long and Fast for Eaglesmere."

"*All day long the noise of battle rolled.*" Arthur and his Round Table have long since vanished in the misty past. But, chivaly and mercy are not entirely extinct. The work done by Haverfordians in the war zone has been noble.

THROUGH THE GLASSES

The Birth of a Nation, Forrest Theatre

The "Birth of a Nation" is the first really great moving picture with a national significance. So great was the feeling stirred by its first presentation in Boston that race riots resulted, and in another Northern city the negroes used every means to prevent the arrival of the films. In the West, there have been no succeeding demonstrations, due possibly to the inactive part those states played, in the Civil War, though in Philadelphia the results of the unexpurgated film are yet to be seen.

Such troubles are due directly to a misunderstanding of the true motive. The average white man is simply stirred by the thrilling scenes and the negro sees only the unflattering position in which he is placed. The true American will find a great lesson in patriotism. He will see the great struggle of the Civil War and the dark days succeeding it as the tremendous efforts of a country to become a unit.

It has been remarked frequently that the United States, a republic, is lacking in that patriotic fervor which characterizes some of the countries of the Old World. More of "God save the King" and "Allons enfants de la patrie" would further the fundamental spirit of the "Birth of a Nation."

The moving scene where Northern and Southern friends meet in battle and die together, never fails to bring the handkerchiefs into full play, and a laugh always comes when the negro takes off his shoes and stockings in the Legislature.

Unquestionably the negro is placed in an unfavorable light, but shame is cast upon the Northern who made the colored man a tool. The most exciting episode is probably the night riders' rescue, where three thousand horses are claimed to be used, but whether three thousand or not the film is worth seeing, and viewed in the proper light is a force towards greater America.

—*E. T. P.*

BOOKS

A Far Country, BY WINSTON CHURCHILL, *The MacMillan Company*

Mr. Churchill has reassumed the role of a modern Isaiah in this work which rips our social fabric to shreds with the same scathing criticism that characterized the author's portrayal of the church in "The Inside of the Cup"

Briefly, the life of one Hugh Paret is taken, a boy born of Puritanical parents. Full of ambition which is curbed at home he goes through Harvard Law and works up to be one of the foremost lawyers in the state. Still full of ambition, he forges on never satisfied with his wealth or home or wife and children.

Here the question arises definitely—Can a man of his power be straight? Hugh Paret, as his first success, pulled a bill through the Legislature which was a rank piece of special legislation. From this level he descended to wholesale bribery, firmly convinced through his training in the law office, that this was the only method "right" could win.

This is the "far country" where he was obliged to eat his husks. Early training had taught Paret that wrong was wrong, yet he believed it could be made right. Hence in this unnatural moral code, everything was confused and he could find no pleasure. Perhaps the natural step came in a surreptitious love affair with a former sweetheart, but certain it is that having once thrown aside our present social and moral standards, he was devoid of any ethical standard. Even Nancy, the lover, now the wife of a wealthy polo-player, though returning his love, refuses him. Here Churchill strikes a blow at modern philosophies. Nancy says:

"I have read some of the moderns. I have caught their mania for liberty, for self-realization, but their remedies are vague, they fail to convince me that individuals achieve any *quality* by just taking what they want."

One interesting element is brought out by the teacher of Paret and by one who is called Banker Personality. This last is the spirit of a greater business. The Government should not be fighting legitimate business and business should not regard the Government as a meddlesome and hostile authority. This thought is intensified by the life and work of Krebs, a socialist leader of a new type. His life was

consecrated to paving the way for a logical economic evolution. It was his belief that the lower orders of society would be raised by the co-operation of all the forces into a greater democracy and a greater freedom.

Such new doctrines preached to Paret at a time when his discontent and realization of failure were highest turns him from his business life to seek his wife and to her alone he devotes himself forever.

As a novel the heart interest never plays too obtrusive a part, hence the lessons to be drawn, are the greatest value of the book. Like "The Inside of the Cup" it exposes the abuses of an existing institution, but gives assurance that out of this existing chaos a new order will appear.

—*E. T. Price, '17.*

ALUMNI

The Alumni Department is in receipt of several items, the full particulars of which it has as yet been unable to gather. These notes will be published in detail in the next issue. Among these are: the deaths of John T. Morris, '67; John Bacon, '87; W. W. Pusey, 2nd, '02 and the marriage of Eben Spencer, '11.

College opened Thursday, September 23d, with an enrollment of 180.

There has been only one change made in the faculty. Dr. Edward D. Snyder a former fellow of Harvard and instructor at Yale, has become instructor in English, filling the place of Dr. Victor O. Freeburg. Dr. Freeburg is now a member of the faculty at Columbia University.

The card system which this department uses makes it impossible to reach all the Alumni. It would facilitate matters if every Alumnus who has any news would send it in without a direct request. The Alumni Department is undoubtedly one of the chief features in the success of a college magazine, so the editor will appreciate you co-operation.

The following open letter to Theodore Roosevelt was sent to the leading dailies in America, and published by many of them on September 5th.

It was signed by eight Haverfordians:—

Theodore Roosevelt has clearly drawn the issue between a military and a non-military policy. The question is of vital importance; it is the most absorbing topic now before our nation. As earnest pacifists and college graduates representing several professions, we challenge the methods he so forcefully proclaims and are sending him the following open letter which is herewith released for publication.

Signed
Henry J. Cadbury, '03
J. Passmore Elkinton, '08
Edward W. Evans, '02
M. Albert Linton, '08
Alfred G. Scattergood, '98
Francis R. Taylor, '06
L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96
Stanley R. Yarnall, '92

Philadelphia
September 3, 1915

AN OPEN LETTER TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The vigor and sincerity with which you have recently pressed the cause of military preparedness and have condemned pacifists as mollycoddles, demand a reply.

In branding the motives of the pacifists as cowardly you are less generous than the pacifists themselves. They concede your sincerity. They, too, uphold the ideal of herosim and self-sacrifice which endure suffering and meet death for righteousness, justice and honor. But they condemn the method of warfare as a means to attain these ends, because the act that renders warfare effective is not the sacrifice of one's self but the killing or maiming of others; because the war spirit with its inevitable elements of ill-will, revenge and hate cannot further the highest ideal of our Christian civilization. On the other hand the true pacifists do not advocate mere passive non-resistance. They sound the call to the heroism of an aggressive, self-sacrificing, unrelenting good-will, which will endure suffering or death, not to kill or maim an enemy, but to overcome with good the evil that is in him. The method is not based upon mere impracticable sentiment. It has proved supremely effective.

Jesus of Nazareth founded a kingdom upon love, and, rather than maintain his cause by violence, died forgiving his enemies. In the uplift of mankind, what soldier has surpassed him? Seventeen centuries ago the spirit of the early Christians was victorious despite the cruelest persecution by the Roman Empire.

The great need of our country to-day is leaders to fire us with the same victorious spirit, to inspire us with the same high heroism. Young men and women will give their lives for this service as cour-

ageously as ever men went forth to battle. They await the summons from the men of vision and influence in our nation. It may lead to martyrdom but it will lead to victory.

(Signed as above).

It is with regret that we reprint the obituary of Dr. John Evans Sheppard, '79, from the *Brooklyn Eagle* of September 13th.

Putnam, Conn., September 13—Dr. John E. Sheppard of Brooklyn died today in the Day-Kimball Hospital here, after an illness from cancer. Prior to admittance to the hospital Dr. Sheppard was at his summer home in Woodstock.

Dr. John Evans Sheppard, who lived at 130 Montague street, had been for many years one of the most eminent otologists of this country. He was born June 1, 1859, at Woodland Farm, Greenwich, Cumberland Co., N. J., being the son of the late George Wood Sheppard and Ruth Bacon Sheppard. He was educated at a private boarding school of Yardley Warner's Daughters of Germantown, Pa.; Westtown Boarding School of Chester County, Pennsylvania; graduated from Haverford College in 1879 and from the Medical College of the University of Pennsylvania in 1882. He took post-graduate studies at the University of Vienna, Austria, and the University of Munich, Germany, together with hospital work in London.

He began private practice in Atlantic City in 1883, then in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, and of later years at 130 Montague street, with an office also in Manhattan. He was aural surgeon of the Brooklyn Throat Hospital, instructor in otology in the New York Postgraduate Hospital, Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital, the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, professor of otology at the New York Polyclinic, attending otologist of the Church Infirmary and Dispensary, member of the Medical Society of Kings County, charter member of the Laryngological Society, New York Otological Society, Brooklyn Pathological Society, member of the Medical Club of Brooklyn, professor of otology in the Long Island College Hospital and in the New York Polyclinic, a Fellow of the American Otological Society and a member of the Cresent Athletic Club. He wrote on dietetics as related to the ear and throat and was the author of many publications, including "Head Injuries With Aural Complications," "Pathology of the Mastoid Process," "Removal of Ossicles," "Boric Acid in Aural Therapeutics," "Deaf-Mutism" and "Mastoiditis."

Dr. Sheppard married in Brooklyn August 11, 1894, Janet Argyle Campbell, who, with their daughter Ruth, survives him. His parents were members of the Society of Firends. He was a member of the Bedford Presbyterian Church, Nostrand avenue and Dean street, Brooklyn, where his funeral services will be held Wednesday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock,

conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. S. Edward Young. The interment will be made on Thursday morning in the Friends Cemetery, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

'75

Charles E. Tebbetts who is General Secretary of the American Friends Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at Richmond, Ind., spent ten weeks during April, May and June in Missionary Conference work within the limits of Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa yearly meetings.

'99

Francis A. Evans was married to Miss Anna Rhoads Elkinton on September twenty-fourth, at the Friends Meeting House, Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride, 3613 Powelton Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans will be at home after December 1st, at 127 East Cliveden Avenue, Germantown.

A. Clement Wild is now associated with Lyman, Adams & Bishop in the general practice of law, with offices at 1610 Chicago Title & Trust Building, Chicago.

Ex. '00

Major John Addison Logan has been one of the four foreign military officers with General Joffre and the French general staff at the front. Major Logan has been in this field since December, 1914.

'02

Joseph J. Barclay is running a chicken farm at Bedford, Pa. He is enthusiastic over country life.

'03

Dr. Henry J. Cadbury left college on September 9th for Richmond, Indiana, where he is to have charge of the Biblical department at Earlham College for the first half-year, on leave of absence from Haverford. Dr. Cadbury will resume his work at Haverford for the second half-year.

'04

H. H. Brinton is a member of the faculty at Guilford College, N. C.

'08

A son was born to M. Albert Linton on September 7th. The boy was named for his father.

'09

Andreas Bryne was announced as dead at an Alumni meeting in June. A letter from Mr. Bryne was received later cheerfully denying the report. A brother of his, of the same initial, died last winter, which accounts for the erroneous rumor. Mr. Bryne has just taken an M. A. at Harvard. His address is 13 Farrar, Cambridge.

'10

E. Page Allinson has recently published a poem in "The Journal of the Home of the Merciful Saviour."

Guy S. K. Wheeler has been engaged during the summer in the

preparation of a monograph "The Age of Contempt." He expects to read this before several groups of serious thinkers during the course of the winter.

We reprint the following item from the "*Fourth Estate*" of July 17th., 1915.

Meigs O. Frost, city editor of the Galveston (Texas) News, has been compelled to take an extended vacation on account of eye trouble. Mr. Frost is spending thirty days in the mountains and hills about Llano, Texas.

'11

L. Arnold Post is connected with the American ambulance corps at Neuilly sur Seine, France.

Through the courtesy of President Sharpless, we print the following letter from Mr. Post:

July 17th.

Dear President Sharpless:—

It might interest you to know that I have taken a second in the school of Litterae Humaniores or "greats" at Oxford and am expecting to get a B. Litt. next year. There was little hope of my getting a first. The only two American Rhodes scholars who have ever done it, took three years. Just at present I am helping take care of some five hundred French soldiers who are more or less disabled and helpless. The work is extremely interesting and exacting. There is room here for orderlies almost always. Besides the initial expense a dollar a week would cover everything. Greetings to yourself and all my friends at Haverford.

L. Arnold Post.

'12

James McFadden Carpenter, Jr., was married to Miss Paulette Hagemans, daughter of the Consul General of Belgium, on August 25th at the Overbrook Presbyterian Church, Overbrook, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter will be at home after November 1st at 324 Mitchell Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

K. A. Rhoad has announced his engagement to Miss Mildred E. Bonnell of Redlands, Cal.

William E. Lewis was married to Miss Amy Lorraine Lindenmuth, on August 25th at Allentown, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis will be at home after October 1st, at 27 N 15th st., Allentown.

Mark Balderston is teaching this year at Guilford College, N. C.

'13

Norris F. Hall was awarded a George H. Emerson Scholarship

Smedley & Mehl

Lumber
and Coal

BUILDING MATERIAL

Phones, Nos. 1100 and 1101 ARDMORE

for study in chemistry for work done in the Graduate School of Arts, and Sciences, at Harvard University.

'13

L. Ralston Thomas was married to Miss Alice Stanton Bennett, on September 1st, at Pottsville, Pa.

W. S. Crowder is now with the Girard Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Joseph M. Beatty has changed his address to 81 Garfield St., Cambridge.

A. H. Goddard attended the University of Pennsylvania summer school.

George Montgomery is a teacher of English in the West Philadelphia High School.

H. V. Nicholson sails for Japan this month for service as Secretary of the Friends Mission at Tokyo.

Richard Howson is at present with the Southwark Iron Foundry.

Ex. '13

Dr. Charles G. Darlington was married to Miss Mabel Isabel Heinz on June 16th in the city of New York.

'14

L. B. Lippman is now in the employ of the New Remington Arms Co., at Eddystone, Del.

ALL READY

PYLE, INNES & BARBIERI
TAILORS FOR MEN AND BOYS

1115 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

The largest stock in the City and a knowledge of what is correct for any occasion, has placed our store in the front rank; our garments possess merit and character, and the prices are lower than others who make goods of equal quality. Samples willingly given.

Suits and Overcoats - - $25 to $50
Full Dress and Tuxedo Suits, - $40 to $75

Pyle, Innes & Barbieri,
LEADING COLLEGE TAILORS
1115 Walnut Street, - - - Philadelphia

A couple of good references will entitle you to a Charge Account

Douglas Waples has returned to the Gilman County School, Baltimore, Md., where he is teaching.

J. K. Garrigues has resumed his work as an instructor in the Haverford School.

'15

K. P. A. Taylor is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

Cyrus Falkoner is attending the Agricultural School at Cornell University.

E. N. Votaw is studying law at the University of Pennsylvania.

W. E. Veil is an assistant in chemistry at Harvard University.

L. P. Crosman is with the American Linotype Company, Philadelphia.

Paul K. Whipple and Edgar M. Bowman are teaching fellows at Haverford College.

D. B. Van Hollen and Hubert A. Howson are studying in the Harvard Law School.

G. H. Hallet is studying mathematics in the Harvard graduate school.

Yoshio Nitobe was a reporter on the *Public Ledger* staff during the summer.

C. Brinkly Turner is with the Girard Trust Company.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

PROMPT AND REASONABLE

MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.

10 ANDERSON AVENUE

ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY

ESTIMATES GIVEN PHONE 1087

OPEN EVENINGS

Your Fountain Pen

Should be fitted to your hand by a SPECIALIST

All makes repaired. Allowance on old Pens exchanged for new. Reclaimed Pens at reduced prices. *Agent for Waterman's Pens*

NICHOL, 1016 CHESTNUT STREET

HARRY HARRISON

DEPARTMENT STORE

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing and Shoes, Ladies Millinery and Trinmings

Lancaster Ave. Ardmore, Pa.

Good Hair Cutting is an art. Our men all know how, and will give you the best work at standard prices. No tipping or other annoyances.

Binder

13th above Chestnut, Philadelphia

Entire Building

INSURANCE

Fire or Burglary Insurance on Students' personal effects while at College or elsewhere.

Tourists' Floating Insurance on personal effects against all risks in transit, in hotels, etc., both in this country and abroad.

Automobile Insurance covering damage to car and liability for damage to property or for injuries to persons.

Longacre & Ewing
Bullitt Building 141 S. Fourth St.
Philadelphia

Repairing of Hall, Chimes and French Clocks a Specialty

A. A. FRANCIS, Jeweler
115 W. Lancaster Ave. PHONE 144D
Ardmore, Pa.

C. W. Scott Company

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Carriages, Wagons and Automobiles

"Careful Handling and Quality"

Send us Your Suitings to be

Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

At Reasonable Rates

Our College Agent

Mr. I. Thomas Steere

S. P. Frankenfield Sons

Undertakers

ARDMORE, PA.

Successors to

JOSIAH S. PEARCE

33 E. Lancaster Avenue

Phone, Ardmore 9

J. OWEN YETTER

General Shoe Repairing

ARDMORE, PA.

Will Collect Shoes Monday Evening and Deliver Thursday Morning

T. B. Whitson, College Agent

Attractive Wall Paper
At Popular Prices

A. L. Diament & Co.

1515 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM S. YARNALL

Manufacturing Optician

118 S. 15th Street. Philadelphia

Phone 258

C. E. Edwards

Confectioner

ICE CREAM AND FANCY ICES,
FANCY CAKES

Ramsey Building BRYN MAWR, PA.

Bell, Market 1632, 1633 Keystone, Main 109, 110, 111

A. N. RISSER CO., Inc.

PURVEYORS OF

MEATS, PROVISIONS
BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY

215 Callowhill Street, ∴ Philadelphia

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

ROBERT GIBSON, 1917 *Editor-in-Chief*

D. C. WENDELL, 1916 — W. H. CHAMBERLIN, 1917

G. A. DUNLAP, 1916 — C. D. VAN DAM, 1917

J. G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) — ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 — Single copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII — HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1915 — No. 6

Colby Dorr Van Dam, '17,

We have the pleasure of announcing the election of Colby Dorr Van Dam, '17, to the editorial board.

In This Issue

Special Features

The Panama Expositions.....Joshua L. Baily, Jr., '12 221

The Prophet of Holy Russia.....W. H. Chamberlin, '17 229

Preparedness.....Carroll D. Champlin, '14 240

Little Albert.....C. Van Dam, '17 249

Stories

The Spectre of St. Andrew's Church...Donald G. Baird, '15 234

Circumstantial Evidence.....Robert Gibson, '17 245

Verse

For the Slain.....Albert H. Stone, '16 239

The Blind Beggar.....Donald G. Baird, '15 248

Departments

The Uneasy Chair..... 253

Alumni.....Donald H. Painter, '17 254

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1915 No. 6.

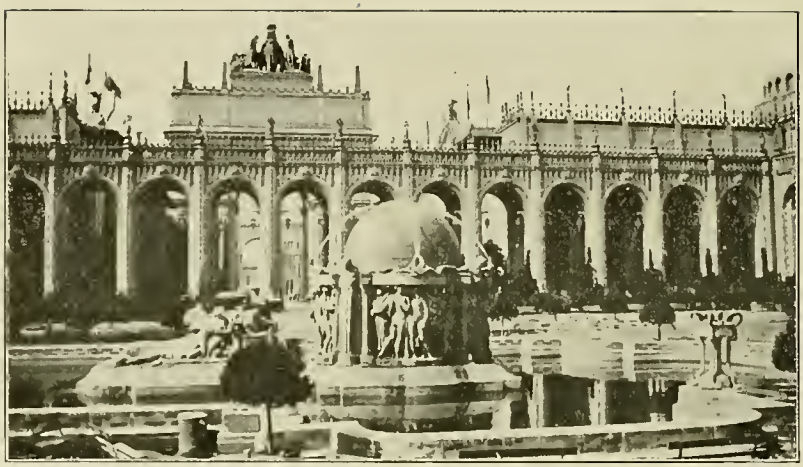
The Panama Expositions

IT is always asked by visitors from the East why there need be two expositions commemorative of the same event, and the answer is the old story of Remus and Romulus quarreling over the site of the city. San Diego claimed the fair on grounds of priority, the expense fund having been subscribed as early as 1910. The following year San Francisco entered the field with six times the population, and consequently six times the money and advertising.

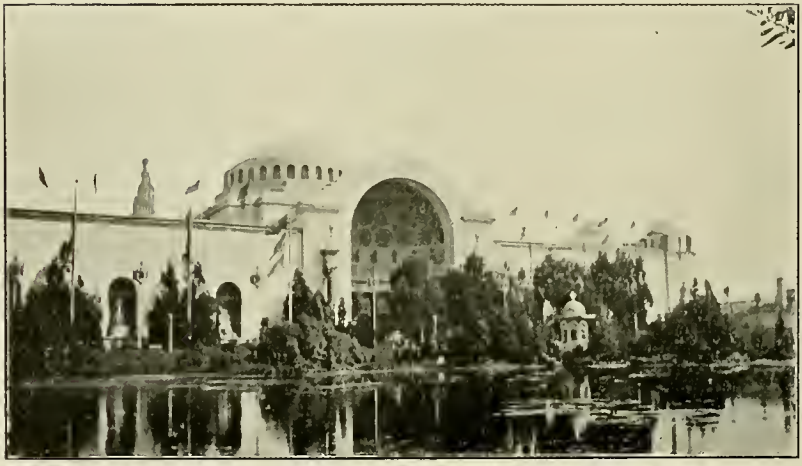
The Philadelphian finds much on the map of San Francisco to remind him of home. Among the streets may be mentioned Market, Filbert, Chestnut, Sansom, Pine, Green, Lombard, and Montgomery Avenue. There are also the ferries at the foot of Market Street, and Laurel Hill Cemetery. Here the resemblance ceases. San Francisco has water on three sides, consequently its expansion has been somewhat limited, but it extends upward further than any city in the East. It is no uncommon thing for the difference in altitude between the ends of a city block to exceed the height of a six-story building. This slope is steeper than the angle at which gravity overcomes traction, and trolley cars are enabled to negotiate them by means of an endless cable, so that the car descending the grade pulls the other up, the two balancing each other.

Although San Francisco has two parks of considerable size, neither was available for the Panama-Pacific exposition, and it was necessary to reclaim 600 odd acres from the bay for the purpose, a remarkable operation successfully accomplished. The ground so made is divided into three parts, devoted to the amusement concessions, the exhibits, and the state and foreign buildings. The whole is surrounded by a wall made of wooden boxes in which mesembryanthemum, the California substitute for sod, has been planted, producing a very beautiful and individual effect.

The most conspicuous object in the grounds is the Tower of Jewels, so called on account of the artificially manufactured jewels ornamenting it, making it a "scintillant coruscation of beauty." Searchlights con-



COURT OF ABUNDANCE (P. P I. E.)



PALACE OF EDUCATION (P. P. I. E.)

cealed all over the grounds play upon it by night, making it sparkle like the cotton batting snow so much in demand at Christmas time. But a more extreme lighting effect is produced by the Scintillator, a device that imitates the Aurora Borealis. Unfortunately, it is very seldom employed. The screen on which it is thrown is an artificial cloud, generated by a steam locomotive kept for that purpose.

The lighting system reaches its highest development in the Court of Abundance. Two high altars send up clouds of incense, and red electric lights concealed in the altars illuminate the smoke. Serpents whose bifurcated tongues serve as gas jets are conspicuous among the ornamentation of still other altars, while more artfully concealed lights shed a diffused red glow on the architecture, with no line of discontinuity between darkness and light.

The most beautiful building in the exposition is the Palace of Fine Arts. The San Franciscans appreciate this, and are raising a fund to convert it into a permanent structure. Unlike all the other buildings in appearance, it is semicircular in shape, embracing a lagoon, on which the black swans glide slowly about, admiring the fidelity with which the fluted columns of the Palace are reflected on its surface. The statuary lining the edge of the lagoon is well worthy of the attention it receives, one statue in particular of Franklin, by Dr. R. T. Mackenzie, of the U. of Pa., being of great interest.

Architecturally, the exhibit buildings show little variety. In fact, they have a rather incomplete appearance. Many have half-domes on the walls, making them look as if turned inside out. The expansive walls are unbroken by windows, giving them a barren aspect, and the skylights seem truncated. But inside the exhibits present great diversity. Possibly the best are those of the Bell Telephone Co., in which a conversation between New York and San Francisco takes place, and the Edison Kinetophone is demonstrated, and of the Ford Co. in which Ford cars are assembled in twenty minutes. The story goes that a man called up the manager of the Ford exhibit and asked if it were true that they assembled a car in such record time, and on being answered affirmatively replied, "That must be the car I bought."

Among so many exhibits it is difficult to select any as being unusually good, and different people will naturally be impressed in different ways. My own personal selection would include exhibits by the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Carnegie Institution, and the U. S. Commission on Fish and Fisheries.

The state buildings are for the most part rather uninteresting, as they contain few exhibits. The New Jersey building is interesting be-

cause it contains so many photographs, but the best drawing card is the Pennsylvania building with the Liberty Bell; but when the latter is taken to San Diego there will remain nothing of peculiar interest to the Pennsylvanian except the bulletin board where news items are posted. The California state building is an exception, as it is full of exhibits, but it is grouped with the main exhibit buildings, and one never thinks of it as a state building.

The effect produced on the mind of a visitor is that of immensity. There is so much to be seen and heard that while one may be deeply

PALACE OF FINE ARTS (P. P. I. E.)

impressed, the impression is very likely to resemble that of a negative on which multiple exposures have been made. It is very different at San Diego. To compare the two would be like comparing a Liszt symphonic poem to a Mozart string quartet. The most satisfactory distinction that can be made is perhaps that the Panama-Pacific appeals to the emotion, while the Panama-California appeals to the imagination. The Panama-California exposition is in three dimensions, instead of two, as that at San Francisco. San Diego has perhaps a larger park area in proportion to population than any other city in the world, and no more ideal location for an exposition could be imagined than Balboa Park (surveyed by a Haverfordian, it is interesting to note). The entrance to the fair is by way of the Puente Cabrillo, named for the discoverer of San Diego in 1542. It is a seven-arched concrete bridge, 135 feet above

the lily pond beneath it, leading to the ocean gate, beyond which is the Prado, lined by exposition buildings.

Within the gate, the grounds are a wild riot of variegated and brilliant coloring. The floral exhibits (the best of which are the canna beds by Conard and Jones, of West Grove, Pa.), the peacocks and golden pheasants strolling about the lawns and Gardens of Montezuma, the richly colored marquesitas above the windows, and the tiles on the domes, all seem to rival each other in presenting to the eye of the visitor their azure, orange, and scarlet. The prevailing type of architecture is Spanish-Renascence, characterized by a wealth of ornamentation and statuary about the doorways.

The most significant building, architecturally, is that of the state of California. Its dome is modeled after that of the cathedral at Taxco, Mexico, the most beautiful church in America. About its base runs a Latin inscription from Deut. 8:8, and no more appropriate inscription could be found. The tower has its prototypes in Seville and Cordoba, and the fachada is said to be the finest in existence. In its niches stand statues of noted characters connected with San Diego history, Cabrillo, Viscaino, Portoba, Vancouver, Ascension, Jaume, Serra, and others, together with the arms of the four nations that claimed San Diego: Spain, Mexico, California, and the United States.

Within the building is an exhibit by the American Institute of Archaeology. This association has been engaged in making very extensive excavations in Yucatan and Guatemala, and the space beneath the dome is occupied entirely by models of temples and monoliths from Guirigua, Palenque, Chichen Itza, Uxmal, etc. In the vestibule is a replica of the Farnham Historical Frieze in the Pan-American Union at Washington, one of the "most important achievements in modern American sculpture." Above the front door the date of the opening of the exposition, Jan. 1st, 1915, is inscribed in Maya hieroglyphics.

There are other exhibits of interest in this building, such as the pictures of the Santa Ysabel and Mesa Grande Indians, by Mr. Edward H. Davis, one of the few white men to be elected "El Capitan" by an Indian tribe; the series of pictures illustrating the evolution of exposition architecture, the Franciscan Chapel, the Fine Arts exhibit, and the Pioneers' exhibit, but only passing mention may be made of them here.

The Science of Man building contains the most complete anthropological exhibit in the world. Here are fac-similes of the bones of the men of Spy, the Laquina woman, the Neanderthal man, the Heidelberg man, the Piltdown man, and the Java ape-man, Pithecanthropus. This collection has greatly increased in value since the European war, so

many of the originals from which these casts have been made having been destroyed. There is also a series of twelve busts, by the Belgian sculptor Mascre made just before his disappearance, also a victim of the war. They are restorations from the bones described above.

There is one more archaeological exhibit in addition to these—the Indian Arts, in which baskets, blankets, pottery, implements of stone, obsidian, and hardened copper, totem poles, tepees, and Eskimo igloos, are to be seen, an interesting exhibit, but one whose full significance can not be appreciated except after long-continued study.

Just outside this building is the Plaza de Panama, a large open square, stocked with 5,000 pigeons, which have become very intimate with the tourists, many of whom have their pictures taken feeding the pigeons that are roosting all over them.

In a semitropical climate like that of San Diego a glass-roofed botanical building would have added but little, consequently the greenhouse is built of lath and serves as little more than a windbreak. In front of it is the Laguna de las Flores, a pond in which lilies of three colors, and lotus flowers and hyacinths, luxuriate, and on whose banks grow pampas grass and papyrus, where the goldfish play and the humming birds taste the blossoms of the century plants by day, and the hylas pipe their song by night.

The outdoor organ is of importance, being the largest in the world, and many artists who have visited San Diego have sung to its accompaniment. Much more characteristic music may be heard, however, by attending the entertainments by the Hawaiian and Spanish troupes, who are constantly performing at some point in the grounds.

The state of New Mexico is the only one to refuse to divide its appropriation, consequently its building has not been duplicated at San Francisco. The Forestry Service maintains an exhibit on the second floor of this building, which is a reproduction of the old governor's palace at Santa Fe, and the best state building, except that of California, on the grounds.

In addition to the state buildings are the California County buildings, whose exhibits are largely of local interest. Possibly the best of these is the potter who makes small articles, and sometimes large ones, too, on a potter's wheel. He is quite an artist and is developing an American fictile art.

It is not generally known that there are three fairs being held on the Pacific Coast this year. The third is at Tia Juana, Mexico, and in some respects is more truly Spanish in spirit than either of the other two. Here one may gamble according to the most approved or disproved meth-

LAGUNA DE LAS FLORES (P. C. E.)

CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING (P. C. E)

ods; one may stake a fortune on a throw of dice or turn of a wheel, here one may bet on a cockfight every afternoon, and witness a bullfight every Sunday. The laws of Lower California do not permit horses in the arena, so other spectacular events are staged, such as fights between a bull and a tiger, or a bull and a lion, a bull dog and a wild cat, or coyote, or a man and a chimpanzee. Most of these events are farces, but two of the wealthiest interests of the vicinity, one from each side of the line, are co-operating to build a track for horse-racing that is to surpass that at Ciudad Juarez. Tia Juana is just far enough north to be of easy access from San Diego, and far enough south to be out of the jurisdiction of the United States, which explains the slogan, "The Lid is off at Tia

EL PRADO (P. C. E.)

Juana," and ever since the gambling concessions on the Isthmus at San Diego have closed, the Tia Juana fair has prospered mightily.

There has been much expression of thought on keeping the Panama-California exposition open one more year. In such a case, many of the exhibits at San Francisco will be brought south, especially those of the belligerent nations. The race track at Tia Juana will prove an active drawing card for eastern visitors, and a movement is on foot to establish museums in any of the buildings which may be vacated, so that there will be something to appeal to every one who takes advantage of the opportunity to visit Nueva Espana by the Harbor of the Sun.

—*Joshua L. Baily, Jr., 1912.*

San Diego, Cal.

The Prophet of Holy Russia

IN accounts of the great struggle that is now devastating Europe, one's attention is sometimes arrested by the phrase, "Holy Russia." The question naturally arises: why are Russia's claims to sanctity any more valid than those of Germany, France, England, or Belgium? Perhaps the most satisfactory solution of this problem may be found in a study of the works of Fedor Mikhailovitch Dostoievsky, one of the most distinguished figures in the small group of Russian novelists, who have done so much to exalt their country's literature.

Dostoievsky was born in Moscow in 1821. His father was an official, of one of the lower grades. After receiving the education of a military engineer, Fedor decided to take up the profession of writing. He contributed to a number of magazines and published his first novel, "Poor Folk." But his career was abruptly suspended by an event which was destined to exert a compelling influence on his life-work.

The revolutionary year of 1848 acted as a stimulus to independent thought, even in despotic Russia. Dostoievsky joined a progressive debating society, whose topics of discussion, harmless as they seem to us, were regarded by the Russian government as highly treasonable. Arrested, with a number of his companions, the young writer was condemned to death. He had actually been led to the scaffold, when an officer rode up, bearing an imperial decree, commuting his sentence from death to exile in Siberia. In the period of his exile (1849–1853) Dostoievsky's views on life seem to have undergone decisive modification. Far from despising his fellow-convicts, he sought to recognize their good qualities, even humbly acknowledging that many of them were far better men than he himself. He had no faith in the intellectual aristocracy of Plato, Nietzsche and Renan. The culture which appealed to him was that which aimed at the enlightenment and uplift of all humanity. "I see no reason," he says, "why all the millions of my fellow-Russians should not become cultured, happy, and contented." Equally notable is his attitude towards the reactionary government, which had so cruelly persecuted him. The sentence of death, the long years of tedious exile in Siberia bred in him no vindictive desire for revenge. On the contrary, he always spoke of the action of the government as having paved the way for his spiritual regeneration. Like his successor, Tolstoi, he preached the doctrine of unconditional non-resistance.

So much for the psychological effects of his exile. The remaining facts of his life may be briefly summarized. Returning to Russia, he achieved his most significant literary triumph with the publication of

"Crime and Punishment," in 1866. The success of this novel in Russia was enormous, and its reputation soon spread to other lands. The book is still the most widely read novel in the Russian language. Dostoievsky devoted the last fifteen years of his life to literary activity. Among his more important works may be mentioned, "The Brothers Karamazov," "The Idiot," and "The House of the Dead." (The latter is a record of the writer's Siberian experiences.) He died in 1881, and was escorted to his grave by thousands of his countrymen, who paid to his genius a tribute more spontaneous and sincere than any ever accorded to czar or emperor.

We are now led to inquire what elements in his mind and heart could have inspired such enthusiastic devotion. Let us first consider him purely as a novelist. Upon a first consideration of his works, the most unskilled critic cannot fail to detect a number of serious flaws. His books are written in a loose and cumbersome style, which often necessitates excessive length. He delights in melodramatic coincidences, and lacks altogether the smooth polish which is such a notable feature of the work of Turgeniev and Tolstoi. But the reader completely loses sight of his faults in the contemplation of two qualities in which Dostoievsky is surpassed by few writers in any tongue: dramatic power and psychological analysis. A few examples from his works may help to illustrate these points.

The hero of "Crime and Punishment," unbalanced by lack of food and long, solitary brooding, murders an old woman moneylender and her sister for the sake of their gains. As he is about to flee from the scene of his crime, he hears someone beginning to ascend the stairs. The picture of the bloodstained murderer, crouched behind the locked door, listening, in frenzied terror, to the inexorable approach of the steps, is worthy of Shakespeare in his highest moments of tragic power. Take another scene from the same novel. The murderer, half-crazed by morbid remorse for his crime, falls in with a young girl, who, through no fault of her own, through an irresistible combination of hostile circumstances, has fallen into the mire of prostitution. Bitterly the murderer rehearses the dark arguments of his atheistic philosophy. And, in reply, the girl, in the face of her shame, her misery, her dark forebodings and doubts, opens the Bible, the only book she has ever known, and, by a miracle of triumphant faith, reads the account of the resurrection of Lazarus, filling herself once more with confidence in the existence of a divine justice and mercy, in the possibility of a new life of hope and regeneration. The effect of this scene can only be compared to a burst of glorious sunshine from skies of leaden darkness. And there is another

scene in "Crime and Punishment," which possesses elements of thrilling dramatic power. A worthless debauchee, cynic and sensualist, Svidrigailoff by name, is inspired with a mad passion for a pure and innocent girl. Having, as he thinks, lured her into his power, he is suddenly confronted by two loaded pistols. Cynically indifferent to danger, he advances to seize his prey. The girl fires one shot, missing him by a narrow margin. He continues to advance; suddenly she throws away her other pistol, and sinks down, helpless as a trapped bird. Svidrigailoff turns and leaves her, inspired with a vague, ineffable longing for something higher and nobler than anything he has ever known; he commits suicide the next day.

Surely even the bare outline of these scenes must give some indication of the titanic power of the man who created them. But one could go on with similar descriptions indefinitely; for "Crime and Punishment" is a succession of dramatic climaxes, piled high on each other, like the fabled peaks of Ossa and Olympus.

Nor is Dostoievsky's psychological insight less remarkable than his tragic power. In "The Brothers Karamazov" we have a remarkable picture of the development and interaction of a number of complex characters. One feature of Dostoievsky's character painting is his ability to recognize and express the base and noble sentiments of his characters simultaneously. In "Crime and Punishment" we have the spectacle of the drunken Marmeladoff, sunk in the lowest degradation, still retaining a genuine and passionate interest in the welfare of his family. A Puritan moralist might sneer at such a combination of noble feeling and ignoble action; but we cannot but feel that this very combination is only too characteristic of weak and erring humanity. Dostoievsky never paints a character of one hue. The perfect hero and the melodramatic villain are conspicuous by their absence in his works. His characters are living, breathing men and women, whom we love in spite of their faults, and whose virtues never blind us to their humanity. With all his mysticism and religious faith, Dostoievsky is an uncompromising realist, as genuine and convincing in his depiction of character as Flaubert or Zola.

But equally fascinating with Dostoievsky, the dramatist and psychologist, is Dostoievsky, the mystic, the interpreter of the vague spiritual yearnings of Holy Russia. For, in almost all his books, we find a rich vein of religious and philosophic thought, out of which we are able to construct the author's peculiar and interesting views on life. The foundations of Dostoievsky's mystic philosophy are laid in humility, abnegation, sacrifice and expiation. His conception of the duty of self-

depreciation is especially wide and far-reaching. No matter how bad a man may be, one has no right to condemn him, even secretly. In "The Brothers Karamazov" the pure monk, Alyosha, the embodiment of Dostoievsky's spiritual ideals, feels no impulse to condemn, or even to despise his disreputable rake of a father. Dostoievsky follows out Christ's principles of non-resistance and unconditional submission to violence and wrong to their logical extent. Another strong element in the Russian writer's work is a mystic yearning for self-sacrifice, for expiation. It is not very easy to attain a complete understanding of Dostoievsky's views on this point. He seems to feel an overpowering consciousness that everyone is, somehow, partly responsible for the sin and misery of mankind, and that it is the duty of everyone to offer expiation, in some way, for this responsibility. It is this strange, vague, but powerful impulse that drives the saturnine murderer of "Crime and Punishment" to confess his crime and suffer its penalty. Another very striking feature of Dostoievsky's philosophy is the emphasis laid upon love and pity. His God has none of the wrathful attributes of Jehovah; no human sin can exceed the divine pity and forgiveness. And his conception of hell-fire is the torment of those who are unable to love their fellow-men. Dostoievsky's whole religion may be summed up as a creed of moral and intellectual democracy, founded on the principles of faith, love, and humility. And his democracy is the more real and convincing because of its utter freedom from the affectation, from the straining after effect, which one is sometimes led to suspect in certain other noted republicans, such as Rousseau, Hugo, and Walt Whitman.

But, it may be inquired, why is Dostoievsky to be taken as the authoritative spokesman of the Russian people? Why do his personal theories necessarily represent the ideals of a great part of his countrymen? Such objections certainly would apply to any treatment of Kant, or Schopenhauer, or Hegel, or Nietzsche, or Eucken, as the *typical* German philosopher. But in Russia we do not find any such diversity of philosophic belief. The influence of the Radicals and Nihilists is largely confined to the cities. And there can be little doubt that the unconscious thought and feeling of the Russian peasant finds its best expression in the genius of Dostoievsky and Tolstoi. The immense popularity of Dostoievsky's works in Russia, the extraordinary homage paid to his memory at his funeral, are convincing proofs of the firm hold that he has upon the hearts of the Russian people.

The reasons which led me to choose Dostoievsky, instead of his more celebrated compatriot, Tolstoi, as the representative of spiritual Russia, may require some explanation. Tolstoi, like our own Walt

Whitman, was filled with a burning desire to get away from the world of fashion, of culture and dilettanteism, and to reach the common people. And, by a curious irony of fate, both the Russian novelist and the American poet are now chiefly interesting to the literary critics and dilettanti whom they despised and contemned during their life. For the "common people" of America do not read Whitman. If they read poetry at all, they prefer a writer who expresses a simple message in melodious verse, a poet of the type of Longfellow or Tennyson. And the same condition applies, if in lesser degree, to Tolstoi. The exquisite beauty of "Anna Karenina" may well have a general appeal; but only professional critics or devotees of a personal cult can derive much enjoyment from the pages of metaphysical and moral discussion which bulk so large in "War and Peace" and "The Resurrection." Dostoievsky, on the other hand, makes no effort to "reach" the people; he is one of them himself. His style is easy and colloquial, even if it is loose and long-drawn-out. And, above all, he is a novelist of emotion; while Tolstoi is often inclined to subordinate every other consideration to the working out of some abstract intellectual problem. Hence it can easily be seen that Dostoievsky gives a much clearer and simpler picture of the people with whom he is in natural accord than Tolstoi can give of the people whom he is striving to reach.

So Dostoievsky stands out, with peculiar vividness, as the Prophet of Holy Russia—not the Russia of the Romanoffs, the Jew-haters, the Black Hundreds; nor yet the Russia of the militant anarchists and atheistic radicals, but the Russia whose spiritual ideals of humility and self-abnegation, sacrifice and expiation have received the seal of the Great Teacher of Galilee. And it is to this Russia, to Holy Russia, that the spiritual psychologists of the future may well look for light on some of their most vital problems.

—W. H. C., '17.

The Spectre of St. Andrew's Church

HENRY FIELD was merely an organist, in a little town in Connecticut, of the familiar type which teaches the mischievous boys of small cities and villages to sing praises to their Maker for the munificent sum of fifty cents per month and twenty-five cents extra if their conduct so merits. There was no mystery or romance in his life, it was decidedly uneventful. Never deviating from his musical studies, he had not dealt in those healthy, innocent love affairs so natural to a young man. Women were distasteful to Henry, particularly young women. Whenever he found himself in their presence, his hands felt twice their normal size and his collar seemed to be several inches smaller.

It was his custom to leave Mrs. Quilley's "select" boarding house, where the pretty young schoolmistress scientifically laid snares for him and the old ladies discussed him over their tatting and knitting, at exactly four o'clock in the afternoon to practice at St. Andrew's Church.

The diminutive organist walked down the lively little street in a most absent-minded manner, seeing no one that passed or saluted him, his mind dwelling in a perfect maze of notes, bars, sharps, flats, double sharps and scales.

Henry's mind was never fully upon a conversation; instead, he would go browsing off into musical clover fields. It was said that he sometimes played divine music without being conscious of it. This was simply because he had mastered the art of improvising.

On this eventful day he left Mrs. Quilley's at the usual time, and ambled down Center Street toward the church. He was an odd sight, this little organist, with rather unkempt brown hair, a black suit that had the appearance of never seeing a clothes-brush, and a black and white necktie up almost under his right ear. His mild brown eyes were very nearly eclipsed by a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, which perched high on his aquiline nose.

When Henry entered the church it was his custom to lock the door on the inside, because he preferred to be alone during practicing hours. There had been a time when he left the door open, but all the old ladies in the parish congregated there to listen and give vent to many soft "Oh's" and "Ah's" when the divine music stirred their doting old souls. With the old ladies there came very often, especially in Lent, some of the young girls of the little city, which disconcerted him not a little.

Henry Field, although he did not know it, was a desirable "catch"; he was honest, received a comfortable little salary, and his father, the

military band leader and composer of stirring marches, had willed him a good fortune. This accounted for the presence of some of the young ladies.

Having locked the door and walked up the nave into the chancel, he dusted the organ bench with a soiled handkerchief, turned on the water-motor and arranged his music. Henry worked by schedule, playing first the hymns for the coming Sunday, then the anthem, then the Te Deum, and winding up with the offertory. When the work was thus dispatched, he would play—as he said; any average mortal would call it work.

He had just finished something by Sullivan, and was beginning on a dainty little composition by Mozart (you have heard them, they begin 'way up in the third manual in the reeds) when from the darkest corner of the nave came a mournful, heart-rending sigh which was echoed in whispers among the heavy rafters. What can it be? thought Henry. He had locked the door! Probably imagination. Yes, surely, that was it. He began again. Again that mournful sound, and a rustling as of skirts. A woman! What was a woman doing in there at this hour? This was deplorable that he should be bothered in this way! He would certainly have Mr. Phipps, the sexton, reprimanded very severely for not keeping the lock on the church door in order.

Henry made another attempt. Again that pathetic sigh, and more rustling and ripping of cloth. Sheer peevishness made him bold, and without turning around, he asked:

"Oh, I say! Would you mind not wheezing in that silly way? It's—it's very annoying, you know."

"Very well," answered a sweet feminine voice.

The organist was progressing beautifully when he was startled by a rush of damp, ill-smelling air which seemed to fill the church and—"Why has the governor not hanged *you?*"

Here Henry made two fearful discords and put on the trumpet-stop in his excitement.

"What—what—why should I be hanged?" he managed to stammer.

"They hanged my sister and they hanged me," replied the voice, "because that my sister made sweet music on little rods of iron, and I helped her."

"You were hanged!" gasped the organist, and here his eyes managed to pierce the deep gloom of the church. What he saw there made him break into a cold perspiration, and the back of his neck felt drawn and bristly. One of the large stone slabs with which the nave was paved had been raised up, and beside the dark hole that it left stood a very beautiful young girl, clumsily wrapped in a cheap cloth shroud.

The cloth was mouldy and brown with age. She had pushed the wrappings back from her head and allowed her dark hair to fall down her back. Henry, being extremely artistic, could not help showing admiration even in his terror. The girl noticed this.

"Yes, there was a time when I was very fair, but they spoiled it all," and she tore her arms free from the soggy cloth and rubbed her neck gently. Henry could vaguely see, as she moved nearer, that there were hideous deep blue lines and ridges on the white skin.

The girl moved closer to the chancel steps and the organist began to feel panicky, but he realized that the only way to escape was through the organ loft, and his knees were too busy knocking against each other to bear him up the ladder. So he decided to engage her in conversation.

"Wh-who are you?"

"Mercy Clawson, sir."

"When were you—ah—executed?" he asked. He was becoming bolder since it was evident that she intended doing him no immediate harm.

"On the second day of May in the year of our Lord sixteen hundred and sixty-two," she replied, "about forty paces from the north side of this church. It may be known to you that they did build this church over part of the Potters' Field in which we were buried.

"Sarah yearned always for bright things and music, and when she found that she could make music with little pieces of iron she would leave her spinning to go up in the loft and play and sing. It happened that Hannah Dinsborough, the daughter of our nearest neighbor, heard Sarah playing one day and said that she was a witch, and that I aided her in entertaining the devil with his warlocks and witches. It did us no good to deny it. All of the townsfolk believed her, and they accordingly seized us and took us to the witch-finder, who pricked us with sundry long pins, but we could not make outcry for very shame."

"Why did the girl say that you were witches?" asked the organist.

"In truth she was afflicted with jealousy, because Jonathan Bassett's son paid court to Sarah."

"Why didn't you make a noise and object?" asked Henry.

"We did so, but the people said that it was the devil prompting us. Anyhow, they all were anxious to have an execution, because the governor was coming to town and it was their desire that he should enjoy himself, as they desired to stand strongly in his favor."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"Indeed yes, but that did us no good. The governor came into town from Hartford, and when he heard of the execution in his honor,

he was much pleased, and asked to see us. (This our gaoler told us.) He came to the door of our cell, looked sharply at us and said, 'Hum! Truly these are witches.' But his eyes were bleared with drink and he could not have known.

"Here ended all hope for us. My poor mother was nigh unto death with grief and fright. They would not suffer her to see us or embrace us; she could only speak from outside a narrow little window. Here she spent most of her time sobbing and trying to comfort us." Here the girl bowed her head and shook with sobs; then, calming herself, she continued: "Goody Trumbull happened by and said to my mother—

"'You should rejoice that yon witches are to be killed, even though they be your children; 'tis for the good of the colony.'

"'Twould be better for the colony if they would hang those that spread such evil reports, and those of high authority who sanction this ill-treatment of innocent women,' said mother.

"'Hush!' said Goody Trumbull, 'those words, if overheard, are apt to bring trouble.'

"'I care not,' said my mother, and fell to weeping bitterly.

"The time appointed being come, our gaoler led us out. Pale we must have been, but we did not tremble or shrink, and even that assembly of crazed folk who awaited us outside the prison murmured their admiration.

"Never shall I forget the little town of Winsor as it was on that spring day, with the meeting-house shaded by the two great elms and the birds singing merrily. When we turned the corner of the meeting-house, there, stark and black against the sky, stood the gallows. But we kept on.

"We were led into the meeting-house, where many of the elders were present, and that great assembly of people filled the room. The governor came in with the rest of the magistrates and sat within the bar. The trial was tedious, but in short the accusers were called forth and bidden to give their evidence. This they did, and out of a few simple psalm tunes and jingles and tinkling iron grew up the most gruesome and horrible falsehoods. The people were mad, and the magistrates were eager to please. We knew before trial what our fate would be. Were not the gallows ready?

"Finally we were asked sundry questions, one of which I remember distinctly. It was this: 'Now will you confess that the devil and witches visited you frequently, and that you played and sang unholy music for his revels?'

"We remained silent. Then the people—the folk who had called

themselves our friends and had known us as children—spat on us, struck us, and tore our clothing almost from our backs. They were crazy—crazed with superstition and lust of blood.

"The magistrates decided that our guilt was so evident that our execution must be carried out straightway. Then we were taken from the meeting-house to the place of execution, with the throng howling about us and calling us vile names.

"My sister was led up the ladder first and when she was standing ready and praying softly, young Jonathan Bassett shouted out against them all and tried to save Sarah, but they cried that she had bewitched him and held him back, although he struggled hard to get free. When the plank fell I swooned, and when I was revived I was told that my poor mother had been led from the accursed place quite mad, which was a blessing."

"What then?" questioned Henry.

"Then I walked up the ladder as the blood-red sun sank below Winsor hills, commended myself to God, and bowed my head for the noose——"

Suddenly Henry again felt that rush of damp, foul air and the figure seemed to sink as the paving stone dropped back into its place.

When Henry Field came to himself he was lying on the davenport in Mrs. Quilley's sitting room, with a doctor and the young schoolmistress by his side. The latter was gently applying witch-hazel to his throbbing head and calling him pet names. Henry was astonished to find that this was not at all unpleasant; in fact he rather enjoyed it, and lay there blinking under the anxious gaze of the exceedingly pretty schoolmistress.

"What happened?" the bewildered and entranced Henry finally managed to ask.

"Ceiling of organ-loft fell; beam hit your head; sexton found you. Don't talk," growled the doctor.

Henry dozed off again, with the hand of his fair attendant tightly clasped in his own.

The next week Henry and the schoolmistress spent a day at Hartford,and at his suggestion they went to the Library, where Henry asked to see a certain book. When it was found, Henry carefully searched its crisp pages, brown with age. On page 44 he found—

"May it please yr Honble Court, we the grand inquest now setting for the County of Winsor, being made sensable, not only by common fame (but by testamonies duly billed to us) that Sarah & Mercy Clawson daughters of Thankful Clawson, both of Winsor, remain under the suss-

pition of useing witchecraft, which is abomanable both in ye sight of God & man and ought to be witnessed against. We do therefore (in complyance to our duty, the discharge of our oathes and that trust reposed in us) presente the above mentioned persons to the Honble Court of Assistants now setting in Winsor, that they may be taken into Custody & proceeded against according to their demerits.

"in behalfe of the Grand Jury,
"Joseph Dinsborough, foreman.

"Winsor 15th, Apr., 1662"

And written below in a strong hand was—

"Clawson, Sarah and Mercy; daughters of Thankful Clawson. Executed for witchcraft May 2, 1662."

Henry quickly closed the book and handed it back to a library attendant, who carefully placed it in its lined box.

"Why, Henry! I didn't know you were interested in the Salem witchcraft scare," said the schoolmistress.

"Oh, tolerably, tolerably," mumbled Henry as they went out to lunch. He was too faint to say any more, and his collar seemed too small for his neck. But the fact remains that Henry never told what he saw and heard in the dark nave of the church on that eventful afternoon.

—*Donald G. Baird, '15.*

For the Slain

White waves that beat in vain,
Storm-cloud and driving rain,
Tempest and hurricane,
Wail for thee.

Long shadows creeping slow,
Sad gusts bemoaning low,
Rose leaves that withered blow,
Mourn for thee.

Gray fields that silent lie,
Chill rain from leaden sky,
Willows that droop, and I
Weep for thee.

—*Albert H. Stone, '16.*

Preparedness

DISCUSSIONS on preparedness are the order of the day. In times of international crises and world-wide disturbances, it is well to be awake to possible exigencies. But the world is always at war. Every day is a battle to which we are all called by the great conscription of nature, and for which a college education aims to provide a complete and incomparable preparation. There will be found herein no treatment of armaments, so called, but of ornaments which are a safer and more substantial defense to individuals than dreadnoughts and regiments are to nations. Historic and current events prove the fallacy of the claim that a nation is immune from attack when primed for resistance; but that personal preparedness is a preventive against abuse and injury cannot be so readily refuted. I wish to write regarding two aspects of this better kind of preparedness.

The physical equipment of men is the first phase to be considered. Digressing a little at the start, America's peace proclivities are due in great part to the combative natures and practices of her citizens, paradoxical as this may seem. Halls of legislation, stock markets, athletic fields, etc., are the scenes of continual conflict; and it is in such places that we Americans express our passion for rivalry and competition. We energize our instincts in a harmless manner, yet in a profitable way withal. We are so occupied with our daily struggles for intellectual, business, and athletic supremacy that we allow no such cankerous hatreds to arise as the peoples of Europe seem to have for one another. Especially are our diamonds and gridirons excellent safety-valves for draining us of any desire to plan and perpetrate wars. Team enthusiasm and rigorous training are efficient substitutes for military discipline. Doubtless the European powers will imitate us eventually.

Our many games have their individual benefits, but it is impossible to continue some of them after graduation. They are too violent for the indulgence of the average man, as he advances to middle life. Furthermore, our arms will need the most attention, for men must of necessity do much walking in performing their daily duties. A few minutes of judicious boxing twice a week will enable any man to keep the muscles of his arms on a par with those of his legs. Men who box are quick and strong because they box; they do not box because they are quick and strong. Boxing is a practical and pleasant form of life insurance; and there are no premiums to pay. A man can have no more healthful and fascinating physical hobby. Nor is this sport so strenuous as some are inclined to believe. The aim should be skill and generalship, not mere

slugging ability. Judgment of time and distance are essential for success. Boxing broadens the shoulders, strengthens the neck, and forestalls obesity. Moreover, the expert performer is always courageous and confident in times of attack, and he is always phlegmatic and composed in the midst of excitement. Men are ever in danger of assault from rioters and thugs, but he who knows what to do and how to do it, is comparatively secure. The boxer is seldom boastful or given to brawling. It is a well-known fact that order is easily maintained in those parts of a large city where boxing clubs are located. The fighting spirit is curbed rather than stimulated by boxing. The day of doom for firearms is fast approaching—the present increased output to the contrary notwithstanding; and the régime of the fist is about to begin. Do not let any prejudices give an unfair connotation for the term fist. Since the future is sure to relegate guns, and since thieves and assassins will be compelled to rely more upon clubs and blows, it behooves men to learn for themselves and to teach to others, the manly art of sparring. This is no knock at the college sports of to-day. In short, my thesis is this: ability to box should be the crystallization of all athletic endeavor, the culminating achievement of all physical training. The perils of life are many. Are we ready to defend ourselves and those who will be dependent upon us?

The second part of this paper is concerned with the art of oratory, and here I must not be so brief. He who can present his thoughts logically and forcefully to others is an orator. The oratory which interests us as college men is the oratory of the mind and of the heart. The artifices of the elocutionist or vaudeville monologist have nothing in common with this subject. Word juggling and vocal inflections are irrelevant matters. The force of the true orator is within, not without. Men can be eloquent without being clever or loud. Clarity of ideas and sincerity of convictions are the foremost attributes of the true orator. Socrates once said, "All men are eloquent in that which they understand." An appreciation of and a devotion to a cause will do much toward making a great orator. The temperance and equal suffrage movements have made orators of many who had thought themselves without talent. A more general interest in political and social reforms would react favorably upon the number and quality of our platform workers. Emerson wrote, "Eloquence is the appropriate organ of the highest personal energy." Mathews eulogizes the art in the following manner: "Of all the efforts of the human mind, there is no one which demands for its success so rare a union of mental gifts as eloquence." In another place this last-named thinker has written that to make a success of oratory is

"the greatest triumph of which the human mind is capable, and that in which its divinity is most signally revealed." We have philosophers, then, for the claim that oratory is no mean art.

Although Cicero was right in claiming that "poets are born such, while orators are made such," it is indisputably true that oratory demands an unusually wide range of intellectual faculties. Sound reasoning, a fertile imagination, quick wit, profound judgment, a strong memory, and a deep appreciation of the beauties of nature and of the realities of life, are the necessary ingredients of the orator's mental equipment. Is it not obvious that all our education tends to make orators of us? Certainly Cicero was correct. Then why is the standard of ability so low among college men? Our failure in this regard is due to a lack of what may well be called *rhetorical reflection*, caused by the almost infinite number of things for us to see and to hear and to do. Our hurried American life is detrimental to oratory as well as to poetry, for both require the practice of meditation. He who is ambitious to become a public speaker should have for his slogan: in times of silence prepare for speech; just as for our physical preparation we should lay up a reserve of vitality when well, in order to tide us through any illness that may overtake us later. And incidentally the practice of oratory itself is a splendid aid to good health. Anemic orators are as scarce as flat-lunged prima donnas. It is a profitable practice to think in terms of complete and well-balanced sentences. During spare moments create a paragraph that would pass creditably the blue pencil's test. While waiting for trains, when dining alone, during idle moments under all conditions, organize the thoughts of your wayward mind into literary form. Experiment with your mind's fringe, transforming vague notions into clear-cut ideas. When reading a book, sum up every few pages, just as if you were giving the resume aloud to friends. In studying your college textbooks, anticipate the professors' questions, and recite to yourself in fully expressed sentences. The fluent man is not necessarily gifted. He has simply refused to waste time day-dreaming. The speeches of many orators seem to be delivered extemporaneously, when in truth they were composed piece by piece on many different occasions. Webster reasoned out his ponderous arguments during the recesses of the Senate, and he coined many of his most striking phrases while angling along the river banks of New England. Clay performed before cows and horses, imagining them to be his opponents and judges in debate. Bryan had been preparing his memorable Chicago address during the three or four years prior to its delivery. Countless other cases could be cited to show that both orators and orations are

created by the mind's proper use of time. Think in terms of sentences, and the day will come when you will be repaid for your painstaking. Talk seldom, but be ready to speak *always*. Be patient and persevere, for some day the world will listen while you speak. You will have not only the thoughts to convince, but the language to captivate as well.

How different history would be if certain men had not been intellectually prepared for the crucial periods. Greece and Rome were wise in educating their youths for the rostrum, and this ability for argument was the power that saved these nations time and again. As long as Demosthenes and Cicero were permitted to express their views, Greece and Rome were able to give liberty to their citizens; but when they were silenced, tyranny and despotism prevailed. Pitt, Burke, and Gladstone, through the influence of their oratory, preserved for posterity England's best political ideals. In America, Otis, Henry, and the Adamses spoke our independence into being. The logic of Hamilton established our government, and the eloquence of Webster saved it. But the old style of oratory will not do to-day. The average audience will not tolerate verbosity and bombast. The simplicity and sincerity of Lincoln are more acceptable than the classicism and labored language of Everett. To be natural is always the first lesson in oratory, although the aspirant should strive continually to improve that which nature has furnished. When studying the masterpieces of the past, affect only the lofty ideals that led to their delivery. Read to get imbued with ambition and familiar with the arrangement of arguments, but imitate *never*.

The benefits from public speaking are manifold. The memory is made tenacious, when one carries out faithfully those exercises that aid the orator. The essential points of any subject are made permanent by being brought repeatedly before the consciousness. The orator acquires a fondness for reading and composition, that will serve him well for other purposes than speaking. Letter-writing becomes a pleasure, and listening to lectures and sermons becomes the best of treats. Oratory makes a man self-confident and fearless. Orators develop rugged features as well as vigorous constitutions. Continual preparation for public speaking conduces to the higher life and prevents morbid wanderings of mind. It teaches its devotees to be students of human nature. None can analyze a heterogeneous collection of men so well as the experienced orator. Lawyers and preachers become keen students of language and literature. They dissect and criticise the works of the masters. They saturate themselves with the gems of art, and thus build up a fringe that will be of use in times of need. A deep and

abiding interest in poetry is often aroused by looking about for apt excerpts to quote; and many an orator has learned to respect the Bible from his professional contact with it. Ex-senators Dolliver and Beveridge were always learning new poems and anecdotes for their speeches. In this way the habit of illustration and a vast fund of information were acquired. Their language became automatically elegant from the frequent perusal and use of eloquent passages. Finally the long-continued practice of oratory creates in man a passion for perfection. These advantages are worth any effort. Let us not feel that we are missing much in not receiving instruction in oratory, for life itself is the best school of expression. Observation and self-culture can do more for us than the most capable corps of instructors. Grace and power will come with practice and depth of feeling. Oratory has been used in stirring up wars. Let us use it in helping to bring about peace among men. Are we prepared to use this potent weapon both for ourselves and for our fellow men?

As the ability to box is the apex of all athletic attainments, just so is oratory the climax of all intellectual training. As the manly art of self-defense is the practical aspect of physical culture, just so is public speaking the application of knowledge; for what profit is there in discovering the Truth and not being able to impart this elixir of wisdom to the world? The ability to box has saved many a life, and the power of oral expression has prevented many a man from suffering embarrassment and disgrace. Boxers are the least pugnacious of men, and orators are no more loquacious than grand opera stars are ostentatious of their musical prowess. Public speakers are too busy to talk; their time is spent in thinking and speaking within themselves. May we college men bring our training to such a culmination that we shall always control completely and know how to use most advantageously our athletic and intellectual capabilities. Let us be *prepared* both physically and mentally to meet the emergencies of life.

—*Carroll D. Champlin, '14.*

Circumstantial Evidence

FRANK NORRIS must undoubtedly leave Haverford. This was no surprise to Teddy Perkins—Teddy the busybody, the tale-carrier, the spy, the all-around nuisance, the jackal which hangs at the rear of the chase. Teddy had long been convinced that Frank was a sneak. Now he was doubly certain. Things were being missed by the fellows. Stickpins, watchchains, and even money were being purloined from the dormitories by some mysterious agency. The President made theft the subject of his talk in Tuesday morning collection. Teddy, under cover of his Trig. book, darkly insinuated to his neighbors that "he knew things about some fellows which were best kept dark." There was a general air of annoyance and uneasiness among the classes, and the Rhineys were roundly hissed because their Jack-a-Napes had surreptitiously left his seat and was squelched into an apologetic blush. The miasma of distrust was polluting the wholesome comradeship of the college. And between Teddy and the authorities it was pretty certain that Frank Norris would be expelled. Not publicly, but tacitly, tactfully. To be sure, Frank had never been caught in any of the misdeeds attributed to him. There was no first-hand witness of his guilt. In fact the affair was a disagreeable surprise to his close friends. Frank had always been so straightforward and honorable that he had won the respect of his associates. The *thinking* men could not readily admit that their esteem was unwarranted. A good reputation was not a bauble to be cast aside at the slightest provocation. However, there were other men in college—men who wore the distinguished insignia of the fraternity of "Knockers." Critiques "par excellence," they observed their official dignity with solemn importance; and being themselves in that enviable state of idleness, they assumed a divine power to hold inquests over the actions of their more productive brethren. Teddy Perkins was an important functionary in that cosmopolitan society. He was well versed in its tenets and consequently was proficient in the art of holding a grudge. Well he remembered the time Frank had displaced him as quarterback on the "Scrub" and had eventually become the varsity star. And the girl—but here he smiled vindictively. Time would tell! Of course the evidence was not conclusive. But his face assumed an expression of malevolent satisfaction as he took a gold watchchain from his pocket and eyed it reflectively. He had found it by Frank's door—undoubtedly dropped on a hurried return from one of his doubtful escapades. The blow would fall tomorrow, then....

Now for Sunday evening supper (he grimaced), Y. M. C. A. (he was smug), and then a quiet session with the Dean.

Fall twilight on the campus. Y. M. C. A. in the Union at 6.30.

From Lloyd issue the strains of a "rag." On the second floor of the same, four stolid figures are playing bridge. From the kitchen comes the clatter of dishes. The library is lighted and a spectacled youth pores over a book. Several fellows are rambling towards Merion via the bushes. In the Annex an animated "game" is already in progress. In Merion Cottage a "familiar" figure is ensconced in an armchair, in a posture of extreme fatigue, smoking a cigarette. The talk ends in the Y. M. C. A. The music—"Now the day is over"..... A small group issues from the Union.

And over all, the Spirit of Classic Haverford looks below and frowns.

Frank Norris rushed out of Y. M. C. A. in a tumult of emotions. He had an intuition that he was "in bad"—quietly black-balled by popular verdict. Hester Prynne with her shame incarnadined on her breast could not have felt more poignantly the agony of soul which Frank was undergoing. If his shame were blazoned from the trees,—shouted in the highways,—it would be preferable to this awful, silent, accusing finger. What would his parents say? What would she—ah! the bitter tears came into his eyes. She—whose friendship had meant so much;—a friendship which he fondly called love. But it was even more than love. She had spurred him to great efforts. She had stimulated his ambition. He was content to pursue his work without the vague, unprofitable ramblings of so many other fellows,—with, of course, an occasional visit to her. And now he must confess his disgrace.

Stunned in mind, unconscious of movement, he made his way up Lancaster Avenue to her house.

She was sitting by the log fire, crocheting, and received Frank with the sweet naivete he knew so well. She was *very* attractive in her little white frock, with the funny ruffles on the bottom. She knew it was his favorite . After the conventional greetings (the servant girl was just disappearing), Frank sat down on a chair *she* had placed before the hearth for him. The fire burned brightly and threw a rosy light upon his pallid countenance. His nervousness was apparent. She glanced at him curiously.

"Why, what is the matter tonight, Frank? Not like your old self at all. What *can* be the trouble?" She drew her chair closer in a delightfully confiding manner.

"Oh—nothing—" he began, at a loss how to break the news. Then, his position unbearable, he blurted: "Yes, everything is the matter! I have to tell you—I am going to be fired!"

She paled instantly. "Fired? Why, what do you mean? They—you don't mean——"

"Yes, expelled from college," he interrupted savagely.

"Oh! Frank, you aren't? What for?"

"Stealing!"

She drew back in horror. "Stealing? You! Oh! it's not true! It can't be! Tell me it isn't true," she pleaded.

Frank attempted to answer, but failed. He could not frame the words which would express his innocence. He covered his face and gritted his teeth to keep back the tears.

Then—marvel of marvels!—he felt a soft hand on his head and a sweet, sorrowful voice whispered in his ear:

"Never mind, Frank, dear. I know there is some awful mistake. It will come out all right. I——"

She did not finish. Frank sprang to his feet and, without a word of farewell, rushed hastily from the room.

She heard the door open and shut, and then sank limply into her chair.

All was silent in the room save for the merry crackling of the flames, which now flared brightly and then subsided.

Outdoors the sky was black. The wind howled dismally through the trees, and, like a silent guardian of the campus, old Barclay opposed her somber walls to the raging elements. A sudden gust,—a sound of rending wood,—a mighty crash! One more of the historic college trees had bowed to the hand of time.

The next morning Frank awoke with a start from a troubled sleep. Lewis had just entered with the mail. He leafed over it. One letter—two—three—nothing! Frank breathed a sigh of relief. Just then a knock at the door. Cap bowed his apologies. "You are wanted by the President immediately, sir." Frank's heart sank.

"All right, Cap"——He hastily pulled on his clothes. He *was* to be fired, then! The Dean had intimated as much the other morning. *Somebody* had given him the suspicions—and the watchchain. Frank burned with rage and mortification. He pulled on a brown shoe and a black pump with nervous haste, and tied his cravat in a sailor's knot. Then he ran for the office. It seemed ages before he reached Roberts. In reality it was only thirty seconds. Every incident in his college life

seemed to flash before his eyes. His mind was a jumbled phantasmagoria. His hopes, his successes, his failures,—all the little odds and ends of his happy three years were crammed into that one mental picture. Now he was to.....

Frank Norris knocked at the President's door with a firm hand. He would at least "face the music."

The President volunteered a grave "Good morning." Frank almost fell upon his knees to beg leniency. This man, whom everyone respected so much, inspired a ray of hope in his breast.

"Norris, you will have to attend church if you stay at college on Sundays. You overcut above all allowances the last quarter. That is all. Good morning!"

"Wha—" began Frank, then ran to the window. There were shouts on the campus. A crowd was collecting in front of Barclay. Frank rushed out to learn the trouble, forgetting in his excitement the plight he was in. "Only kidding the old-clothes man," he surmised. A jostling, laughing mob surrounded the big chestnut tree, which had blown down the night before. Frank shouldered his way to the front, where he could see what was causing the disturbance. The tree, rotten and hollow from age, had broken close to the ground. And there among the shattered branches, on a glittering heap of coins, pencils, pins, and all imaginable articles, sat a very excited gray squirrel, chattering defiance at the boisterous crowd.

—Robert Gibson, '17.

The Blind Beggar

Men speak of sun on the Temple wall,
The bright-robed throng within the mall,
The brazen sun enlight'ning all—
Light! Light! Light!
While I who sit forever blind,
Begging alms from the passers kind,
Can picture only in my mind—
Light! Light! Light!
Of what avail the gushing tear?
The gods I worship draw not near.
Consigned to Darkness and to Fear,
Blind! Blind! Blind!

—Donald G. Baird, '15.

Little Albert

Cast of Characters

A German Guard of the Imperial Army
Little Albert,—A youthful Belgian
His Mother

THE scene is a street corner in the shattered city of Louvain on the morning after it has been destroyed by the Germans. Wreckage and smouldering timber extend in the background. In front to the left, a German guard is sitting in the shadow of a ruined cathedral, reading a newspaper. It is nine o'clock in the morning.

A little boy of five enters on the right, threading his way through the fallen masonry and glass which fill the side walk. He is neatly dressed in a blue linen suit, his golden hair is Dutch cut and socks expose his chubby legs. He looks about him in a bewildered fashion and then steps up to the guard and touches him on the shoulder.

Little Albert—Have you seen my daddy anywhere?

Guard—Why no, sonny! I haven't seen anybody to-day. (There is a pause) Guess most of the men that live 'round here are sleeping late, eh? (He smiles).

L. A.—What for?

G.—There are no alarm clocks in eternity my boy.

L. A.—Then that's where my daddy is; he loves to sleep. How can I get there?

G.—A real little Belgian just crazy to die. Well . . . they all seem to like it pretty well, but (indulgently) you can't get there! Come here and tell me how you happened to be left behind.

L. A.—(Perplexed) I haven't been left anywhere. I live right over there. Where are all the people, and what's the matter with all the houses? They're all falling apart.

G.—Where were you yesterday? Did you miss the little party we had?

L. A.—Yes; mother kept me in the house all day; and we had an awful thunderstorm. She was afraid. I saw her crying once and laughed at her; I wasn't a bit afraid. It was a bad storm though and I couldn't go to sleep, so I went up in the attic closet away from the noise and lay down on some blankets. I woke up this morning with all my clothes on. I couldn't find mamma but she'll be back; she often goes out early. Every one was gone: the dining room and kitchen were all mixed up,

so I came out here. I wish mamma would come back, I want some breakfast, I'll go and see if she is home yet.

G.—She isn't. You stay here with me; I'll give you something to eat.

L. A.—Thanks. Say, what happened to all the houses anyway?

G.—I guess they were all struck by lightning in the storm. You see it was a new kind—a German thunderstorm. They're much worse.

L. A.—Are you a German?

G.—Yes.

L. A.—Fighting in the big war?

G.—Yes.

L. A.—Then why don't you shoot me?

G.—Oh, that wouldn't do any good.

L. A.—Does it do any good to shoot the other men?

G.—Yes, they must be shot so that they can't shoot.

L. A.—Oh! (He sits down beside the Guard) Have you got a little boy?

G.—Yes, I have.

L. A.—Like me?

G. —A little younger. (He hands him some bread and jelly).

L. A.—Thanks; (Eating) That's good, it tastes like mamma's.

G.—Perhaps it is. (Amusedly).

L. A.—Say, does your little boy miss you like I miss my daddy?

G.—I hope so.

L. A.—Then why don't you go back to him? There's no more men to shoot.

G.—I wish I could, my boy.

L. A.—I wonder if his mamma cries like mine when there is a German thunderstorm?

G.—(Startled) I'm afraid she would, but—er—we don't have them.

L. A.—(Seriously) I don't think it is nice of God to send them to us when no one else has them.

G.—God will send them to all Europe before long. "Some" storms they will be, too. The Allies will need umbrellas and raincoats. It will be raining bullets. Ha! Ha! Ha! (He slaps his knee at the thought.)

L. A.—What! God doesn't send bullets, it rains water.

(A woman enters suddenly at the right. She is still youthful in appearance though her hair is dishevelled and her shirtwaist torn. She rushes to the boy and clasps him fiercely in her arms.)

The Mother—Thank God I've found you!

L. A.—(Puzzled) Where have you been Mamma?

M.—Been? I've been searching for you all night; where were you?

L. A.—Upstairs in the closet. I went up there at bed time because of the thunder.

M.—To think what I've suffered for nothing. (She draws her hand wearily across her forehead,) I thought you had gotten out, you had been wanting to go all day, and I found the door left open. (Then noticing the guard, she draws herself up to her full height and faces him scornfully) Well, Sir? What do you want, him too?

G.—No, mine Frau.

L. A.—Oh! mamma, he knows where daddy is and we're going to find him.

M.—Hush, child. (She closes her eyes and draws in a quick breath)

G.—He was hungry and we had something to eat.

L. A.—It was good too!

M.—(Addressing the Guard) What are you left here for? Are there houses which your shells have missed? Or has someone been left alive by mistake?

G.—(Laughing insultingly) No; I'm the porter left to watch the stage after the play is over. It's rather slow too, now that the curtain has gone down.

M.—(Looking at him with startled eyes) Good God, is it all a joke to you? Have you Germans all gone mad? Where are your minds and where are your hearts?

G.—(Earnestly) My heart is with my children and their mother. As for my mind, men do not stop to think in war—they act. If we should stop to think, half of us would go mad. We obey the command of our officer as if he were a god, and follow the man in front.

M.—Officer!—I suppose you mean Lutwitz, he ought to be a galley slave, not an officer. Because, in desperation, our men killed and wounded fifty Germans, he orders the city to be wiped out. He'll be an officer in Hell soon.

G.—We fight for lives as other men do. (Coldly).

M.—No: you fight because you love it. It is your pride and your pleasure. (Scornfully) Aren't you proud now? Doesn't it rejoice your heart, that you have crushed Belgium?

G.—Mine Frau—We will not complain whether we win or lose. We have learned that it is a privilege to die for our country. If you were a good Belgian you would think the same and not wail at your losses. Because we bite the dogs at our throats, you think us heartless,

but we fight to the end, and if we lose we smile; our women smile; our children smile, and say, "We've done our best for our Fatherland!"

M.—(Stepping close and gazing into his face with burning eyes) And you've done your best for Belgium too. (Seeing him smile amusedly) Yes, and you're proud of your conquest, you brutes! How brave you have been to attack this little country just one twentieth of your size. (She comes close to him with her fists clenched) I'm a good patriot as well as you. I gave my husband to be slaughtered. Yesterday I received a damnable little slip of paper saying that my nineteen year old boy was dead. That boy didn't belong to Belgium. He belonged to me. *I* suffered to bring him into this world; it was *my* breasts that nourished him; *my* arms that rocked him to sleep, and *my* lips that kissed away his baby tears, and in the name of God, will you tell me what right they've got to kill him.

G.—Mine Frau, War is not "right." It is one huge sacrifice. Men give their blood, and women give (He hesitates with a grim smile) . . . their tears. It is all they've got to give, but it's an even bargain, I guess.

M.—(Fiercely) Don't we bear the men that fight and aren't our hearts torn worse than their flesh? (Then slowly she turns to little Albert who has been watching her in amazement) I didn't mean that you should know all this, Albert, try to forget it, won't you?

L. A.—But Mamma, he knows where Daddy is.

M.—And so do I, darling. He and brother are together and happy, I hope. We can't see them again, Albert, but if we are good and brave, they will look after us. We'll forget all this and just love each other, won't we, darling? (She smiles bravely at her boy, then turning to the soldier: she bows courteously) Thank you for feeding him, sir!

G.—I'd do it for any boy, M'am, I got one too.

M.—Come Albert, (She takes him by the hand).

L. A.—Are we going home, Mamma?

M.—No dear, we're going to America, away from all this horror and death.

L. A.—Do they have German thunder storms there, Mamma?

M.—No, there the sun shines, and there is peace. (She takes him in her arms and walks slowly off stage).

CURTAIN

—*C. Van Dam, '17.*

THE UNEASY CHAIR

THE CASE OF DR. NEARING: INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM VERSUS CONSTITUTED AUTHORITY

THE dismissal of Dr. Scott Nearing by the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania last June attracted such widespread notice and comment that it would be superfluous to go into the early details of the case. Recently Dr. J. William White presented a justification of Nearing's dismissal in the columns of the "Public Ledger"; and the Board of Trustees, moved by the torrent of protest aroused by their action, has issued a written statement of the ostensible grounds of their action. But neither Dr. White's well-expressed arguments nor the reasons of the Board have altered the case for the better. The truth of the matter is that Dr. Nearing's dismissal, in one respect, is very similar to the rape of Belgium and the sinking of the "Lusitania." It is so bad that the most skillful defense only makes it look worse. Dr. Nearing is accused of setting radical economic theories before a "class of people that is incapable of understanding properly such unsettling doctrines," and of "compromising the University by an inordinate desire for personal exploitation." In regard to the first objection, it may be observed that Dr. Nearing's theories, if true, may very well be communicated to those who are most affected by them; while, in regard to the second, it would seem that the University could hardly object to any excess of coarseness and vulgarity after giving its unreserved sanction to that remarkable religious, histrionic and financial genius, the Rev. William A. Sunday, during his stay in Philadelphia last winter. Dr. Nearing's thorough knowledge of his subject, magnetic personality and power of inspiring his students with genuine enthusiasm are unquestioned. And yet, despite these facts, despite the recommendation of Nearing's colleagues of the faculty (the only proper judges of a professor's competence), the Board of Trustees dismissed Dr. Nearing merely because he had certain radical economic theories and was not afraid to express them. A more damning proof of the disgraceful subservience of the University to corrupt business and reactionary politics could hardly be required.

But Dr. Nearing's case, while interesting in itself, is peculiarly instructive as illustrative of the age-long battle between individual free-

dom and constituted authority, the bulwark of those unfortunate individuals who feel divinely commissioned to relieve their neighbors of the trouble of thinking for themselves. It is a battle which has taken many forms; but which has had, and always will have, only one result. Charles I and Archbishop Laud tried to relieve the English people of the responsibility of doing their own political and religious thinking; and the English people sent king and priest to the block. The Bourbons made the same attempt in France, with the same result. And the whole tendency of history has been slowly, but irresistibly inclining away from the divine right of the Church, from the divine right of the State, to the human right of the individual to self-expression and self-development. It should be the part of every college student who believes in true democracy, to work for free thought and free speech to such an extent that a repetition of the Scott Nearing outrage will become impossible.

—*W. H. C., '17.*

ALUMNI

The Haverford undergraduates of this and future generations owe much to the memory of John T. Morris, Ex-'67, whose death occurred during the late summer. Not only did he contribute the money for building the Morris Infirmary, but he personally supervised and provided for every detail of its nearly perfect construction and equipment. And he spared neither time nor thought nor money to do this. Only those who have been so unfortunate as to have been sick in the three rooms on the top floor of Founders Hall, which formerly served as an infirmary, can fully appreciate this debt.

To do things as nearly perfect as was humanly possible was his predominant characteristic. Only that which was real, genuine, perfect, held his interest. And what he did was done without the noise of trumpets, without expectation of reward, other than the lasting satisfaction of having performed his undertaking to the best of his ability. A friend of long standing, when told that he had offered to build the proposed Haverford College Infirmary, remarked, "If they"—meaning the college authorities—"will keep their hands off he will build the finest college infirmary in the country."

He never took any credit to

himself for what he had done, nor did he wish any given him, rather holding the opinion that the part he had played, first in making Haverford's Infirmary possible, and then nearly perfect, was of but little moment. It was most fitting with his other traits of character that only those who were close to him, only those who gave him their love and who held his love, should have known of his extreme kindliness of heart, his ready sympathy and his generous instincts. A good, kind, brave, honest man of strong convictions has begun a bigger life—a stout heart that recognized and held to the genuine beauty of his world, in spite of its rush and cold, has gone on.

—*By An Alumnus.*

The sad report of two more Haverfordians who have crossed the bar and who are now only cherished memories to their friends, includes Alexander A. Richmond, Ex-'54, and Wilson L. Smith, Ex-'89.

Alexander A. Richmond was born in New Bedford, Mass., July 11th, 1836, the son of Joshua Richmond and Hannah H. Hussey. He entered Haverford in the year 1851 and was here for only one term, leaving in 1851. On October 13th, 1868, he was united in marriage with Miss Emma Frost. Their home was in Peekskill, N. Y., where occurred the death of Mr. Richmond on October 15th, 1915.

Wilson Longstreth Smith died at his home, 135 South 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa., on Sunday, October 3d, after an illness of three weeks. Mr. Smith was born in Philadelphia, April 28th, 1867, the son of Horace J. Smith and Margaret Longstreth. He was a direct descendant of James Logan, who came to this country with William Penn. Mr. Smith entered Haverford in 1885 and left at the close of his Sophomore year. On September 21st, 1893, he married Miss Frances Evelyn Busiel, of Laconia, N. H. He was a member of the Art Club, the Huntingdon Valley Country Club, the Philadelphia Historical Society and the Rumson Country Club, of Rumson, N. J. Funeral services were conducted at Mr. Smith's home by the Rev. A. J. P. McClure, of the St. James' Protestant Episcopal Church.

President Sharpless received in June the honorary degree of LL.D. from Harvard University. "He resisted," said President Lowell, "the lure of numbers and insisted on upholding the ideals of scholarship and character."

At a joint meeting of three committees, consisting of the President of the College, the Chairman, and a special Committee

from the Board of Managers, and the Alumni Extension Committee, Richard M. Gummere, '02, was appointed *Assistant to the President*, to assume his duties at once and correlate the work in which Alumni and Faculty and undergraduates have been interested. He will assist the President in any detail matters which the President consigns to him, he will act as an intermediate and connecting link between Alumni and undergraduates in all lines when those bodies come together, and he will have charge of such matters as the correspondence which has grown up in various Eastern newspapers. He has a desk in the Dean's office, Roberts Hall, and can be reached there every morning.

'65

Professor Jones expects to deliver a Lowell Lecture in Boston the coming winter on "The Influence of the Quakers in New England."

'71

William D. Hartshorne has had published recently by the Rockwell and Churchill Press, of Boston, Mass., a monograph on "The Relations Between Humidity and Regains on Wool and Cotton."

Mr. Hartshorne, who has formerly published studies concerning the effects of moisture on cotton and worsted, purposes to show the results on weights of climatic changes. The article is explained by means of unit system charts based on readings from the Sling Hygrometer.

This work is of additional interest from the fact that the cotton industry is now facing serious problems.

Wm. D. Hartshorne, Jr., '11, attended summer school at Columbia University in New York last summer, as also did I. C. Poley, '12, and Stanley R. Yarnall, '92. A. G. H. Spiers, '02, taught French at this same summer school.

'84

Chas. Jacobs, who has taught modern languages at Moses Brown School for a great many years, is suffering fron a severe illness and will not be able to carry on his teaching this year.

'92

Christian Brinton has been appointed Trowbridge Lecturer at Yale University. He will deliver an illustrated lecture on "Impressionistic and Decorative Tendencies in Landscape and Figure," on January 10th.

'94

Dr. C. B. Farr, who recently got his M.A. from Haverford, is now Professor at the Polyclinic Hospital on Diseases of the Stomach.

'96

The engagement is announced of L. Hollingsworth Wood and Miss Helen Underhill, of Jericho, L. I.

Mr. Wood recently sent pamphlets to the students at Haverford, in an endeavor to eliminate the smokers of cigarettes. The demand of the world is efficiency and, as Mr. Wood expresses it, "some important business interests are feeling the advantage of eliminating the smokers of cigarettes." The booklet, published by Henry Ford, is entitled, "The Case Against the Little White Slaver," and contains the comments of some of the successful business men of this country.

Mr. Wood was also among the speakers at the International Peace Congress held at San Francisco, California, on Oct. 10th, 11th, 13th.

'97

T. N. Maxfield, who is assistant in Philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania, recently delivered several lectures on Psychology at Haverford.

'98

Dr. William W. Cadbury had published in the October number of *Present Day Papers* an article on "The Method of Presenting the Essence of Christianity to a Non-Christian People." Dr. Cadbury is a member of the faculty at Canton Christian College, Canton, China, and is well fitted to treat this subject, in which he is especially interested. The article proves that Christianity contains the most complete and perfect revelation of the fundamental truths of religion. Therefore it is the duty of missionaries to study the attitude of their people toward religion and life in general, in order to "present Christianity from the point of view that will win their interest and attention." Dr. Cadbury goes on to show how these methods have been applied in Canton.

Dr. Cadbury is at present in this country, and spoke at a recent meeting of the College Y. M. C. A.

'01

E. Marshall Scull was one of the speakers at a meeting of the "Society for the Promotion of Liberal Studies," at the Orpheus Club Rooms, 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, on October 29th.

'02

Dr. P. Nicholson is assisting Dr. Gittings on the Children's Hospital service.

Children were recently born to C. R. Cary and to W. V. Dennis.

'05

Sigmund G. Spaeth, who is the music critic on the "New York Evening Mail," has recently announced his engagement.

'06

Roderick Scott has accepted a position as assistant professor of English at Oberlin College, Ohio.

'07

Dr. Joseph G. Birdsall is associated now with Dr. B. A. Thomas, Professor of G. U. at the University and Polyclinic Hospitals.

Dr. Wilbur H. Haines is associated now with Drs. Uhle and McKinney in the Williams Building and the German Hospital.

Chas. R. Hoover is associate professor of Chemistry at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

'08

Fisher C. Baily has provided the Alumni Department with a pamphlet advertising "*The Baily's Baby Bathtub*," the new, portable, collapsible, detachable, seamless, sanitary baby bathtub, scientifically made. To prove the superiority of the new method, a B. B. B. baby is pictured standing on the North Pole, kicking an obsolete instrument of torture into space.

Price $5.00 at all progressive dealers.

T. Morris Longstreth has had published by the Outing Publishing Co., of New York, a book, "Reading the Weather." This volume is one of the Outing Handbook Series.

'10

H. S. Hires has been made New York manager of the Hires Root Beer Company.

W. P. Tomlinson attended the University of Wisconsin summer school.

'11

Wilmer J. Young, who has been teaching at the Friends' Boarding School at Barnesville, Ohio, for the past four years, will teach Higher Mathematics at Moses Brown School, at Providence, R. I., during the coming year.

David Hinshaw's address is now 565 West 113th Street, New York City.

'12

Guy Wheeler and David Colden Murray attended the Convention on Football that met recently in New York.

Lance Lathem is with the Heminger-Nicholson Evangelistic Organization—a miniature Billy Sunday troupe. They will carry on religious campaigns in Pennsylvania towns during the coming winter, having begun at Leighton, Pa., early in September.

'13

Carrol Crosman is engaged on the Publicity Bureau of the Hershey Chocolate Co.

Norris Hall is teaching two sections of freshman Chemistry at Harvard University this year, and doing further work towards his Ph.D. degree.

Ex-'13

E. T. Kirk announces the arrival on July 22, 1915, of Mary Evelyn Kirk at State College, Pa.

'14

Carroll D. Champlin is assistant to Dr. Snyder, the instructor in English at Haverford.

'15

P. R. Allen is in the employ of the General Radio Company, Cambridge, Mass.

W. C. Brinton is engaged in business with his uncle in Philadelphia, Pa.

N. B. Coleman and E. N. Crosman are with the Rhoads Leather Belt Co., Philadelphia.

J. W. Gummere is studying at the General Theological Seminary, New York.

P. C. Hendricks is the secretary to Dr. Hancock, former professor of English at Haverford, at Atlantic City, N. J.

Thomas Hoopes, Jr., and W. H. Leland spent the summer traveling to California by "auto."

E. M. Levis is in business with his uncle.

Joseph McNeill is studying at the Princeton Theological Seminary.

E. L. Moore is in the stock business at the Galloway Stock Farm, Easton, Md.

F. M. Morley is a member of the Haverford ambulance corps in France.

E. M. Pharo is a reporter for the *Atlantic City Review*.

Elmer Shaffer is studying Biology in the Princeton Graduate School.

Yvo Waln is teaching at the University of Maine.

E. R. Dunn is one of the teaching fellows at Haverford, instead of E. M. Bowman, as was stated in the October HAVERFORDIAN.

E. M. Bowman is assistant in French.

Andrew Harvey is an assistant in Chemistry at Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

Edgar C. Bye is teaching in the West Chester Normal School.

We are pleased to publish the following communication:

To the Author of "The Intruder,"
Haverford College,
Haverford, Penna.

DEAR SIR:

I am sorry for the evil mind of the author of such a diabolical plot, the only redeeming feature of which was that the "Lady Killer," Judas-like, threw away the unholy coin.

If, as in my case, your only daughter was a Sister of Charity, and you knew the real life of the Sisters, you would employ your talent in a different direction and not endeavor to throw a slur on defenceless, holy women, who, from supernatural motives, have given up everything in life which the world holds dear, to serve God and their fellow-beings.

Your picture is not truthful about the Convent walls—except where fallen women are looked after, and the idea is possibly derived from the stories of "escaped nuns" or "The Menace." The idea of a Sister wandering around the grounds in the moonlight, while all the rest were asleep, is only intended for the ignorant or bigoted. I enclose you an article describing the motive and life of a Sister of Charity, which would be well worth your perusal.

Bell Phone 868

Rates, $2.25 to $3.00 Per Day

LINCOLN HIGHWAY INN

Rooms with Private Bath

MODERN APPOINTMENTS
Every Room with Outside Light and Air
No Bar. SALESMEN'S DISPLAY ROOM
Especial Attention to Automobile Parties

349 MAIN STREET, COATESVILLE, PA.

38 miles west of Philadelphia, on the Lincoln National Highway.

WM. H. MILLER, Mgr.

BELMONT IRON WORKS

Main Office and Works:
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New York Office:
32 BROADWAY

Bridge Shops:
EDDYSTONE, PA

One might be led to believe from your article that your associates, before you entered Haverford College, were such as those who made the bets with the "Lady Killer."

If you had any knowledge of the Convent life of the Sisters of Charity, you would know that no Sister who is unhappy, is permitted to remain there, and great care is exercised in ascertaining whether a newcomer will make a desirable addition to the Family. For three months after their entrance, they wear the clothes they came with; at the end of that time, they receive the Novice's veil, and then for two years are under the strictest observation to see whether a religious life is their real vocation. They are not allowed to take any vows until ten years have elapsed from the time they entered the Convent.

There is one thing to be noted about the article, for which I give you credit, and that is that you were probably ashamed to write your name at the foot of it.

Yours truly,

A. A. HIRST.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

PROMPT AND REASONABLE

MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.

10 ANDERSON AVENUE

ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY

ESTIMATES GIVEN PHONE 1087

OPEN EVENINGS

Your Fountain Pen

Should be fitted to your hand by a SPECIALIST All Makes Repaired

Allowance on old pens exchanged for new
Reclaimed pens at reduced prices

Agent for Waterman's Pens
NICHOL, 1016 CHESTNUT STREET

HARRY HARRISON
DEPARTMENT STORE

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing and Shoes, Ladies' Millinery and Trimmings

Lancaster Ave. Ardmore, Pa.

Good Hair Cutting is an art. Our men all know how, and will give you the best work at standard prices. No tipping or other annoyances.

Binder

13th above Chestnut, Philadelphia
Entire Building

INSURANCE

Fire or Burglary Insurance on Students' personal effects while at College or elsewhere.

Tourists' Floating Insurance on personal effects against all risks in transit, in hotels, etc., both in this country and abroad.

Automobile Insurance covering damage to car and liability for damage to property or for injuries to persons.

Longacre & Ewing
Bullitt Building 141 S. Fourth St.
Philadelphia

Repairing of Hall, Chimes and French Clocks a Specialty

A. A. FRANCIS, Jeweler
115 W. Lancaster Ave. PHONE 144D
Ardmore, Pa.

C. W. Scott Company

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Carriages, Wagons and Automobiles

"Careful Handling and Quality"

Send us Your Suitings to be

Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

At Reasonable Rates

Our College Agent

Mr. I. Thomas Steere

S. P. Frankenfield Sons

Undertakers

ARDMORE, PA.

Successors to
JOSIAH S. PEARCE

120 E. Lancaster Avenue

Phone, Ardmore 9

J. OWEN YETTER

General Shoe Repairing

ARDMORE, PA.

Will Collect Shoes Monday Evening and Deliver Thursday Morning

T. B. Whitson, College Agent

Attractive Wall Paper
At Popular Prices

A. L. Diament & Co.

1515 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM S. YARNALL

Manufacturing Optician

118 S. 15th Street. Philadelphia

Phone 258

C. E. Edwards

Confectioner

ICE CREAM AND FANCY ICES,
FANCY CAKES

Ramsey Building BRYN MAWR, PA.

TELEPHONE

Paper Hanging
Painting

I. B. DUBELL

1804 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Interior Decorations

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

ROBERT GIBSON, 1917 *Editor-in-Chief*

D. C. WENDELL, 1916
G. A. DUNLAP, 1916
DONALD PAINTER, 1917
W. H. CHAMBERLIN, 1917
C. D. VAN DAM, 1917
J. G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)
J. STEWART HUSTON, 1919 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 Single copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1915 No. 7.

We are glad to announce the election of DONALD PAINTER, '17, to the editorial board, and of J. STEWART HUSTON, '19, to the business board of the HAVERFORDIAN. The ability shown by the former in versification and essay writing, and the conscientious work of the new assistant business manager, make them both welcome additions to the magazine.

In This Issue

Special Features

The Philistine ..... W. H. Chamberlin, '17 265

? ..... Robert Gibson, '17 276

Billy Sleeps Late ..... C. Van Dam, '17 278

Stories

Five to Two on Ima ..... D. C. Clement, '17 270

Sons of Attila ..... J. G. C. LeClercq, '18 285

A Summer of Psychology ..... G. A. Dunlap, '16 288

Verse

A Ballade of France ..... F. M. Morley, '15 269

La Soledad ..... Albert H. Stone, '16 275

Dreams ..... Donald H. Painter, '17 277

The Last Robin ..... Robert Gibson, '17 284

The City ..... D. C. Wendell, '16 287

Nox Advenit ..... J. W. Spaeth, '17 291

Departments

Books ..... E. T. Price, '17 292

The Uneasy Chair 293

Alumni ..... Donald H. Painter 294

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., DECEMBER, 1915 No. 7.

The Philistine

THE term Philistine, while always suggestive of an unfavorable meaning, has been subjected to a large variety of interpretations. To Matthew Arnold the word brought up a vision of the smug self-complacency and spiritual barrenness of the English middle class. Nietzsche brands the academic pedants of his time with the phrase "Culture-Philistines." Robert Schumann, an able critic as well as a great composer, divides his brother-musicians into two groups, the *Davidsbundler* (League of David) and the Philistines. Needless to say, the former group was supposed to include the musicians whose work was true and enduring, while the latter was designed to contain the composers who sacrificed genuine art to meretricious brilliance. And Schumann gave his idea an excellent setting, when he wrote a stirring piece of music, entitled, "The March of the Davidsbundler Against the Philistines." But it is evident that, when the word Philistine is used to express obtuseness and bad taste in so many fields, very few can be altogether free of the charge. So Tolstoi, consummate master of the art of literature, is a sad Philistine in questions of art and music. Wagner, a monarch in the realm of music, is a novice when he tries to interpret philosophy. On the other hand, Schopenhauer, for all his mastery of pessimistic philosophy, displays puerile taste in music. Hence it may readily be perceived that, while very few are entirely free of the taint of Philistinism, very few, on the other hand, are so unfortunate as to conform to the perfect, or ideal type of Philistine. But, for the sake of convenience, let us assume that the perfect Philistine exists, let us imagine him as living in our own America of the twentieth century, and let us see what sort of figure meets our gaze.

In the first place, the true Philistine is very active in church work and very eager to impress the world with his devotion to religious and spiritual interests. Nor can he be justly accused of hypocrisy. The Philistine is too sincerely convinced of his own wisdom and virtue to admit the conscious self-contempt which is almost necessarily involved in hypocrisy. He is an ardent upholder of dogmatic religion, partly

because it relieves him of the painful trouble of thinking for himself, and partly because he has a vague, but strong conviction that, if it were not for the Church, and his support of the Church, society would, somehow, sink into a state of hopeless demoralization. If atheism were the prevailing rule in the "best" circles, he would be an atheist with equal firmness of conviction and absence of reason. Another advantage of religion, from the Philistine's standpoint, is the opportunity that it gives him to introduce his own ideas as direct revelations of the Deity. To deserve a high place in the ranks of Philistia one must have an overweening confidence in one's own judgment and a firm conviction that it is a sacred duty to impose that infallible judgment upon one's less fortunate neighbors. The oppressive laws for Sunday observance, which still linger on in our eastern states, bear eloquent testimony to the handiwork of the Philistine.

In politics our Philistine will give his heartiest support to the most corrupt political machine, if he derives any personal advantage from its success, and will very probably convince himself that his course is worthy of Washington and Lincoln. If he does not have any direct interest in the triumph of the machine, he may pose as a reformer and work himself into a noble fit of righteous indignation over the way in which the ignorant voters are misled by unscrupulous politicians into voting against the candidates nominated by the Philistine and his brethren of the "better classes." He may even head a reform ticket, and receive a respectful obituary notice the morning after the election. But it is safe to assume that any movement looking to genuine progress will meet with resolute opposition on the part of the Philistine. His political activity is based sometimes on personal interest, sometimes on personal vanity, never on enlightened patriotism.

Very similar considerations enter into his views on the industrial problems of the day. He will give liberally of his time and money to committees for the suppression of the social evil; and pay less than a living wage to the women and girls in his employment. The eloquence with which he thunders against union labor and the violence which is an occasional accompaniment of strikes, is worthy of Webster. But that eloquence is, somehow, conspicuous by its absence when the disorder and violence are initiated by the agents of the employer, rather than by the strikers. For Germans to kill women and children in Belgium is quite shocking; for "deputy sheriffs" and "militia," in the pay of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., to turn machine guns on the helpless wives and children of the strikers—that is altogether different. We all remember the tirades of perfectly just and proper indignation with which the

reactionary Philistine press received the conviction of the McNamaras. But we have observed very few strictures on the far worse outrages recently committed by Rockefeller's private army in southern Colorado. However, reason and consistency are not Philistine virtues. Let us return to our observation of the individual Philistine.

It is in the realms of music and literature that we find the Philistine most formidable, roaming about, seeking what he may devour. American music, to be sure, is at so low an ebb that very few composers would even be recognized as compatriots by the Philistines of Schumann. The syncopated rhythms of the ragtime composers are distinctly suggestive of a barbarous or cannibalistic origin. Perhaps the most genuine exhibition of Philistinism in music is to be found in the conduct of the typical American audience, which arrives late, departs early, and consumes the intervening time in talking, yawning, gazing aimlessly about, and reading the programme advertisements.

But in literature the Philistine finds his most congenial field. There is nothing that appeals to his soul so much as to take a work of genius and subject it to the moral standards and conventions of Mudville, Arkansas. Give him a book with a thousand noble thoughts and but a single phrase of doubtful or suggestive meaning, and he will pounce on the phrase like a vulture on carrion. By some curious process of reasoning the Philistine considers an abnormal quickness to scent out what is suggestive and immoral as a convincing proof of superior morality. The French provincial fanatics, who prosecuted Flaubert for writing "Madame Bovary"; the American Postmaster-General who, by virtue of his own surpassing personal purity, took it on himself to bar Tolstoi's "Kreutzer Sonata" from the mails: these are examples of prurient literary Philistinism *par excellence*. The petty and ignoble mind of the Philistine takes a malignant delight in attacking, slandering and misinterpreting the products of genius which transcend the limits of his narrow understanding. The Philistine of one generation sets up statues to the men whom the Philistines of the preceding age have hounded and persecuted.

Volumes could be written of the eternal struggle between genius and Philistinism, a struggle which has been waged with equal fierceness in every age and country. It is impossible to estimate the number of masterpieces which have been lost to the world through the blind hostility of the Philistines. And what a terrible struggle has fallen to the lot of those indomitable spirits who have resolutely forced their genius upon a hostile or indifferent generation! Let us take a brief glance at the artistic history of the last century. We see Turgeniev, one of the

world's masters of fiction, producing his greatest artistic triumph, "Fathers and Sons," only to be greeted with a chorus of silly partisan abuse. We see Wagner, driven to the verge of suicide by the Philistinism of his contemporaries, saved and enabled to carry out his priceless artwork by the caprice of an inspired lunatic. We see Flaubert, receiving, as his laurel crown for creating one of the world's finest novels—a trial for immorality! And, if the artists of the most highly cultured nations of Europe suffer such an abundance of persecution and misunderstanding, we can only dimly imagine the trials of a true genius in our own America, which, with all its good qualities, real and assumed, is undoubtedly the most Philistine country on the face of the globe. Fortunately, the true genius is as stouthearted as the doughty hero of Israel, who overthrew the mighty Philistine champion of yore.

If any genuine Philistine should happen to notice this article he will not be affected in the least. He will either miss the application entirely or, perchance, take the description of himself as highly complimentary. But there are many who cannot justly be ranked either with the powerful host of the Philistines or with the small group of masters who have attained the fullness of Matthew Arnold's "sweetness and light." There are many who have, in conjunction with certain very human and very Philistine impulses, certain other impulses that drive them onward to the heights of truth and freedom. It is for them to remember that it is far easier to combat Philistinism in the flesh than in the spirit; that it is far easier for one to point out the Philistinism of his neighbor than to develop the sweetness and light within himself. For there are times when we are all Philistines. To join in the popular chorus of abuse of an unpopular man or idea, to accept blindly an outworn dogma or tradition; to yield to the specious fallacies of a demagogue—who can boast that he has never fallen into these pitfalls of Philistia? The difference between the Philistines and those whom, in deference to Matthew Arnold, we may call the "children of light," is that the former are proud of their servitude to the conventions of the moment, while the latter are conscious of a vague, but irresistible longing for something higher and nobler. And it is in the transformation of this vague longing into definite mental and spiritual ideals that we have the best hope for the ultimate annihilation of Philistinism and the establishment of a genuine culture, founded on the eternal principles of truth and freedom.

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

A Ballade of France

(With memories of French III with Dr. Spiers)

Nowhere does grain more golden grow,
Nowhere there beats a sea more blue
Than girts the land that legends know,—
The land of rosemary and rue.
Here lapping wavelets ripple through
The reeds, to join in merry dance,
Whilst morning glints the flashing dew
Amid the sunny fields of France.

'Twas here once swaggered Cyrano,
And Villon, prince of comrades true;
From hence rode Huon of Bordeaux
To teach the paynim how to woo.
And Pantagruel a giant slew
Beneath that very elm, perchance;—
With other deeds of derring do
Amid the sunny fields of France.

Softly, from flowered casement low,
Floats sadly sweet the word "adieu"
To knights who forth to combat go,
So proudly riding, two by two.
Ah! Did not Chivalry imbue
With all the virtues of Romance
Their children, blithe yet doughty too,
Amid the sunny fields of France.

L'Envoi

Gone are the days that knighthood knew;
Stilled is the crash of shield and lance;
Yet ever burns their soul anew
Amid the sunny fields of France.

F. M. M.,
3rd September, 1915.

Five to Two on Ima

Being a Tale of the Idle Rich

WELL, my son, at last four unprofitable years are ended, and although I never expected you could acquire a degree, by some strange oversight on the part of your instructors you possess a diploma. I consider the time wasted at Harvard a serious setback in your future life, but nevertheless you may survive even under the pressing strain of being the heaviest social man to graduate in many years.

"You are your mother's own son, you are a credit to her, but as your father I tell you that to succeed in this world you must be a lot more than 'the best dawncer at Hawvad.'"

Cries of "all aboard" and the starting of the train from the Grand Central brought this lecture to a sudden close. Reginald Dawson breathed a sigh of relief and swung quickly to the Pullman step, carelessly waving his hand to his father on the platform below him.

Reggie sauntered idly through the car, nodded nonchalantly to a few friends and flung himself into the chair, over which hung a fawning porter.

His well-proportioned but useless six-feet lay stretched out at full length, the target for a dozen pairs of busy eyes, and a dozen whispered breaths passed his name to a dozen inquisitive companions.

The object of their interest was an extremely attractive youth of perhaps twenty-two years, light-haired, blue-eyed, with the build and grace of an athlete, but the brain and ability of a goat. Here in all his glory reclined the "prince of Newport," the man who caused the hopeful flame to burn in the bosoms of a score of the "season's buds"; the man for whom nets were being prepared by dozens of aspiring "mammas" of Newport. And here, poor unsuspecting creature, he was sailing right into the harbor of disaster, for this very night would find him at the Vandoria's ball in the midst of the most dangerous mines and submarines.

At the station Reggie was met by his old friend Jim Experience. Reggie had been forced on Jim as a room-mate by two conspiring mothers in freshman year, and since they had interests in common, a firm friendship resulted. Jim, however, was anything but the helpless young infant that Reggie proved to be, and it was only under his careful guidance that Reggie ever reached senior year at all.

After the usual demonstrative greetings Reggie broke away from

the admiring group which had gathered to welcome him, joining Jim, who awaited him in his Mercer runabout.

Neither spoke for some time. Then Reggie, suddenly assuming the gravest importance, turned to Jim and in a voice pitched especially deep for the occasion, begged for a drive through the open country, before turning towards his "tiny cottage."

"For you know, Jim, old fellow, the real purpose of your meeting me was this drive. You see I must slip one ovah on fathah, he is *so* insulting. Says I'll never be a business man and all that! Now, I really know lots about business; you know that from college, Jim."

Jim smiled to himself and headed for the open country. About twice a year Reggie got these spells and he knew just how to take them.

"Jim, I have a tip from Wall Street, you know. Wheat is extremely low, but really, Jim, it's to rise very high before this week is ovah. I know that for a fact. I want you to invest my million from grandfathah for me," and he shoved some papers into Jim's lap.

Jim was an experienced driver, and he knew Reggie, but nevertheless he nearly ditched the Mercer before he could recover.

"Certainly, Reg, but you know you are running a great risk; you must remember that your father has sworn to disinherit you, if you don't possess that million when he dies, and that time isn't very far away."

"Oh now, Jim, don't be absurd, this is my pahty, you know. If I lose I should certainly be inconvenienced, but dash it all, Jim! I cawn't lose, I say it's a sure thing. Oh, I know it."

"All right, Reg, old fellow, after all it's your money. I'll fix it up for you Monday. Shall I drive you home now?"

Reg and Jim parted at "the cottage," which, by the way, would have done justice to any ordinary mansion, but then the Dawsons were not ordinary people.

Reggie was the first of the family to arrive at Newport.

"Oh, what a beastly bore!" he murmured to himself, as he lazily reclined in an easy chair on the spacious side porch after dinner, "to be heah all alone with all these stupid servants! I suppose Emily is at the boat races at New London about this time, and Jack—let me see, Jack is probably at Bay Head. Mother and Tillie are abroad. How silly to go abroad! It's such a nuisance moving about. And fathah, oh, of course he's back on Wall Street. Beastly dull, this! Oh—ah, heah's the cah at lawst."

* * * * * * * * *

This dance simply couldn't be passed by; in fact Reggie generally managed to be at every large dance, and this one in particular meant

missing the boat races, a golf tournament, and a house-party, but then a dance at Newport looked "ace high" to Reggie, so here we find him at eleven-thirty on the night of his arrival, in the very heart and soul of Mrs. Nicodemus Vandoria's sensational ball.

"Reg," Jim was speaking, "I want you to meet Miss Hunter. You've often heard me speak of Ima Hunter of Chicago?"

"So this is Reggie Dawson? You know I've heard so much about you, I feel as though I'd known you perfect ages. How is sweet little 'Tillie'? You know she and I were such friends at Radcliffe. Yes, I was there a year. A perfect bore! I hated it. Isn't this a perfectly lovely dance? Every one is here. I'm thrilled to death, that attractive Van Dyke man has been giving me the heaviest rush all evening. Oh, I've really been having a most perfect time. Yes, I'd love to dance."

Not that Reg had said anything about dancing, in fact there hadn't been the least opportunity for him to say anything.

"Jim," he said laughingly, later on, "I certainly am strong for that Hunter person, and oh, how that woman can dawnce!"

Then, still later, "Oh, Jim, who is the sweet little girl over there, with all those unnecessary clothes? You know it's so foolish to weah all those clothes this time of the yeah. They're not doing it this yeah, you know."

"Oh, that's Patience Love. Mighty sensible girl from somewheres outside of Philadelphia. Heaven only knows where—one of the provinces, I suppose." Reg did not get the humor of this last remark, he was too much attracted by Patience Love.

"I want you to meet my old friend Reggie Dawson, Patience. Reg, this is Miss Love."

"I'm so pleased to meet you, Mr. Dawson. Your sister Emily and I were mighty close friends at Westover; she used to tell me so much about you."

Reg was a lady-killer, that can't be denied. He usually started with a look and then swept them off their feet with a long monologue of flattery, deviltry and what-not, but somehow this girl was different.

She certainly was intelligent looking, and attractive. She dressed simply but stunningly; she was dignified, but she had a winning smile; he could tell from her manner that she was completely at ease, would be able to talk with the "best of 'em," and in short looked as though she were "lots of fun." And yet she showed that she was always to be the mistress of the "situation." This time it was Reggie who suggested that they "dawnce."

That night, or rather the next morning, for fully an hour, two faces

kept slipping before his eyes, keeping him from the "restful sleep" so much desired, causing him to start, turn over, rub his eyes, only to find the first rays of the sun creeping through his darkened room. He had left the ball long before the end, for Patience and Madge, as he now called Ima, had both left early.

Finally, with an oath, he burrowed into the depths of his pillow and slept till noon.

* * * * * * * * *

Three days later Ima and Reg were motoring through the country districts of Rhode Island. It was a typical July day—hot, stuffy, and dusty. The two had been seeking some place where a breath of wind was stirring, but for three hours they had sought uselessly. For a long time neither spoke, in fact half a dozen sentences hadn't been exchanged during the entire ride.

"Reg, I'm as sorry as I can be I'm such a perfect devil today. but I just can't get comfortable." No answer.

"I'm sure you haven't the least idea where you are going anyhow. I'm as hungry as an old bear. When do we have lunch?"

"We're almost there, Madge."

"Reg, forgive me, you're an old dear, and I'm a silly little fool." No answer.

"Reg, you know you should really be frightfully afraid of me." This with a coy smile.

"Why?"

"Well, here I am miles from everywhere with you, you're such an admirable catch. I'm such a designing woman. And then you must remember this is leap year. Why, just suppose I should propose to you!" This with mock gravity from Madge, but with the subtlest of meanings.

"Who's afraid, Madge?"

"Will you marry me, Reg?" persisted the girl, breaking into a rippling laugh, but perfectly serious in her purpose.

"Chure," bantered Reg mockingly. Then: "Truly, Madge, I'd love to, but I proposed to Patience last night, and do you know, really, Madge, she accepted. Of course we don't love each other, but mothers must be obeyed; but I'd do anything for you, Madge. I do love you. Will you marry me, Madge? Please?"

Reg lied, he did love Patience, but in his uncertain mind he thought he loved Madge a little too; Patience of course the most, but then Patience was only after his money. She was so undemonstrative, and

Madge was so sincere. Yes, Madge loved him, deserved his money, and would be his wife.

* * * * * * * * *

It had come to a showdown:—three weeks after this event, Madge and Patience had "come to blows," and were demanding an explanation from Reg on the side-porch of the Casino.

"Reg, dearest," began Ima, "by the way, is it true that you invested all your money in wheat?"

"Yes, Madge," answered our despondent hero.

"But didn't you see in the paper this morning, the wheat market has gone to smash?"

"Yes, Madge."

"You lost all your money?"

"Yes."

"And your father?"

"Will disinherit me, but what does it matter, Madge? People think I'm spoiled,—that I live only for money. It's a lie, deah girl, I don't; all I want is a wife who loves me."

Ima was outrageous.

"Silly idiot! Reg, are you crazy? Do you suppose I can truly appreciate you as a pauper? Don't be so conceited! Why, how could I marry you now?" and the indignant Ima stalked pompously away, leaving him to Patience and confusion.

"Does it really matter so much to you, Reg?" Patience was the first to break the silence.

Reg began to "come to". "Why—ah—"

"I'm so sorry, Reg. You loved her so much. Why, she isn't worthy of a husband."

"Patience, no. I love you, but—forgive me, dear. Can you ever forgive me? I thought it was your mother forcing you on me for my money. You were so unresponsive."

"No, dear boy. I loved you. I couldn't respond and be kicked about like an old shoe."

A half-hour later, they were interrupted by Jim. "Congratulations, old man, you're worth three million. We sold your shares at double their former price this morning."

"But how—why?"

"Didn't you see? Copper!"

"But wheat—"

"Wheat nothing! I knew it was doomed, so I put the money on copper. Oh, it was a sure thing. I knew it couldn't fail."

Whereupon Reg and Patience fall into each other's arms.

(Curtain.)

—D. C. Clement, '17.

La Soledad*

La Soledad now sleeps among its ruins;
Within its crumbling walls the owl and bat
Now mope in darkened corners; o'er the walks
Once pressed by holy padres, swiftly glide
The noiseless lizard and the glistening snake;
Or motionless as shadows, on the walls
Of thick adobe bask in noonday sun.
The sandaled padres pace no more the paths,
The gardens, groves or cool, dim corridors,
Nor chant the early mass; and vesper bells
That called the dusky children of the hills
To prayer, are long since silenced. O'er the fields
Once tilled with care, a flock of straggling sheep
Nibble at withered weeds on sunburnt slopes.
At dusk the shadowy coyote sneaks along
The low brown hills, a patch of gray against
The fading west, and shrills his long-drawn cry.
The moon makes ghostly shadows through the ruins,
And lends a glamour of their golden days.
The warm wind stirs the gnarled pepper tree,
The owl and bat begin their nightly flight,
And La Soledad sleeps on in solitude.

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

---

*An old Spanish mission, now in complete ruins, 145 miles south of San Francisco, Cal., founded Oct. 9, 1791, by Padre Lasuen.

?

HE is dead! I can see his distorted face as he lies half under the table. The flickering grate fire casts a lurid glow over his body. The room is dark except for the somber illumination of the hearth, and the furniture makes grotesque shadows on the wall. And I—ah! I am free at last! Free from his dogging step and hated presence! How vividly I recollect his sneering smile!—even in the throes of death-agony his features were twisted in that ghastly, mocking grimace. But he will smile no more. He is dead!

I remember how he would come to my room when I was engrossed in study and unfit for company. His perpetual good-humor wore upon me, distracted me, and at last haunted me like a demon of mockery. It became unbearable. My nerves were completely unstrung, my endurance goaded to the quick. I strove to bury myself in work—in vain! In despair I took to long walks and rambles, and finally threw myself unreservedly into the whirl of pleasure-seeking. All in vain. He was always with me,—suave, imperturbable, inexplicable. From this frenzy I found no relief. The nervous tension at last gave way to a morbid hypochondria. Day after day I moped, locked in the seclusion of my room. But then there would come a tap on the door, and there he stood smiling and wishing me health! Insistently he kept entreating me to walk with him, until in sheer abandon I was forced to comply. He would lead me down the broad highway, lined with leprous birches, and on to the great bridge which crosses the river. Here he would watch the passing boats and objects of interest, calling this or that thing to my attention. Then he would turn facing me and smilingly—always smilingly—enquire if I did not enjoy it. Enjoy! The antithesis of my feelings made me shudder. The azure sky, the green leaves, the songs of the birds,—alike were hollow mockery to my dazed senses. But he, oblivious to all but happiness, rejoiced like a child in the commonplaces of nature.

Revenge!—was it revenge? The word sticks in my throat. He had never really harmed me. Nay, in fact, he always tried to be pleasant and to yield even obsequiously to my wishes. But his smile!—his dogged, unwearied, ever-present optimism! They drove me to the deed. Yes, I am justif—Ah! do I see a smile around the corners of his mouth? Yes! There it is! Horrors! even in death! The firelight reveals his face. His lips are drawn in that ghastly grin! He mocks me! He defies my revenge! I am faint....so faint....

I am on my deathbed. It is only a matter of a few hours now. I feel as if I had lain for months in a raging fever. My body is only a shell. All inside—vitals, heart, soul—is burned and shriveled by my malady. Soon life itself will be seared from its slight hold by this disease which defies medical aid. I try to sleep,—but it is only a wakeful dream. And in that dream, as my strength ebbs, I see before me, with its lips distended in a smile, the corpse of my pet collie.

—Robert Gibson, '17.

Dreams

Summer sky, azure sky,
Come and smile sweet on me.
Millions of sunbeams are dancing wild,
And the sighing and rustling of breezes mild
Come from thy blue, blue sea.

Murmuring wind, sobbing wind,
Come and blow cool on me.
Tell me of myst'ries born in the East;
Whisper of sadness of northern waste;
Let me be wild with thee.

Spirit of beauty, god of light,
Carry me far away.
Let me live in a sunset cloud—
The golden-tinted Olympus' shroud—
Come and pipe soft thy lay.

—Donald H. Painter, '17.

Billy Sleeps Late

(*Comedy Sketch*)

Cast of Characters:—
Billy Davis
James Conrad
Daisy Conrad, his wife
Helen West, her younger sister

Time: 9 A. M.
Place: San Francisco.

The curtain rises on the disorderly bedroom of the Conrad apartment. The chairs and bureau are strewn with a profusion of male and female garments. At the back, curtains lead to the dining-room. Somewhere in the big brass bedstead Billy Davis is yawning lazily, luxuriously. His sleepy eyes espy a letter on the bureau. He reaches over and seizes it.

Davis. Strange letters always amuse me: just bits of personality, lying round bare. (*Reading.*) "Dearest Daisy, how are you and how is the baby? He must be a bouncing angel boy, from what you say." O, they're always bouncing angels to mothers, and little bawling devils to strangers. (*He laughs.*) Suppose Daisy's his wife. I didn't know they had a kid.

(*Suddenly he hears the outside door open with a latchkey, and quickly tosses the letter back on the bureau.*)

Davis. (*Softly.*) In the name of bouncing babies, who's that?

(*He hears light footsteps enter, and a gentle song reaches his ears.*)

Great Heavens! He told me no one would be home!

(*Hearing someone in the dining-room, he coughs discreetly.*)

Feminine voice. O, Jimmie! I thought you'd gone!

(*Receiving no answer, she peers through the curtains. Billy, being a modest man, and a trifle bashful, ducks under the covers. She enters, a charming little blonde, clothed in smiles and a filmy pink morning dress.*)

Helen West. You can't hide from me, Jimmie!

(*She giggles, and sits at the foot of the bed. Billy's head slowly appears, and she rises automatically.*)

O! (*She stares.*) Goodness! Where did you come from, and what have you done with Jimmie?

Davis. (*Crimson and infuriated.*) Perhaps he's under the bed. I haven't looked!

Helen. (*Recovering, she sits on the bed and shakes her fluffy head.*) O, no: Jimmie's fat. He wouldn't fit. (*Innocently.*) Have you borrowed our flat or something?

Davis. (*Angrily.*) Mrs. Conrad, I came last night with your brother George. He said no one would be home.

Helen O, I am—(*She stops suddenly, and decides not to tell him who she is.*) George is a dear kid; I've told him to come any time we weren't here. He seldom does come, though——

Davis. He had to.

Helen. How was that?

Davis. We missed last train out of town.

Helen. And he is gone this early!

Davis. Yes, worse luck! Left me asleep here! (*He scowls at her.*)

Helen. Now, don't be angry! Because I couldn't help finding you. I'm glad I did. (*With a winning smile.*)

Davis. O, I'm not angry: just a little—er—surprising to receive a young lady caller like this. (*He reddens at the words.*)

Helen. (*Airily.*) O, but I'm married, you see! It would have been foolish of me to run away when I came upon you here. Men in bed are nothing to me. (*He opens his eyes wider.*) I used to be a nurse. Er—what is your name?

Davis. My card! (*He reaches his wallet from the bureau and hands her a card, in the manner of a butler passing a plate of soup.*)

Helen. (*Deadly serious.*) O! The formality of these "retired" gentlemen of leisure! (*Reading.*) William Davis, Philadelphia. (*Impulsively.*) O, Billy! you're a long, long ways from home!

Davis. (*Coolly.*) Yes, Mrs. Conrad—about 3000 miles.

Helen. (*Entreatingly.*) You don't mind if I call you Billy? I hate last names!

Davis. (*In an angry tone.*) Not at all! Help yourself.

Helen. Do you know (*she ponders*), I like your pajamas!

Davis. (*Exasperated.*) Indeed!

Helen. Yes, I adore pink silk. It's so soft,—so delicate. They look just like Jimmie's. (*She blushes.*)

Davis. (*Unsuspecting.*) They are his. I didn't bring any to the dance. Suppose we change the subject!

Helen. (*Looking quizzically at his feet, then at his head.*) My! but you must be tall. You're quite good-looking too. Your cheeks almost match your pajamas. (*She smiles with wicked, laughing eyes.*)

Davis. (*Tortured.*) Mrs. Conrad, I really must get up!

Helen. (*Unconcerned.*) Not at all! You look so comfy there. I'll get you some breakfast. How do you like your eggs?

Davis. Never eat them. I've GOT to get up.

Helen. Why? Don't you like my company?

Davis. (*Quickly.*) O, charmed! But suppose your husband comes home?

Helen. He can't.

Davis. Why not?

Helen. (*Lightly.*) We won't let him in—besides, he's in the country.

Davis. (*Keenly.*) You weren't with him last night?

Helen. Me? No, indeed!

Davis. Have you quarreled?

Helen. Now, Billy, do you think I *could* quarrel with anybody?

Davis. Husbands aren't "anybody." They're quite "somebody" in particular.

Helen. (*With feigned earnestness.*) You bet they are!

Davis. (*Suspiciously.*) Where is the baby?

Helen. What baby?

Davis. Your baby!

Helen. (*Flustered.*) Of course! You said it so suddenly, Billy. Why—er—I loaned him.

Davis. What!

Helen. Just temporarily! O, he's a darling!

Davis. (*Skeptically.*) He must be: I suppose you charge rent for him.

Helen. (*Annoyed.*) Well! how did you know I had a baby? I didn't tell you.

Davis. (*Growing very red.*) Why—er—(*He flounders—then smiles.*) There are—er—clothes around here which adults would find it difficult to use. (*With conviction.*) I would never have guessed it from seeing you. I should judge you were still in school if I didn't know.

Helen. (*With a wise air.*) He's lots of comfort, but he's an awful nuisance.

Davis. (*Smiles.*) I know he is.

Helen. How do you know? (*Horrified.*) Are you married?

Davis. (*Easily.*) Well—not that I know of: but the men who know most about babies are not always fathers—but the doctors and neighbors—and proud relatives. You see the novelty of bottles and rattles and nightly cries and daily "goo-goo's" soon wears off for the father, while strangers see so little of it, that it remains interesting.

Helen. (*Dreamily.*) O! I see! I hope mine won't be like that!

Davis. (*Puzzled.*) Isn't he?

Helen. (*Blushing.*) My next one, I mean.

(*A bell rings. Helen registers perplexed uncertainty—Davis abject terror.*)

Davis. (*In a whisper.*) It's your husband!

Helen. (*Fervently.*) I hope it is!

Davis. (*He reaches over and grabs her arm suspiciously.*) Are you crazy? What do you mean! I must get out of here somehow.

Helen. There's only one door, and the window's a long jump! Let go of me!

(*She leaves to answer the bell. Davis in a mighty rush pulls on his socks, and trousers over his pajamas. He mutters nervously.*) The little fool! Nice mess, this! Hope she'll keep him out till I get dressed!

Helen. (*Re-entering as he is buttoning his shirt with flying fingers. Carelessly.*) Take your time, Billy. No hurry! I've put him in the parlor. Just gave him his mail to read and he's as quiet as a baby kitten.

Davis. Er—how much mail did he have? (*He pulls on his shoes frantically.*)

Helen. Lots! But—but—Billy! I hate to have you go.

Davis. (*Wildly.*) You little fluffy-haired rascal! You want to see me get my head punched in, don't you?

Helen. I know Jimmie better than you do.

Davis. That's all right! You're his *wife*—not mother, or sister, or aunt, or great-grandmother-in-law, but *wife!* Do you get that? He doesn't know me from a hole in the ground.

Helen. (*With ill-restrained giggles.*) Can't help it! You're going back to Philadelphia. I'll never see you again, Billy. He's *always* hangin' round. (*She bends her head thoughtfully, then suddenly throws her arms about his neck.*) I like you. Will you come again? (*Tenderly.*) I shall miss you, Billy! (*She kisses him impulsively.*)

(*Frightened, he tugs at her strong little hands at the back of his neck.*)

Davis. For God's sake, let go of me!

(*The curtains part and Mr. Conrad, tall, imposing, rather stout, gazes at them with a puzzled, half-amused expression. As he enters Billy backs up against the wall like a caged tiger.*)

Helen. (*Blushing prettily.*) Billy, this is Mr. Conrad.

(*In a stupid stare, Billy gazes at the offered hand, then steps forward and shakes it as though it were a bear's paw ready to bowl him over.*)

Conrad. (*Turning to Helen.*) You didn't tell me you had company, dearie!

Helen. George brought him in last night—fresh from the East! He's cute, isn't he? (*She smiles sweetly up at him, as he stands there, collar half on, necktie in hand, looking like a fish out of water.*)

Conrad. (*With a grim smile.*) You little terror! What will you be up to next? (*He kisses her and leaves.*)

Helen. (*Triumphantly.*) *That's* the kind of a husband to have!

Davis. (*Weakly.*) Guess I better be going.

Helen. (*With sympathy.*) Are you still afraid? He didn't hurt you, did he?

Davis. (*Glaring at her.*) You—you little fluffy-haired skallywag! I've had enough of this "fun." You've had your inning! It's my turn now!

(*The outside door is opened with a latchkey and slammed to.*)

Helen. (*Suddenly terrified.*) O Lord! I guess it is! I didn't think she'd be home. Billy! Listen to me! Quick! I'll get in the closet. Don't tell her I'm in here with you. Please! I've been nice to you. Please! Please don't tell her till I can get out. Promise! Jimmie won't tell her if you don't. You won't, Billy dear? (*She disappears into the closet.*)

(*The curtains part again, and Mrs. Conrad, stylish and young, appears with baby in arms. She has come straight in without seeing her husband.*)

Mrs. Conrad. (*In much surprise.*) Oh! Who are you?

Davis. (*In fearful uncertainty.*) I—I came with George West last night.

Mrs. Conrad. (*Smiling.*) O, all right. I beg your pardon. I couldn't think who you were.

(*He feels he must say something or explode into fragments; and a healthy sense of his compromising position tells him that the closet door must be kept shut.*)

Davis. (*Calmly at last.*) I suppose you are the neighbor who was taking care of the baby? Mrs. Conrad said it would be all right to leave it. The father is here.

Daisy Conrad. (*With a look of hopeless mystery.*) What in goodness' name are you talking about?

Davis. (*In crimson agony.*) Damned if I know!

(*He tears open the closet and exposes Helen huddled in one corner, crying.*) Come out of there, you! It's my bat now! What's all this mean? Who is this woman with your baby?

Helen. (*Between sobs.*) Billy—I—think—you're—horrid!

Daisy. (*Glaring at her angrily.*) Helen! What are you doing in

there? I'll tell your mother this. She's had enough of your antics. It's high time you went to boarding school to learn some common decency. You can't behave yourself anywhere!

Davis. (*Turning suspiciously on Helen and pointing imperiously to the infant.*) Is that your baby?

Helen. (*Crying.*) No-oo-oo! I—I haven't got any baby. I hate the things.

Davis. Who are you anyway?

Helen. (*Looking up with tearful eyes.*) I'm Helen Travers West.

Davis. (*Excitedly.*) Well, why in—

Mrs. Conrad. (*Breaking in.*) She is my young sister, Mr.——

Helen. (*Dejectedly.*) His name is BILLY.

Mrs. Conrad. (*Disgusted.*) Where are your manners, Helen? You are a disgrace to me positively. Mr. ——Mr. Billy, I hope you will accept my apologies for her. (*Billy stands mute, thinking many things.*)

Helen. I won't be apologized for; why won't you be a sport like your husband?

Daisy. (*With much concern.*) What do you mean, Helen?

Helen. Go and ask him. (*Daisy retires.*) (*Relieved and brushing away her tears.*) Thank Heavens she's gone! The old crab! Jimmie's the only thing that would pull her out of here; just 'cause she's married and got a baby, she thinks she can rock me in the same cradle with it.

Davis. (*Surveying her with a grim, incredulous smile.*) Well, "Helen," what have you got to say to me?

Helen. (*Smiling naively.*) "Nuffin." We're quits!

Davis. That's like a girl!

Helen. Well, what else do you want? (*She steps close and looks up into his face.*) I'm not married any more! (*She puts her lips dangerously near his, but he gazes into her searching eyes with perfect calmness.*)

Davis. No, Helen, I won't kiss you. It wouldn't help your condition in the least; besides, sister might come in and I'm afraid you wouldn't let go; but I'll give you a bit of advice; the next time you change your name, don't do it on your own hook.

Helen. (*In feeble defense.*) Next time you go visiting get up on time and you won't meet little "fluffy-haired skallywags" like me.

Davis. I guess perhaps I can eat some eggs now, Helen. This has been a hard strain on a man with an empty stomach. (*He smiles good-naturedly down on her.*)

Helen. (*Stubbornly.*) I won't cook for a man who won't kiss me.

Davis. (*He laughs.*) Two eggs for one kiss.

Helen. (*Deadly serious.*) No; kiss apiece.
Davis. Well, a man must eat. (*He kisses her twice.*)
Helen. (*She hesitates.*) Now—I'll see if we've got any eggs. (*She skips out laughing, and Davis follows.*)

(*Curtain.*)

—*C. Van Dam, '17.*

The Last Robin

Forever? Ah, never! the breeze is at play
In the rustling tassels of fall's yellow corn.
The river? A-quiver, with shimmering ray
Of the sun as it peeps through the willows that mourn.
Can joy ever vanish? My carol is gay:—
"Forever and ever, and ever and aye!"

Comes stealing a feeling that brooks no delay.
Unwilling, my long absent comrades I mourn,
For cold grows the weather; I follow their way.
I grieve for the summer, my dirge is forlorn,
And gone is the joy of my old roundelay:—
"Forever, and ever, and ever, and aye!"

—*R. G., '17.*

Sons of Attila

IF you consult the Official Bulletin of the Servian Government you will find that on the 25th of August, 1915, the French Government sent a dozen French officers to help the defensive of their Slavonic allies, and amongst the twelve you can read two names: Captain Jean-Francois-Victor de Morlaix and Lieutenant Count Arnaud de Vesigny. No doubt you will also read that a week later the only two casualties which occurred in the entire Servian detachment near Belgrade were Lieutenants Radotzki and Blankowitz. Again, on the 2nd of October, the bulletin declares that there was "no encounter of any sort with the enemy on the Belgrade front," and that "the two officers who are on the Casualty List died while manning a small gun captured the day before."

If you are a man of reason you will doubt this latter statement, for two reasons, viz: first, the officers of the Servian army do not handle guns at all; and second, guns are not manned when there is "no encounter of any sort with the enemy."

How, then, did Lieuts. Radotzki and Blankowitz really meet their death? One moment, gentlemen, while I get something in my glass and light a cigarette. Now, I'm ready to tell you the tale.....

On the night of October 2nd, four officers left camp at about a half after eight. Two wore French uniforms, the other couple were Servians. Their names, gentlemen, were Captain Jean-Francois-Victor de Morlaix and Lieutenant Count Arnaud de Vesigny, of the French Officers' Detachment, and Lieutenants Radotzki and Blankowitz, of the Third Servian Hussars.

Riding fast, these four soldiers arrived at Nogovitz, at the Inn of the King's Arms, at nine o'clock, sat down in the empty tavern, ordered several bottles of wine, two packs of cards, a box of cigars and some Russian Levant cigarettes. They played quietly for an hour or two, the Frenchmen losing steadily and drinking with their allies as the smoke blew up to the ceiling; the coins jingled and the glasses clicked.

A gay air of camaraderie seemed to reign; indeed, Radotzki had been a great deal in Western Europe, having even attended the University of Oxford with Prince Paul of Servia, whilst Blankowitz had met the Count de Vesigny at Paris while he was Servian attache of Legation in the "Ville Lumiere."

"*Nom d'un nom!*" muttered Captain de Morlaix, "I have almost lost my patrimony. One, three, seven—why, I've lost seven thousand francs," and he laughed carelessly.

"You old miser!" grinned de Vesigny. "I've lost nine," and neither

noticed the look of contempt exchanged by the two Servian officers.

"One more game," said Radotzki, "at a franc a point."

"Waiter, some more wine, cigarettes and cigars."

And the game went on.

Radotzki dealt out the cards, Captain de Morlaix keeping his eyes on him; the game progressed, the Captain watching the Servian's every movement. Greater and greater grew the winnings of the Servian, when, all of a sudden, during the last trick but one, Captain Jean-Francois-Victor de Morlaix pushed his chair behind him, got up and pushed his cards across the table:—

"M. le Lieutenant," he said to Radotzki, "I have the honor to inform my friend, Count de Vesigny, that you have cheated him and me to the tune of twenty-five thousand francs."

"I thought so," cried Vesigny.

Radotzki was silent.

"In fact, Monsieur," continued the Captain, "I have the honor to call you a scoundrel and ask for a duel."

"You are a liar! But I will fight."

"M. de Vesigny will be my second. I presume your accomplice in cards will be your second in duelling."

"Very well," they assented ungraciously.

"The terms are to be as follows: M. Radotzki and I are to stand at opposite ends of the bar; at a given signal from M. Blankowitz, my friend, Count de Vesigny, will turn out the light. Each of us fires six shots: if at the end one of us is killed, then M. de Vesigny and M. Blankowitz may try conclusions whilst the survivor gives the signal to them. After that, the lights may be turned on. Agreed?"

He was a master-duellist, was Captain Jean-Francois-Victor de Morlaix, and they all agreed rather breathlessly.

"All right," muttered Blankowitz.

Radotzki filled his glass and lit a cigarette nervously, and walked to his end of the bar.

"Ready, M. le Lieutenant?" asked the Captain.

"Yes."

"And I also," nodded de Morlaix.

Blankowitz signalled to Count de Vesigny, who turned out the light. The two latter stood aside and watched what they could of the drama that was being enacted.

Six shots in rapid succession came from the man smoking the cigarette, then the cigarette moved in the dark and stood immobile, its smoker evidently crouching behind the bar.

Not a noise from the Frenchman's end, then, of a sudden, Captain

de Morlaix laughed: "One hit the third finger of my left hand and the rest missed. They're poor shots, these Servians. But I'll pick his right ear off for him."

A shot, the crash of a glass, the fall of a cigarette.

"Oh, la, la!" mused de Morlaix, "I'm sorry for the poor devil."

As he walked over to the chimney his steps drowned the groan of M. le Lieutenant Blankowitz, of the Third Servian Hussars. "We Frenchmen are sportsmen," and he shot five times up the chimney.

Blankowitz walked nervously across the room and turned on the light.

On the bar a broken wine glass and the ashes of a cigarette.

In the grate, doubled up and convulsed, with five shots through his body, lay Lieutenant Radotzki.

"Good Lord!" said Morlaix, dumbfounded.

"Drunk or sober," muttered Count de Vesigny, "a Frenchman is a gentleman. But these Slavs! Pouah! I would we had as allies those gallant Austrians. They, at least, are gentlemen," and with that the two Frenchmen turned on their heels.

But Blankowitz heard not a word, as, bent over the body of his dead friend, he wept bitterly and prayed brokenly, for it was he who had advised him to hide in the chimney.

A shot!

And Blankowitz had joined his friend.

—J. G. C. LeCercq, '18.

The City

Square-cut against the deepest blue,
Stands out the 'Scraper with its granite-somber hue.
Around its top re-echoes the muffled sound
From far below, of rumbling Crowd,
With whirr and clanging on asphalted ground—
Now low, now loud.

The twilight bathes in softening gray
That Tower of Commerce; one by one
It opens square unnumbered eyes—Night's business is begun.
A brown-black church with piercing spire
Broods on aside in gloomy ire
At heedless passers-by,
Whose lives are measured by a day.

—Douglas C. Wendell, '16.

A Summer of Psychology

THE orator at the annual Commencement exercises of a small Pennsylvania college was Dr. Edward Melvin, Professor of Philosophy at an adjacent institution of the Quaker City. Thaddeus Christopher Bothwell, A.B., one of the new graduates, seemed to take little stock in his talk. For the tenth time within the five short minutes that had elapsed since he had received his diploma, "Christy," as he was familiarly called, turned around to gape at a certain feminine figure seated on the other side of the hall. The object of his gaze was an expansive brown straw hat with cherry blossom trimmings. Little else was visible, for it was one of those ill-balanced headpieces that hide the wearer's face except when she is looking squarely at you. Only twice did Christy catch her in the act. But still he had little grounds for complaint, for a full two weeks' acquaintance with the owner of this cherry-blossomed affair qualified him to enlarge eloquently on the details then invisible. His description would have contained these items (and more, no doubt): tanned face, dark hair somewhat bleached by exposure, broad shoulders, and general massiveness belonging to the stroke-oaress of a co-ed navy, but, in this case, indicative of constant indulgence in lawn tennis, especially mixed doubles, for which Christy had found her an excellent partner.

Mr. Bothwell, Senior, lawyer, and friend of the speaker, witnessed disapprovingly his son's inattention and frowned at him. The frown was not wasted, for Christy was frightened at the blackness of it, and kept his eyes front for one whole minute. In that interval he managed to catch several fragments of wisdom from Dr. Melvin's address.

"Beware, young gentlemen, of the tangoing, bridge party type of girl, but tie yourselves to that rare jewel, a young maiden who can make edible pie."

The above-quoted remarks, and the girl in the cherry blossoms were for Christy the only bright features of the day. He acted upon both. Concerning the fragments of wisdom, he wrote to the Professor for more. To the girl, Miss Mollie Parker, he wrote also, desiring to continue a warm friendship begun in mutual fondness for cherry-blossomed hats, the fruit itself, and what is made from the fruit—cherry-pie. But she went to Bar Harbor, and he to his father's home in sanely "slow" Philadelphia.

II

During the pleasant cherry-picking days of late June, young Christy Bothwell sat down one morning about 9.30 to a breakfast composed of predigested cereal, freshly-picked cherries, and two letters.

"A good showing," he remarked.

"Yes, Mr. Christy," said the bald-headed butler, his confidant since childhood, "I knew that you liked cherries."

"I meant the letters, of course, Henry. See! Here's a letter from Shorty Knox. And, what luck!—one from Bar Harbor! Sugar and cream on the cereal, please, Henry, while I'm reading this."

There was silence for two minutes.

"You may ask it, Henry. She's well, thank you. Having a fine time, and is sorry I can't come up, but may be in the city herself before long. It all depends on her guardian's plans for her."

"Mr. Christy, pardon my liberty, your latest, is she?"

"The latest, Henry! My first and only! Wish us luck."

Ten minutes later, Christy, leaning back in a comfortable arm-chair, cigarette in mouth, read Shorty's letter.

"I have sold my first story," he read, "to ———'s Magazine for twenty-five dollars. not bad, is it, Christy? I feel encouraged and will write more. Say, Christy, can you picture your old classmate, Shorty, a real author, the first month out of college? Some class, eh? But why don't you try the writing game yourself? Those college yarns of yours used to be quite clever. Let's hear from you.

Sincerely,

Shorty."

About two o'clock in the afternoon a heavy hand was clapped upon Christy's shoulders, as he lay back, lost in reverie.

"Where are you, Christy? Want to play some tennis?"

"Sure, Tom." Christy rose hurriedly from his *Eazy Chair* "But don't ever do that again, for you gave me such a shock that I almost choked over the demi-tasse, and right in front of His Nibs, the Editor, too. You know, I was dining with him by special invitation, to discuss my promising revival of the college yarn."

III

Christy, a trifle early for breakfast, had already digested the predigested when the postman's customary step and ring were heard.

"The long-expected counsel from Professor Melvin, "said Christy, opening one of the two letters. "But let's see first what the publishers say."

He opened the second letter. "Weep for a disconsolate author, Henry. Another rejection slip. How many of those did I get yesterday?"

"Two, Mr. Christy."

"And one Wednesday, and two Thursday. It's getting pretty tiresome, I think, Henry."

"Don't be discouraged, Mr. Christy."

The latter turned to the Professor's communication. He waved it excitedly. "Here's luck! He's got a job for me, and listen to this, Henry! 'For the young man who handles himself well in this position, I know of a good opening for next fall as a college instructor in psychology.'"

The taciturn butler beamed at this.

"It sounds good to me, Henry, and anyway it can't be worse than waiting on the mailman every day as I have been doing lately."

A few minutes later, Christy entered one of those popular-priced restaurants that so bountifully dot Market and Chestnut streets. A manager, or equally important individual, accosted him.

"So you're the young man recommended by Professor Melvin, are you? All ready for work? Well, the Professor suggested that we station you in front of the big window there, cooking hot cakes, 'browning the wheat' for the benefit of hungry passers-by on the outside. How does it appeal to you?"

"But the Professor wrote me something about training for an instructorship in psychology," objected Christy.

"He has queer notions, the Professor."

"So it seems. There may be various and widely different methods of studying psychology, but there's such a thing as too much publicity while you're doing it. Now, writing the college yarn is quite different, and don't offer any danger of embarrassing encounters with old friends as standing before this monster window all day would probably lead to—"

"Take the case of this young lady Professor Melvin brought here just before you," interrupted the manager. "She's a good waitress certainly, but she ought to be up among the summer colony at Bar Harbor or Newport, instead of here."

"What young lady are you talking about?"

"Oh, one of the Professor's many experiments. She's here to learn domestic training, and how to make cherry-pie, as far as I can make out."

"Cherry-pie! What's this girl's name, Mr. Manager?" Christy inquired eagerly.

"Professor Melvin's ward, Miss Mollie Parker," replied the restaurant manager.

"I guess I'll stick around a while," said the delighted Christy. "I believe that the Professor was right, and this *is* a good place to study psychology after all, and the presence of a certain husky young lady with bleached hair and a cherry-blossomed hat, shouldn't hinder me in the least."

—George A. Dunlap, '16.

Nox Advenit

By the stream's green-bosomed border,
Near the bridge's stony arch,
Long we sat as evening's twilight
Deeper grew;
All about was pregnant silence
Save for locusts' plaintive calls,
Or when fairies swayed the branches
In their shaded woodland halls,
Moist with dew.

In the meadow sprung the daisy,
Sparkling from its bed of green,
Gleaming whiter with the twilight,
Like a star;
On the water's glassy surface
Glowed the dying sun's last rays,
Like some dryad's magic mirror
In the tales of fairy days
From lands afar.

Overhead in heaven's deep ether,
As from artist's adept touch,
Stole a thrush on outspread pinions,
Homeward bent.
In the speckled clouds of whiteness
We could trace a castle's height;
E'en we saw the gates of heaven
Circled with a flood of light,
Angel-sent.

East to westward flows the music,
Tuned to nature's silent nod,
Till it swells in full ensemble
Round the sapphire throne of God.
—*John W. Spaeth, Jr., '17.*

New Books in the Library

Patrie, BY VICTORIEN SARDOU. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

A translation from the French recently published by the Drama League of America. With the Flemish revolt under William of Orange as a background, the plot traces the mental struggle of a man torn between love of country and human passion. A kindly side to the Duke of Alva is conceived contrary to the usual opinion. Descriptions are vivid and the scenes flash forth with startling clearness.

The Jewel City, BY BEN MACOMBER. *John H. Williams, San Francisco.*

An illustrated booklet that wonderfully portrays the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. Accompanying the seventy-five photographs are chapters devoted to description and criticism. It is the most readable exposition "Baedeker" we have seen.

Collected Diplomatic Documents on the Outbreak of the European War.

Sir Gilbert Parker has given to the Library a copy of the official communications of the warring nations. Most interesting are those documents issued by Belgium about August 1st, 1914.

The German Enigma, BY GEORGES BOURDON. *J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London.*

A Frenchman's sincere attempt to understand the German point of view. Personal interviews with prominent Germans before the war convinced M. Bourdon that Germany would avoid a war with France—that England was their sole enemy. He strikes a severe blow at Pan-Germanism.

—*E. T. Price*, '17.

THE UNEASY CHAIR

THE subject of compulsory church attendance has caused as much, if not more, comment about college than any other single issue. There has been considerable agitation to open the pages of the college periodicals to a discussion of this matter. So far the editors have resisted this temptation and preserved a neutral silence. It is argued, with some justice, that the college magazines, as purporting to offer a medium for the expression of college topics, should comply with this demand in the present instance, and enter into the *pros* and *cons* of compulsory church attendance. The propagandists of the present condition argue the method as good, saying that we, under the existing regime, are not in a position to judge the advisability of voluntary attendance at divine services. If, in after years, we look back upon the matter and conclude that the compulsory attendance was inimical to our future welfare, then, and then only, can an adequate decision be rendered. The "antis," on the other hand, say this is an incomplete and mistaken conception of the principle. Furthermore, compulsory church attendance does not accord with the liberal principles advocated by the Society of Friends. That church attendance should not be classed in the category of the college curriculum. That Sunday, per se, is a day of cessation of rules. The arguments for both sides are manifold. As regards the correctness of either, it is difficult to say. If we should give an opinion in either direction it would be, like Banquo's ghost, continually occupying the Uneasy Chair. It would seem to be an iteration of the spirit of so-called "freedom" rising in the mind of man under any form of restraint. But apart from any feeling of restriction, it is a condition which is basically for the best, and is best borne with that Hamletian anticipation of "something after."

—*R. G.*

COMPULSORY CHURCH ATTENDANCE

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS has always taken great pride in the fact that its history is entirely free from the stains of religious intolerance which deface the records of nearly every other denomination. The liberal principles of Roger Williams and William Penn have now been endorsed by the laws of every civilized nation and by the concensus of enlightened opinion. One would naturally expect such a progressive

institution as Haverford College to develop these liberal principles to their fullest extent.

But the authorities of Haverford College, in the question of enforced attendance at religious services, seem to disagree both with the most eminent pioneers of Friendly practise and with the universal spirit of American legislation. It is really rather difficult to understand the grounds upon which the gentlemen responsible for the present condition of forced religion at Haverford justify their attitude. Do they undertake to maintain that the whole policy of the United States government is wrong, that we should return to the state of religious intolerance whose high moral effects are so delightfully apparent in the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? Or do they contend that the typical college man is unworthy of the religious liberty which is guaranteed, under the laws, to the humblest day laborer?

Surely neither of these reasons can have much weight in the twentieth century, however strongly they might have appealed to Philip II. and the Duke of Alva. Surely a fuller and more careful consideration of the question will lead the authorities of Haverford College to exchange their present narrow and illiberal attitude in this matter for one which is more in harmony with the broad and liberal conception of religious liberty which Haverford College ought to stand for.

—*W. H. C.*

ALUMNI

This letter was written by Felix Morley, '15, now serving with Ambulance Train No. 16, "somewhere in France."

A. T. 16,
B. E. F.,
France,
October 3, 1915.

MY DEAR K.:—

I have just filled my *racine de bruyere* pipe with ration tobacco—which sings through a man's nostrils like the fresh unharnessed breezes of the North Atlantic—lighted it with a ration match (Bryant & May's, a make for me permanently associated with Cranbrook and the happy summer days of 1904), and am hoping against hope that I may be able to inflict some sort of scrawl upon you in the brief intervals between sterner duties. It is just 11:35 P. M.

I have been working continuously since four this morning and have an hour and a half more to go before I may snatch four hours to resuscitate me for unloading and cleaning up to-morrow.

The battle of Hulluck has faded into the past, the three or four square miles of bloodstained earth has been "consolidated" by its captors; the great American public, so far as it considers the matter at all, is probably licking its chops in anticipation of another advance, and here, a full week after the battle, we still labor day and night cleaning away the shattered, sodden wreckage. The rush started on September 26th—nine days ago now—and in that time we have made six trips with heavy loads of wounded, four of them all-night journeys, one of twenty hours' duration. Not only do we carry wounded from the front to the base hospitals, but also from the hospital towns to various seaports, the technical term for the latter loads being "convalescents," as they consist of men sufficiently free from danger to be safely removed to England. To-night's trip—we loaded up about 4 P. M., and will get in to-morrow morning at six o'clock or so—is technically a convalescent one, but they are clearing the hospitals so rapidly in preparation for further severe casualties, that the term is a decided misnomer. Usually when the men are certain that they are really going back to Blighty, as they affectionately term England, they are a cheery, patient lot, but to-night, in my ward at least, the poor devils are extremely querulous. One notices it the more because as a general thing they bear the most horrible wounds with such surprising fortitude, and would rather endure discomfort than ask you to relieve even trivial wants.

Is it a blessing or a curse that our powers of assimilation are so inadequate? I would give something to be able to give you an adequate idea of the past week with me, but to do so would overtax the powers of a Milton. You have seen the ocean at a stormy nightfall—gray, ominous, oppressive; and you have looked on those same waters the next morning rippling and dancing in the gracious sunlight. It is a surprising phenomenon, yet it affords an applicable metaphor in this connection. I often wonder how I can sleep, still more how I can eat and joke and laugh amid the scenes one witnesses here. Yet these I do, and all of them—except perhaps the third—successfully. Were we otherwise constituted, the very nature of war would negate its possibility, for no brain could stand such hellish scenes as have been emphasized in this last battle. From a mechanical standpoint we are singularly inefficient, both at

receiving and imparting our impressions.

My ward is a "sitting-up" coach. That is to say, it is an ordinary third class Great Western corridor carriage with eight compartments, two lavatories (one of them used as a pantry), painted khaki outside and white within, the seats upholstered in dark blue with a maroon pattern. Usually I have patients who are sick or so wounded that they need not necessarily lie flat in these compartments, and when we have a full quota of 64 [censored here] my partner and I consider we have enough to occupy our odd moments. At a time like the present, however, the sick and slightly wounded must take their chance, for the Ambulance Trains, working full blast, can only accommodate the worst cases. By placing the two cushions of each compartment on the floor between the seats—cloth-covered springs are not so hard as you might imagine—we can make each compartment hold three men unable to help themselves; $3 \times 8 = 24$, five such coaches—120, and four lying-down coaches with beds for 36 each gives a total of 264. The trip before this, however, we brought down 320, which is, I believe, a record load of stretcher cases. I should have liked to walk the length of the train that night with any American who thinks our country should plunge into this bloody maelstrom. Such sights are damping to the Jingoistic spirit. About midnight my partner came on duty, and before turning in I wandered up through the dimly lighted train. To walk amid such concentration of smashed humanity is something unforgettable; through crowded wards where the Red Cross fights its unequal battle with shrapnel and high explosives; through scenes indelible of imprint, awaiting only the pencil of another Dante to seal the end of war. White faces, distorted, huddled figures, swathing bandages, and clumsy, binding splints. Everywhere wounded men—lying in the crowded sitting-up wards in such cramped postures as I have described to you, filling every bed in the lying-downs—on the floors, in the corridors, in the dispensary, in the store room, in the brake van. A weird and gruesome labyrinth through which to pick one's way. You are in a lying-down ward and must crawl through the precarious passage way left between the stretchers in the aisles and the triple tiers of beds. The train is rattling over miserably laid French switches, and every jolt brings forth its quota of groans, half suppressed by a brave effort of pallid lips. Here is a bad face wound, a bandaged, ghastly, inhuman, mummy-like head dabbled in blood and matter, and redolent with the fetid, noxious smell peculiar to

such wounds. If it were daytime and August the flies would be clustered black about that septic mouth, but winter, while it accentuates most miseries, will at least alleviate that one. In a bottom bunk nearby is a man with a bullet through his head. He is unconscious, his face gray and sunken; his eye sockets a livid, ghastly purple. For him at least the war drums beat no longer, and the order has gone out that he is to be unloaded at our first stop, so that he may die in the hospital. Here and there are gas cases—sound in limb and body, but terribly pathetic to look upon as they sit propped up with pillows, panting for air with frantic, rapid gasps. Unconscious under merciful opiates, here is one who has had an explosive bullet through both thighs. [Censored here.] Opposite, another has a bullet in the bowels, so that a ceaseless agonizing stream of putrid matter passes through the wound. There are several amputations, mostly of the feet and legs, and one young Scotsman, who every now and then starts wildly up from his stretcher in the aisle, glares terror-stricken round with staring, sightless eyes and relapses limp and trembling amid his blankets and hot water bottles. Finally, at the further end of the coach, a motionless figure beside whom an orderly must watch unceasingly. Shrapnel has blown away his entire abdomen, and Death is already folding her black wings around his head.

The catalogue is far too horrible for amplification, easy as were that task. Nor would I wish you to think that all my time is spent in such surroundings, for the past week has been unusual, though doubtless there will be more such pressure before winter sets in. Not infrequently when the work is done there is leave for three or four hours at a time, which affords opportunity for wandering through the towns where we are stationed, and even for brief excursions into the neighboring countryside. There is good company on the train—several University men—and not the least agreeable hours are those spent in relieving our monotonous rations round the table of some quaint estaminet. The French omelette exerts a potent call to the true believer, and the slimmest of purses will always encompass a glass or two in this land of vintages. On the whole, the life, while exacting, is novel and by no means distasteful. D. V., I shall stick it six months either here or possibly at the Dunkirk station—after that, Quien Sabe?

I trust F—— has had a favorable inception into Haverford; the life there seems very, very dim and precious viewed from present surroundings.

Letter from Felix M. Morley, '15.

'85

Haverfordians will be interested to learn of the success of Professor Theodore W. Richards, '85, who has received the Nobel Prize for Chemistry, carrying with it $40,000. The article is reprinted from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

London, Nov. 12.—The Nobel Prize for Physics for 1914, says a Reuter dispatch from Stockholm, has been awarded to Prof. Max von Laue, of Frankford-on-Main, for his discovery of the diffraction of rays in crystals. The Chemistry Prize for the same year has been awarded to Prof. Theodore William Richards, of Harvard University, for fixing the atom weights of chemical elements. The prizes for 1915 will be awarded today.

For the first time since their establishment, in 1903, one of the Nobel prizes, carrying with it more than $40,000 in gold, has been awarded to a Philadelphian. Professor Theodore William Richards, who was born in Germantown and graduated from Haverford College, has been awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for 1914. Doctor Richards is now director of the Gibbs Memorial Laboratory at Harvard University.

According to the dispatch, the award was made for the discoveries of Doctor Richards in fixing the atomic weight of elements. With his assistants, he revised the atomic weights of oxygen, copper, iron, nickel, calcium, sodium and many other elements. His investigations in physical and organic chemistry and his monographs on the significance of changing atomic volumes have given him high prestige in the scientific world.

Doctor Richards was born in Germantown on January 31, 1868. His parents were William T. Richards, an artist, and Anna Matlack Richards, an author. He was graduated from Haverford in 1885 with the degree of bachelor of science. Harvard gave him an arts degree in 1886 and the degrees of master of arts and doctor of philosophy in 1888. He then studied at the Universities of Gottingen and Leipsic and at the School of Technology, Dresden. A score of universities in Europe and America, including Yale, Harvard, Oxford and Cambridge, have given him honorary degrees. He is a member of the International Commission on Atomic Weights, and was awarded the Davy medal by the Royal Society in 1910 and the Willard Gibbs Memorial by the American Chemical Society in 1912.

November 8, 1915.

The Editor of THE HAVERFORDIAN.

SIR:—

The enclosed letter from W. W. Comfort, '94, I cut from the New York *Times* of November 7th.

It has occurred to me that it would be within the province of the HAVERFORDIAN to call upon a few

representative alumni, whose opinions are worth printers' ink, for their views on the momentous issue of national defence.

I for one am most anxious to know what the most thoughtful of American Friends think about the problem. Are we to abdicate our old easy pacificist ideals? Or are we to try to maintain them in the face of the overwhelming landslide toward "adequate defence"?

It seems as though this is a question of peculiar interest to Haverfordians. There are a great many alumni who continue to look to the HAVERFORDIAN as an organ wherein the sober feeling of the college expresses itself. Why not ask Dr. Comfort, and someone of equal ability who holds the other side of the argument, to debate the problem?

Faithfully yours,
C. D. MORLEY, '10.

RESULTS OF PREPAREDNESS

Will Force Upon Us a New Foreign Policy and Unnecessary Wars.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

One may assume that the writers of letters to the press for and against preparedness as a means of keeping our country at peace are sincere, but their statements are often confused and their arguments often easy to confute. It is relatively unimportant whether the country can afford the colossal expenditures contemplated, or whether the money will find its way into the pork barrel, or whether internal improvements are more urgent, or whether the vessels built now will be scrap iron in fifteen years, or whether any foreign country has designs upon us. The country must do some straight thinking on a high level. One must not shrink from taking an extreme stand when moral truth is engaged. There is no virtue in compromise when the historic policy of America is threatened.

Christianity stands for the superiority of spiritual over physical force. It is not only an abstract truth, but a practical truth, to which all history and progress bear record. To compromise with a principle for which Christianity and our own nation have stood is a serious matter, and one may well tremble at the prospect. For a century we have kept out of European broils without losing self-respect or the respect of others. Our wealth, our happiness, and our place in the sun have steadily grown, though we have been unarmed—just as the wealth, the commerce, and the importance of Germany have steadily grown during half a century of peaceful conquest. It is not a question exclusively of our present peaceable intentions. Is there on record a case of a nation with a well-equipped fighting arm which has not devel-

oped a class of professional militarists, men who have stagnated in peace and who lust for war if only to display their prowess? These blood lusters already exist among us, and against them we must be on our guard; ruin lies in their way. In their cry that such a great nation as ours must maintain its dignity, they will be joined by all those who are now providing munitions in return for blood money and who will not wish to see their new plants lying idle after this war. Further, with a large, but not the largest, navy we shall be courted for foreign alliances, which we shall not refuse, but which will sooner or later embroil us, as one nation after another has become embroiled in this present war of alliances.

Not long since Japan armed and became a world power, and now she is courted and distrusted. We know what the Occident fears should China follow suit. If we do the same, we cannot prevent other nations from concluding that our foreign policy has changed, that we have seen a great light, and have gone on the warpath to impose our dignity. Is there any European nation for whose dignity we would exchange our own just now?

An armed nation flings abroad a standing challenge. The chance of peace decreases as preparedness for war increases. We have been caught in the back wash of the European war. After our generosity and compassion with suffering, it is proposed to follow in precisely the methods which have brought on the war, and which we have but recently execrated. With the opportunity in our hand to lead the greatest movement in human history, a new dispensation, we are asked to go back to the Old Testament standards from which the European nations and the European church have not yet emerged. We are the only nation whose hands were clean enough to attempt the heroic task, the only Government which Europe would trust.

Do our people realize that in every parallel case preparedness has led to war? We may be at a turning point in our career, when we are about to sell out our birthright for the mess into which preparedness will lead us. Most of us want to do the right thing in the wrong way. We are starting on a long road, for the experts take good care not to say just when they will be adequately prepared to maintain peace. They cannot tell us, because preparation for peace by preparation for war is a contradiction of eternal law.

W. W. COMFORT,
Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.,
Nov. 1, 1915.

1910

The following is of interest, as indicating that even in war there are some bright spots.

The announcement has reached

England that Mr. P. J. Baker, one of the most famous of sportsmen and scholars, is shortly to be married to a lady with whom he has been working for some months at the front, Miss Irene Noel, cousin of the Hon. Neville Lytton, the great tennis player. Her father is at present in Greece, where he has a large estate.

Mr. P. J. Baker is the popular commanding officer of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, which has been doing magnificent work at the front. Miss Noel is attached to the Unit, and is said to be a most accomplished lady. She is full of energy and business, and has been out all the time, regardless of shell fire and sundry spills from motor-cars. That Mr. Baker's future wife has already been a great help to him is evident from the following extract from a letter from a member of the Unit:

"It is entirely due to her and to Mr. P. J. Baker, with the help of efficient officers, that the Unit has been able to accomplish such excellent work as a voluntary unit, which is always difficult out here in getting clearing stations, the armies occupying every nook and corner."

The Unit, financed by the Quakers' Friends' Society, besides clearing the wounded, undertakes various other duties, such as helping to cleanse towns by inoculation against typhoid, supplying apparatus to make pure water, helping destitute civilians with food and clothing, hospitals for civilians, and two or three other kinds of hospitals.

At Cambridge Mr. Baker made a great name for himself, being President of the University Athletic Club and the Union Debating Society at the same time. He was equally famous as a scholar, taking a Second Class in the Historical Tripos, and then securing a First Class in the Economics Tripos, besides winning the Whewell University Scholarship for International Law. Some little time before he went to the front he was appointed Vice-Principal of Ruskin College, Oxford, and has since been elected into a Fellowship at his old Foundation, King's College, Cambridge. It was his Tripos work which prevented him from training thoroughly for the last Olympic Games.

The wedding will take place at Crabbet Park, Surrey, on June 12th, and will attract considerable attention.

Mr. Baker is the son of the Member for East Finsbury. He first went to the Bootham's School, York, and besides his very remarkable career at the University, has studied in America and Germany.

Mr. Baker's full record on the track is as follows:—

FIRST YEAR

Won Freshmen's Mile in 4 min. 35 2-5 sec.

Won Freshmen's Half-Mile in 2 min. 0 3-5 sec.

Won Strangers' 1,000 Yards Handicap, conceded 6 yds., in 2 min. 20 2-5 sec.

Won Strangers' Half-Mile Handicap from scratch in 1 min. 59 2-5 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 51 3-5 sec.

Won Inter-'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 27 3-5 sec.

SECOND YEAR

Won Strangers' 1,000 Yards Handicap from scratch in 2 min. 19 sec.

Won C. U. A. C.—L. A. C. Half-Mile (beating Lieut. Patterson) in 1 min. 59½ sec.

Won College Quarter-Mile in 54 1-5 sec.

Won College Mile in 5 min. 0 2-5 sec.

Second in College 100 Yards in 11 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 3 sec.

Won 'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 29 sec.

Won Inter-'Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 57 3-5 sec.

THIRD YEAR

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 7 1-5 sec.

Second in College 100 Yards in 11 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 43 sec.

Second in College 100 Yards in 10 3-5 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 7 1-5 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 49 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 38 3-5 sec.

Second in College 100 Yards in 10 3-5 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 10 2-5 sec.

Won College Three Miles in 15 min. 47 2-5 sec.

Won Inter-Collegiate Mile in 4 min. 31 3-5 sec.

Won Inter-Collegiate Half-Mile in 2 min. 8 sec.

Won 'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 30 3-5 sec.

Won 'Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 58 sec.

Won C.U.A.C.—L.A.C. Mile in 4 min. 30 sec.

Won Inter-'Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 58 1-5 sec.

Won Inter-'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 29 2-5 sec.

Won Oxford and Cambridge v. Yale and Harvard Mile in 4 min. 27 2-5 sec.

FOURTH YEAR

Won College Mile in 4 min. 54 3-5 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 6 3-5 sec.

Won C.U.A.C.—A.A.A. Half-Mile in 1 min. 59 2-5 sec.

Won Strangers' Two Miles

Handicap from scratch in 9 min. 55 sec.

Won College Mile in 4 min. 42 1-5 sec.

Won College 100 Yards in 11 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 2 min. 5 sec.

Won College Quarter-Mile in 52 1-5 sec.

Second College 100 Yards in 10 4-5 sec.

Won College Half-Mile in 1 min. 59 1-5 sec.

Won 'Varsity Mile in 4 min. 24 4-5 sec.

Won 'Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 57 3-5 sec.

Won C.U.A.C.—L.A.C. Half-Mile in 1 min. 50 4-5 sec.

Won Inter-Varsity Half-Mile in 1 min. 56 3-5 sec.

'88

Howell S. England has removed his law offices from Wilmington, Del., to 633 Dime Savings Bank Building, Detroit.

'95

Samuel H. Brown spent the year 1914–1915 studying history in the Graduate School of Harvard University, taking his A. M. degree in June, 1915. While there he refereed quite a number of soccer and other games, notably the Harvard–Columbia Intercollegiate match.

Mr. Brown has returned to his position as teacher of history at Westtown.

'96

L. Hollingsworth Wood was married to Miss Helen Underhill, of Jericho, L. I., on October 28th. They will live at Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

'98

Dr. Wm. W. Cadbury has gone to the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital at Boston, where he will do special research work in Oriental diseases for several months.

1900

John Pim Carter's address is now 3113 Blakiston St., Holmeburg, Philadelphia.

'03

The University of Chicago Press has published the Ph.D. dissertation of J. E. Hollingsworth under the title "Antithesis in the Attic Orators from Antiphon to Isaeus."

'08

Thos. M. Longstreth has published a book with the Outing Publishing Co., entitled "Reading the Weather."

J. Carey Thomas, 2nd, is at present teaching French and English in the Riverview Academy at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'09

Gerald H. Deacon's address is at present McKean Ave., Germantown, Pa.

'11

Henry Ferris, Jr., was married on November 9th to Miss Mary Keeney Harris, of 1623 Master St., Philadelphia. Mr. Ferris is employed on the *Public Ledger* Display Advertising Staff.

J. Jarden Guenther was married to Miss Dorothy Erwin Henderson at Paoli on October 30th. Walter Whitson, '08, and John Bradway, '11, were ushers.

'13

The Class of 1913 held a class supper at Lauber's Restaurant October 22nd at 6 P. M., previous to attending the Freshman Cakewalk at the college. The following were present:—

Crowder, Diament, Hare, Hires, Howson, Longstreth, Maule, Offerman, Tatnall, Thomas.

Chas. O. Young, employed in the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry, has been moved from Washington to Los Angeles, Cal. His address is 142 S. Anderson St. Mr. Young's residence there will probably be temporary, as he may be moved again next spring.

Lloyd H. Mendenhall is now located in Puerto Padre, Cuba,

Bell Phone 868

Rates, $2.25 to $3.00 Per Day

LINCOLN HIGHWAY INN

Rooms with Private Bath

MODERN APPOINTMENTS
Every Room with Outside Light and Air
No Bar. SALESMEN'S DISPLAY ROOM
Especial Attention to Automobile Parties

349 MAIN STREET, COATESVILLE, PA.

38 miles west of Philadelphia, on the Lincoln National Highway.

WM. H. MILLER, Mgr.

BELMONT IRON WORKS

Main Office and Works:
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New York Office:
32 BROADWAY

Bridge Shops:
EDDYSTONE, PA.

engaged in Friends' missionary work. His wife and son are with him.

Edward Rice, Jr., who graduated from Haverford College in 1913, has been serving with the Friends' ambulance unit in France for the last five months, and has been sent by that organization to this country to tell Philadelphians of the progress of the work of the unit and outline its financial needs. Mr. Rice has been spending a few days in each department of the ambulance in order to more clearly explain its work.

—*Ledger, Nov. 12.*

'14

Samuel E. Stokes is captain of the Moorestown Soccer Team.

Jos. C. Ferguson, 3rd, Stewart P. Clarke, and Roy MacFarlan are attending the night school of the University of Pennsylvania.

Walter G. Bowerman on November 1st assumed a position in the Actuarial Dept. of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York.

'15

Ernest N. Votaw is a candidate for the University of Pennsylvania gym. team.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

PROMPT AND REASONABLE

MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.

10 ANDERSON AVENUE

ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY

ESTIMATES GIVEN PHONE 1087

OPEN EVENINGS

Your Fountain Pen

Should be fitted to your hand by a SPECIALIST

All Makes Repaired

Allowance on old pens exchanged for new

Reclaimed pens at reduced prices

Agent for Waterman's Pens

NICHOL, 1016 CHESTNUT STREET

HARRY HARRISON

DEPARTMENT STORE

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing and Shoes, Ladies' Millinery and Trimmings

Lancaster Ave. Ardmore, Pa.

Good Hair Cutting is an art. Our men all know how, and will give you the best work at standard prices. No tipping or other annoyances.

Binder

13th above Chestnut, Philadelphia

Entire Building

INSURANCE

Fire or Burglary Insurance on Students' personal effects while at College or elsewhere.

Tourists' Floating Insurance on personal effects against all risks in transit, in hotels, etc., both in this country and abroad.

Automobile Insurance covering damage to car and liability for damage to property or for injuries to persons.

Longacre & Ewing
Bullitt Building 141 S. Fourth St.
Philadelphia

Repairing of Hall, Chimes and French Clocks a Specialty

A. A. FRANCIS, Jeweler
115 W. Lancaster Ave. PHONE 144D
Ardmore, Pa.

C. W. Scott Company

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Carriages, Wagons and Automobiles

"Careful Handling and Quality"

Send us Your Suitings to be

Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

At Reasonable Rates

Our College Agent

Mr. I. Thomas Steere

S. P. Frankenfield Sons

Undertakers

ARDMORE, PA.

Successors to

JOSIAH S. PEARCE

120 E. Lancaster Avenue

Phone, Ardmore 9

J. OWEN YETTER

General Shoe Repairing

ARDMORE, PA.

Will Collect Shoes Monday Evening and Deliver Thursday Morning

T. B. Whitson, College Agent

Attractive Wall Paper
At Popular Prices

A. L. Diament & Co.

1515 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM S. YARNALL

Manufacturing Optician

118 S. 15th Street Philadelphia

Phone 258

C. E. Edwards

Confectioner

ICE CREAM AND FANCY ICES,
FANCY CAKES

Ramsey Building BRYN MAWR, PA.

TELEPHONE

Paper Hanging
Painting

I. B. DUBELL

8 South Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia

Interior Decorations

LIBRARY OF
HAVERFORD COLLEGE
HAVERFORD, PA

The Haverfordian

Contents

Keats, Verse	Albert H. Stone, '16	308
The Question of Advertising	John K. Garringes, '14	309
Rainbow, Story	C. Van Dam, '17	312
The Question, Verse	Donald H. Painter, '17	318
"The Devil is Among Us"	W. H. Chamberlin, '17	319
Laiun, Verse	D. Oliver, '19	321
Adventure, Story	Walter S. Nevin, '18	322
Memory, Youth, and Age, Verse	Charles Hartshorne, '19	323
A Sentimental Disinterment	Robert Gibson, '17	324
Nanon, A Character Sketch	Albert H. Stone, '16	327
To Taj Mahal, Verse	D. C. Wendell, '16	328
The Message of Poland	1917	329
Compulsory Church Attendance Not Compulsory Religion	J. W. Spaeth, '17	331
The Statue of Truth, Verse	Robert Gibson, '17	333
The Last of the Hohenstaufen, Story	W. H. Chamberlin, '17	334
The Uneasy Chair		339
Off Probation, Verse	DeWitt C. Clement, '17	342
Alumni	Donald H. Painter, '17	343

January

1916

Marceau

Photographer

1609 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

Special rates to students
Phone, Spruce 5606

SAILOR SUITS
a Specialty

No Agencies Made to Order Only

PETER THOMSON
TAILOR

—TO—

Men, Women and Children

Walnut St. at 12th, Phila.

New York House:
634 FIFTH AVENUE
Opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral

Logan Trust Company of Philadelphia

1431 Chestnut Street

We Invite Correspondence or an Interview Relative to Opening Accounts.

We beg to call attention to the facilities offered by our Trust Department for the conduct of all business relating to Trusts, Wills, Estates and Investments.

Officers

ROWLAND COMLY, President.
HUGH McILVAIN, 1st Vice-President.
WILLIAM BRADWAY, 2nd Vice-President, Trust Officer and Treasurer.
ALFRED G. WHITE, Assistant Trust Officer.
S. HARVEY THOMAS, JR., Assistant Treasurer.
JOHN H. WOOD, Secretary.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers

CLOTHING

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Telephone Murray Hill 8800

Winter Styles in all Garments for Dress or Sporting Wear
Imported Novelties in Trunks, Leather Goods, Umbrellas and Walking Sticks
Liveries and Motor Clothing
Riding Outfits
English Hats and Haberdashery
Boots and Shoes, Light Weight Leggings
Imported Mackintoshes
Shetland Sweaters

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

BOSTON BRANCH
149 Tremont Street

NEWPORT BRANCH
220 Bellevue Avenue

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

ROBERT GIBSON, 1917 *Editor-in-Chief*

D. C. WENDELL, 1916
G. A. DUNLAP, 1916
DONALD PAINTER, 1917
W. H. CHAMBERLIN, 1917
C. D. VAN DAM, 1917
J. G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)
J. STEWART HUSTON, 1919 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 Single copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1916. No. 8

Keats

Idolater of Beauty, Child of Truth,
What wordless ecstasies within thee burn,
As, lost to time and place, thy pale hands turn
The sculptured tale of maid pursued by youth?

Art thou a statue sitting thus so still?
Dost catch the glorious sweep of Homer's strings?
Or notest thou the nightingale that wings
To wooded dale beneath Ionian hill?

In fancy do thy slender fingers press
The stops of oaten reed of piping Pan?
Or stretched in cedarn shadows dost thou plan
To win some artless Dryad's shy caress?

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1916 No. 8

The Question of Advertising

THERE seem to be two general headings for activity in advertising a college—advertising what we have, and getting what we want to advertise.

In regard to the first question, I find that in most colleges both undergraduates and alumni share in the work. Undergraduates know the college as it is, and are in a good position to disseminate this knowledge. Princeton, for instance, has a School Club, which, on a neatly crested paper, keeps the various school periodicals informed on the activities of school representatives in college. I have seen more than one school paper somewhat monopolized with Princeton news. The effect of this is that the members of the school begin to draw closer to Princeton and to feel a stronger attachment there. Union College of Schenectady has an organization much on the same lines, called the Press Club, membership in which is considered one of the greatest honors. This club, besides keeping in touch with school papers, sends to the papers in the home towns of various students glowing accounts of their achievements and successes. Thus many communities are not allowed to forget that Union "is on the map."

There is another service which is also effected by these clubs. They take charge of getting schoolboys to college to see the place and enjoy a touch of college life. So again the boys draw closer to the college and acquire an interested attachment. There is a great possibility, however, of overdoing this entertaining method, whereupon the "victim" is sent off gasping for breath. There are many seniors in school who are easily dazzled by the adulation process; but the strongest minded and those most worth having generally approach a college with a far more critical mind. Therefore, it seems to me, no matter what club Haverford may choose for the promotion of its good name, the motto should be, "Let's show them what we've got."

Unfortunately, it is not always possible to have the majority of "possibilities" out to College. Then another factor comes into play,

that of delicate and convincing fluency. The Alumni can help in this even more than the undergraduates. College news, like our subtle Virgilian friend "Fama," can speed on and rise with incredible swiftness. This desirable fluency can be worthily backed up with the heavy artillery of college publications, and if one is only willing to talk loud enough and often enough the deepest entrenchments may receive the happy word.

The organization of the alumni under some secretarial head is a method adopted by the large universities, and it seems to deserve the time given to it. A co-operative alumni is a most powerful body. Through the services of a special agent (who, by the way, must be a man of unusual tact and personality) even the method of direct talks in schools may be adopted. It is, as a rule, the work of this secretary, or whatsoever he may be called, to distribute college publications and catalogs. I know of one institution which has in pamphlet form some extremely interesting articles by professors on salient questions in regard to college life. Class records of many colleges can also be found on library tables in schools. Many a schoolboy has taken pride in opening such a book and pointing out John Doe, "who went to school while I was here," or, "who lives right next to me," and such things ad infinitum. So much for making more obvious "what we've got."

Now for getting what we want to advertise. Scientific schools make their names by aiming directly towards efficiency. Haverford, as a place of general education, has no aspirations that way and has a more difficult problem to face. I have heard more than one Haverfordian admit, with mingled emotion, that when he got out of College he was completely bewildered as to what business should claim his attention. Although Haverford wants, I believe, to avoid specialization, is there, by any chance, some greater application of potentiality possible, which will give more satisfaction to the student body? This means, of course, a fuller use of academic possibilities after special training is tabooed as undesirable for such a place.

In reference to this matter it seems to me that the accusation of a certain Yale professor that Haverford is "somewhat provincial" should be seriously pondered upon. It is a strange paradox for an institution of such broad training to be provincial. However, let us make sure that this critical statement strikes no soft spot. Washington and Jefferson felt in regard to this matter that more business courses would help to solve the problem. Therefore, in that college one may place on his schedule courses in business statistics et al. More than one small college has given civil engineering a greater place. Union College gives some time to applied mechanics, as does also Williams. Spanish is now

a language of rapidly increasing importance. Would it be detrimental to a broad education to give more courses in that language? Perhaps it is the duty of college authorities to decide on this matter, yet we all have an influence in the college management, which we may assume if we so will. It seems to me that chemistry, for example, might receive greater stress in Haverford. A course of commercial chemistry might help to lessen the number of fellows who uncertainly wander out of Roberts Hall in June with a degree which points nowhere in particular. Although business schools assume the responsibility of supplying business knowledge, perhaps a course or so of vital bearing in this direction might help. It is a hard thing to draw the line, but the more we think of it, the more competent we shall be to do so. It is obvious that to grow as so many wish Haverford to grow, there must be a great increase of interest and activity in behalf of these important advertising questions.

The matter of exploiting athletics is an easier matter to handle. Our big games and meets more easily reach the papers and the public eye thereby. The athletic organization of the College is undoubtedly very good. We, however, may aid the finished product by guiding more athletes to the College by showing them just what the College organization is. Complimentary tickets should never be wanting and, in fact, never are wanting for schoolboys. A point worthy of notice is that Haverford supplies athletics for the majority and not the chosen few.

To sum up the purport of this article, there is a big call for an additional effort of alumni and undergraduates towards the advertising of Haverford. We have to be everlastingly fluent and eternally zealous, one and all of us, if our ideal is to be realized. The problem of readjustment and expansion is one which cannot too diligently be considered. I have taken the liberty of expressing my views on this new and vital issue, trusting that perchance I may aid somewhat in an increase of interest, or at least stimulate some somnolent pen to further expression on the same subject.

—John K. Garrigues, '14.

Rainbow

"'Twas no woman that you gazed at,
'Twas no maiden that you sighed for."
—Longfellow's Hiawatha.

In Two Parts

IT was a still, starlit evening at the Canon—the hour when the Hopi Indians danced for the amusement of the hotel guests, and extracted from their plentiful pockets the largest sums of money for the least possible values. The Hopi House, placed a short distance from the hotel, was well-nigh bulging with a cosmopolitan crowd of tourists, happy and laughing in the quickly made friendships of the traveler, for which propinquity alone is responsible. Some were buying Indian trinkets at a double price for the rush season, others craning their necks at the skins and pictures which covered the walls, and all were chattering in the care-free manner of sight-seers who have nothing to do but spend a definite sum of money in a specified time. In one corner of the room the Indians, feathered and beaded within an inch of their lives, were lolling idly, awaiting word from the fat little manager to begin. There were chiefs and squaws, young men with heavy muscles and piercing eyes, maidens, children and papooses, all displayed to view, like advertisements of a circus.

Presently the manager elbowed his way to the center of the room, and the crowd drew back. He made a flowery and highly exaggerated speech about the "only genuine living members of the once powerful and influential Hopi tribe," then withdrew with profuse bowings, to usher in the entertainers. At his last words, a number of them had risen lazily and formed a ragged line. Their dance, which was devoid of every artistic sense save rhythm, would not have done credit to a party of children playing Indian with sticks in some back yard. The faces of the crowd expressed at first eager interest for the novelty, then changed to mild tolerance, and at last broke into derisive laughter which the Indians acknowledged, either with a bow or a good-natured smile. They showed little interest in the opinion of the crowd; for there were no more Indians to be had, even if they did nothing but stand around and look fierce.

Again the manager appeared and addressed his amused audience in oft-repeated words. "Our next number will be a love dance by the Indian maiden, Rainbow, famed from coast to coast for her beauty and

grace. The dance will represent the spirit of the Indian girl who rejoices in the first sweet pangs of Cupid's arrows."

Faces again showed real interest; all eyes turned towards her as she left her corner and came slowly forward into the opening. Clad in a simple coat and skirt of skins,—with a band of wampum about her head and sandals on her feet,—she seemed more civilized and human than the others of her tribe. Her face, framed in braids of glistening black hair, recalled the wild, natural beauty of the woods—the light in her dark eyes was the shimmering sparkle of the sun behind a waterfall. Her dance was a series of slow and measured poses, shifting gracefully into one another, and plainly telling a tale of love and disappointment. Old ladies were murmuring "Isn't she pretty?" "Sweet face," and one young fellow expressed his more prosaic opinion in the epigram, "Some kid!" While the girl collected the reward for her dance, an incident happened which made the audience gaze again in curiosity. They saw a young man, richly dressed, and rather handsome, thrust a hand into his pocket and carelessly drop a fifty-cent piece to the floor. It rolled to the other side of the room, but not before the girl, on her knees, had seen the motion of his arm. She picked it up and cast a swift glance towards the manager, whose back was turned. Then, crossing the room, she stepped up to the donor and pressed the coin back into his hand.

"No take from you," she whispered.

There was a puzzled look on the face of Dean Mathew, New York banker, as he slowly replaced the coin in his pocket, and watched those two black braids and that erect figure disappearing in the crowd.

"Wonder why she did that," he said to the man next him.

"Liked yer looks. Can't never tell what them Injuns'll do," the other answered decidedly.

With an amused smile Mathew turned away and wandered back to the hotel, where he found his pretty young wife and little girl sitting on the porch.

"Where have you been, Dean?" she inquired.

"Watching the Indians dance. There is a beautiful Indian girl there. You must see her before we leave."

"Why didn't you tell me, Dean? I would love to have gone," she said disappointedly.

"You were talking: I didn't want to interrupt you," he replied quietly.

She turned away, visibly annoyed. Dean had found her hard to understand of late. Her temper had flared up on several occasions. She had been full of arguments, suspicions, and complaints. Mathew

believed himself a normally easy man to live with, and at times had felt keen disappointment in her. He had taken the Western trip to please her whim, and even now she did not seem content. Once or twice Dean had caught himself looking into the future with a forecast that was far from bright.

After it was all over, it seemed to him a strange combination of chance and calculation that, on the following morning, he should miss the daily party into the canon, that his wife should not care to go, and that Rainbow should be out at the corral just as he came to look for a burro.

"You want guide?" she queried, with restrained eagerness.

Dean smiled and answered in the affirmative. The smile melted momentarily as he looked up and saw the figure of a powerful Indian youth standing in the doorway of the Hopi House. His brute features were distorted in a scowl, his eyes glued on the man and the girl. Then the pleasing thought of having a pretty Indian to lead him into that vast, silent canon, stopped the question on his lips, and he thought no more of the matter.

When, suddenly, the canon lay below him, Dean felt about as large as a grain of sand on the shores of the Pacific. Just to the left a smooth wall of rock dropped a sheer thousand feet. Dean's eye followed on down over the steep brown banks, scantily clad with stunted shrubbery, to a rolling plain with a barely visible white line running through it.

"What is that line?" he asked, pointing it out.

"Trail, half-way," his guide answered simply.

For two hours they held their jolting, jerking pace down into the jaws of the canon. The narrow trail was ankle-deep in dust, and a cloud arose at every step. Back and forth it wound like the path of a snake, now on the edge of a hideous cliff,—now through a mighty ravine. As Dean gazed off through miles and miles of thin blue atmos phere without a trace of any life—out over a dozen smaller canons, any of them large enough to swallow up New York City without an effort, he began in a small way to realize the distances which at first sight mock the eye and deceive the reason.

When the maze of trail straightened for half a mile into the fly path on the plain, Dean, hot and thirsty, was glad for the shelter and the cool spring at the half-way house. He stretched himself lazily on a tiny patch of grass and addressed his companion.

"Rainbow, are you one of the regular guides?"

"No." She shook her black braids in denial.

"Then why are you taking me? I understood at the office that one of the boys was to go with me."

"Me gude guide; me hate 'em; take all business and all the money."

"You no want me?" she asked, her glance keenly questioning.

"Far from it: I'd lots rather have you Rainbow. Tell me, why you gave me back that fifty cents last night."

"Me not get it anyway," she evaded after a moment of confusion.

"No; that's not it! Tell me why," Mathew asked gently. He did not understand this girl, so sudden in her ways, so primitive—and yet altogether as charming a little being as ever looked into his eyes. Mathew was a steady man, cold by nature, and careless of a pretty face or feminine attraction; but his time was free, his thoughts idle: the canon held him in its grip bodily and mentally; he had stepped so suddenly from a crowded city into this boundless space that he felt like a prehistoric man in a prehistoric world. This girl beside him who knew every rock and crevice for miles, fitted her surroundings as completely as the seagulls fit the sea. Just as their white soaring-wings cut the salt air,—incarnate spirits of the ocean,—so this girl seemed to hold in her proud, fearless breast, the spirit of the canon.

He watched her sitting by his feet, breathing deeply, eyes in the distance.

"Tell me," he repeated.

"I like you: I dance for you for nothing," she replied, for the first time using the correct pronoun.

"Are you not going to marry one of your tribe?" asked Dean curiously; it seemed strange that she was not already married.

She flashed a stormy look upon him.

"Black Cloud want me for his squaw now! Me hate him; lazy, stupeed, cruel; Indians no good no more," she answered scornfully.

"It would be a shame for a girl like you not to marry, Rainbow. Don't you love any one?" he inquired with a smile.

She started at the question and hesitated.

"I love this." She stretched aher arms out towards the depths below, and their silence answered her back.

"You're a wild little thing, aren't you?" he mused with twinkling eyes.

She laughed.

"Yes. By golly! we must go or we not get back."

The English slang sounded strange from her untaught lips.

"There's lots of time, Rainbow," he assured her.

"We go to ze river?" she queried uncertainly.

"Surely! By all means! I want to see it."

Then a thought flashed through her quick brain which was destined to turn three lives upside down, and follow through the years, as history of the canon.

An hour had slipped by before they unhitched their burros. Another hour of blistering heat brought them to the head of the gorge which cradles the river within its vaulted depths. The trail branched suddenly,—they turned to the right and continued over stony ground on a path, apparently less used than the one that they had left.

"Where's this go?" inquired Dean.

"Quicker," was her brief retort.

Dean marveled at the trail clinging like a vine to the sheer wall. The noise of rushing water echoed from the caverns underneath. Slowly they descended until at last, after endless winding, they reached the banks. The burros drank at the water's edge and their riders sank down on the sand.

"This is good place," remarked Rainbow.

"For what?"

"To rest: for the night."

"What! We're going back. It's—it's only 4 o'clock."

"We no can get back tonight," she laughed softly. "It take four hours to go up. We fall off and kill ourselves in darkness."

"But the others do it in a day," he exploded.

"Not this trail. This is long," she argued appealingly.

He stood angrily over her, and she turned her large eyes up at him with shy guiltiness.

"Why did you bring me this way?" he demanded tersely. His reservations were made for the following morning and he foresaw no little inconvenience by the delay. At first he was thoroughly aroused., then, as he contemplated the wild little creature before him, the simplicity and daring of her unique proposal, twisted his pursed lips into a reluctant smile. He enjoyed novelty like any other normal business man. His previous recreations had been refereed by a jealous little wife who kept all stray women from the side-lines with never-failing constancy of purpose. Dean had been diplomatically usurped, in other words; though his three years of married life had slid by in a whirl of business and society, nevertheless the lingering shadow of a wife hung over him and earned him the epithet "Dutiful Dean" among his gayer feminine friends.

Rainbow dug one little sandaled foot into the earth and furiously

tried to formulate a few words which would say a whole lot. She spoke with a tenderness utterly foreign to her normal manner of speech.

"I no can call you by name, but we are all alone, so I no have to. I loved you when I danced for you. I could not take money for it. I say you shan't get away and me never see you again, like the others. They come, they speak kindly to me and they go away and never think of me afterwards. You say I am Indian: but I am human too. I can love like the white girl, and better, O much better! Me not need a city to be happy—not clothes, money or fine house, but just space and stillness, and the canon—and you. Now you will go away and then it is good-bye. Then I shall think and think for a long time of this night, and pray to the Great Spirit that I see you again sometime—somewhere—"

She raised her eyes to his face, and smiled—a rather hopeless little smile. Dean turned away. The man who had braved the glances and tears and loves of New York's fairest, quailed under the grip of her simple, artless confession. He knew his wife could never make a speech like that, love how she might, and wondered if the polishing process of civilized custom had not utterly defeated its aim—whether it were not better to be reared alone, in the presence of the Spirit "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, the round ocean, the living air, and in the mind of man." For a brief moment the toiling city seemed an evil dream of some distant world. The beauty and grandeur of the sunset shadows aslant across the canon sides,—the inspiration of the evening hour,—the raw and weird interior of earth and rock,—the little spirit beside him, embodying it all,——these mental breezes blew at once on the dead leaves of Dean's conventional soul and aroused within him feelings which kindled and disturbed.

She watched him standing lost in thought.

"You are angry?" she ventured.

"Me? Angry? No. But you mustn't love me, Rainbow. I'm—I'm too old, for one thing, and—"

"Tell the river to stop flowing," she replied simply.

"Don't you see that it's foolish, Rainbow!" he tried to explain. "You will only make yourself unhappy, and if you knew what an old bum I really am, you'd be disgusted with me."

"Love that is unhappy is sometimes the sweetest. If you are a bum, whatever it is, I'll look a long time for another one, but I never find a bum like you again."

She wondered why he smiled.

"I hope you won't; a little Indian goddess like you would be wretch-

ed, with a white bum for a soul-mate. You're too free and wild to love a mere man, Rainbow."

Her eyes looked bitter reproach. She answered in her abrupt, prophetic way:

"Some men have souls to love."

"Perhaps so," he conceded with a grim smile.

The shadows were settling in black masses behind the crags and ridges. The red after-glow was quickly dying in the narrow strip of sky above, and the swift-dropping night had soon shut them relentlessly in blackness. They took blankets from the burros, and there they lay down on the soft sand,—two tiny things between high walls, that seemed to brush the stars. They slept to the splash of the river, and the eternal silence of the canon. After hours had passed Rainbow awoke, her hair wet with mist. She leaned over and gazed at Dean's face in the faint starlight.

"Me wish you no had squaw," she murmured longingly.

But her prayer was already answered.

(To be concluded)

—C. Van Dam, '17.

The Question

Thin crescent wanes in western sky,
A mocker of man's hopeless cry,
"Ah, whence is all this world, and why?
Why, oh why?"

The crescent sinks; the clouds roll by,
Chill shrouds for all, for all must die.
"Oh, shall we know," the sufferers sigh,
"Bye and bye?"

—Donald H. Painter, '17.

"The Devil is Among Us"

FROM the earliest times men have had a vague belief in the existence of some supernatural being that is potent for evil. This belief has waxed and waned in proportion as reason and science, or ignorance and superstition, have dominated human thought.

Morbid conceptions of a tormenting devil found little place in the clear minds of the Greeks. We find no trace, in their poetry and philosophy, of the pleasant idea of a malevolent deity with no better object in life than a constant chase after the souls of poor harassed mortals. Their Hades was a creation of poetic fancy, not a grim theological dogma. And their belief in the Furies had, at least, the excuse of reason and justice to support it.

In Persia we find an early belief in the perpetual strife between the Power of Good (Ormuzd) and the Power of Evil (Ahriman). At the end of the world the Persian imagined a stupendous Armageddon, in which the power of Ormuzd would save his worshippers from the ignominious defeat which was prophesied for the rest of the world. Here we have the idea of eternal, irreconcilable conflict between Good and Evil, which is the philosophic foundation of Wagner's "Tannhauser."

But his Satanic Majesty is really ushered into power by the introduction of Christianity. The early saints record many struggles, both physical and spiritual, with the insidious adversary who is continually striving to lure their footsteps from the straight and narrow path. Monks and hermits, who wasted the greater portion of their lives in idle meditation and unhealthy penances, found relief from *ennui* and salve for vanity by ascribing the disordered fancies which were a natural result of mental emptiness and physical debility to the malevolent influence of Satan and his attendant fiends. Asceticism was probably the most important factor in creating a belief in a real, personal devil.

The power of his Satanic Majesty reached its zenith in the Middle Ages, that period of implicit religious faith, moral laxity and mental stagnation. Physical combats with the Evil One were frequent, and His Majesty sometimes received very rough handling. So Dunstan, one of the most disreputable figures in the overcrowded calendar of medieval saints, put the Evil One to rout by seizing his nose with a pair of pincers. Everyone knows how Martin Luther, even in a more enlightened age, was forced to ward off the assaults of the Tempter by using his inkstand as an offensive weapon. And in the darker ages we often find records of prolonged battles between the powers of evil and the bones, genuine or otherwise, of local saints. The fear of the devil was

strong in the hearts of men in the Middle Ages: anyone who has the slightest knowledge of medieval history must see how patently absurd is the contention that superstitious fear is a powerful factor in man's moral betterment. Needless to say, that great medieval ruler, whose genius nearly broke the immense power of the medieval Church, the Emperor Frederick II, was branded as a veritable Antichrist. A curious illustration of the naive faith of the Middle Ages is found in the declaration of war sent by Charles of Anjou to Manfred whom he was trying to rob of his throne. "Tell King Manfred," said the pious robber, "that I will either send him to hell or he will send me to heaven."

With the dawning light of the Renaissance implicit faith in his Satanic Majesty commenced to wane very decidedly. Men began to conceive the possibility that the figure of a malevolent Evil Power was a subjective figment of their own diseased minds; not a stern objective reality. In Milton's noble epic Satan's character assumes the dignity and grandeur of a tragic hero, unshaken and resolute, even in his struggle against an invincible power. Goethe takes the legend of the devil much less seriously. In Mephistopheles we have a semi-comical figure, shrewd, witty, utterly innocent of the very conception of morality. In fact Goethe, throughout his "Faust," treats the powers of the upper and lower worlds as freely as if they were the fabled deities of antiquity.

The downfall of his Satanic Majesty, which was initiated by the Renaissance, was brought to completion by the more recent wave of scientific thought and progress. Shorn of his once dread power, the devil sank into a mere myth, a figment, a rather emphatic figure of speech in the mouths of gentlemen of hasty temper and limited vocabulary.

But such a popular and powerful monarch as his Satanic Majesty could not be buried in eternal oblivion. Nearly every revivalist of note has made more or less successful attempts at resuscitation. The devil had a considerable vogue in the revival which was carried on in Philadelphia last winter. Mr. Sunday expressed himself very emphatically as believing in a real heaven, paved with golden streets, and a personal devil, with all the paraphernalia of horns, tail and cloven hoofs. The very efficient financial methods of the evangelist make his first belief quite intelligible; while he probably considered the existence of a genuine, old-fashioned devil as a necessary rebuke to presumptuous advocates of higher criticism and evolution.

Yes, the devil *is* among us, notwithstanding the conscientious efforts of reason and culture to drive him out. In revivals, in camp-meetings, in all places where ignorant and unthinking conservatism receives the impetus of fanaticism, we find his sinister figure stalking

about with an aspect of truly medieval horror. And it is not likely that he will ever depart from our midst. To certain minds it is an ineffable pleasure to stigmatize the arguments which they cannot refute, as inspirations of Satan, to regard all with whom they differ as agents of the Evil One. And the prejudiced and ignorant multitude, who form the public opinion of every age, could not forego the charitable satisfaction of condemning the men whom they cannot understand to the future pangs of hell-fire and the society of Satan and his demons. Julian the Apostate, Frederick II., Robert Ingersoll, Friedrich Nietzsche—but why go on with the list? It is safe to predict that the devil will remain among us and that every man who does not agree with the prevailing convictions about religion and morals will be ranked among his satellites.

—W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

Lalun

(It is an Eastern custom that any married woman caught in intrigue with a man must lose her eyesight, and the man generally his life.)

The moon has risen behind the mosque,
And glimmers pale in the garden pool
Where cypress shadows long and dark
Cast bars across dim waters cool.

"The garden is still, the air is sweet,
Frail musk-rose petals droop and fall.
I wait your pattering sandall'd feet,
Heart of my heart, O, hear my call!"

* * * * * * * *

A circle of light, a gurgling groan,
A shadow stealing over the wall:
And Lalun's dumb eyes begging sight,—
'Tis the East's revenge—the blood lust call.

—D. Oliver, '19.

Adventure

INSIDE their oaken ribs remain undisturbed the costly presents to a dead king, the treasures of grandees of old Spain, tons upon tons of gold and silver. Shaded by growths of pink and white coral, pillowed amid beds of sponge, rests this treasure of bygone days until—"

The harsh clang of a bell brought a young man, reading on a truck of waste, to his feet with a jump, and he sprang up the steps of the huge Hoe press. With every muscle taut he raced against time, oiling rollers, smoothing ink, adjusting plates, for in this scientific printing plant every second counted.

His press, usually the first to start, was delayed by one thing after another until his pressman, fearing the boss, profanely urged him to greater efforts. After several false starts the rollers began to turn, then grinding, roaring, chewing up paper, belching out the finished product, the press started its monotonous song.

His work now was to see that the press did not run out of paper and ink, and seating himself back of the press he prepared for the deadening grind of the night. His face, revealed in glimpses of a swaying electric light gave evidence of power, but it was his eyes, touched with the brooding fire of imagination, that attracted.

Tonight they were lit with resentment, for everything was conspiring against him. It had been too warm to sleep for the last few mornings, and now his appetite was gone. Too familiar with night work not to know that this was the beginning of the end, he faced a future that spelled death.

Did life hold anything for him? Was he to keep in the treadmill until death relieved him of his harness? Mechanically he performed his routine duties, his mind obsessed with this thought.

Little things, long ago forgotten, swam before his vision self-born. That song about the open sky and stars,—what was it? Yes, he remembered, "under the wide and starry sky," and the same longing that swept him when he first heard it returned and shook his troubled mind with its pent-up force. Then that Sunday afternoon he walked in the park with his "steady," and the thrush sang in the pine tree. How cheap her red hat and powdered cheeks had seemed! The story he had been reading just before the bell rang, supplied the match to his inflamed mind. Had he not the right to live, to find the adventure dear to his heart?

"I will! I will!" he cried, his voice grating against the press's clank, "I will find my adventure."

A grip of steel on his arm and a hoarse voice in his ear brought him to action. Dodging the wrench in the hand of his pressman, white with anger, he plunged up the steps and hurriedly began to ink the forgotten rollers. His left foot, in his haste, projected a couple of inches over the narrow foot-board, and, thrown off his balance, striving too late to catch the hand-rail, he fell shrieking into the insatiable maw of the press. He had gone on his adventure.

—Walter S. Nevin, '18.

Memory, Youth, and Age

The memory is a magic forest glade
Of time—mysterious, zephyr-tuned trees,—
From whence, regarding not the soothing shade,
The soul of youth, enticed by phantasies,
Strains longing to the sky, where luring float
Ambition-tinted, visionary clouds;
But Age with lowered eye alone doth note
The withered leaves, like swiftly falling shrouds.
In youth the streams of life flow onward fast
From labyrinthine vales of memoried past
Into the future's endless, fateful sea;
In age the backing waves the rivers climb,
Till turns in death the surging tide of time:—
Then roll they down, of time forever free.

—Charles Hartshorne, '19.

A Sentimental Disinterment

STRANGE," drawled the Kindly Critic, through a cloud of nicotinous ether, "what peculiar emotions one undergoes upon a retrospection of the literary attempts of his past execution. I was occupied in that delightful pursuit this morning, and had just succeeded in rising to Parnassian heights of imaginative greatness, when the traditional 'man from somewhere' entered my room, and my fancy suffered the untimely fate of *Christabel.* By the way, I often wonder just what Coleridge said when he returned to his desk to find his mind as recalcitrant as a balky horse:—probably a very classic remark, worthy to be catalogued among the 'great unfound' in Literature. I often compare myself to Coleridge, in that respect."

Here the Kindly Critic luxuriously stretched himself, and emitted a very egotistical yawn.

"Yes, when I think of the times my Muse has soared on Pegasean wing only to find myself unable to give vent to my feelings! Oh, that most annoying sensation, which I have named 'The Quest of the Elusive Word'! To sit back in one's chair, with eyeballs rolled upward, in a state of ecstatic receptivity and allow the little elfin to set your type for a wonderful production. But when you get to the very culmination of beauty, a sly young devil flies up the chimney with your longed-for word, chuckling in impish glee at your plight. Such must have been the case when Keats was writing *Hyperion.* I try to conjecture what he would have added to:—

" '*Apollo shriek'd; and lo! from all his limbs*
Celestial———.'

"Mayhap, there was to have been an emanation of the 'divine fire' frequently used by certain itinerant revivalists. Or perhaps, like Laocoon, he was to have been bound by serpents, in revenge for his mother Latona's insult to the reptile kingdom by turning the rustics into frogs."

At this juncture, the Kindly Critic, noticing my discreet, but not-too-hidden yawn, smiled cynically.

"You, I perceive, are typical of the twentieth century:—an example of the force of Science over Literature. The classics are absolutely neglected. The white samite of chivalry is crushed in the dust by the ruthless heel of Pragmatism. Poetry is—Oh! why bore you further?—But speaking of poetry reminds me of a friend of mine who claims there are only two perfect examples of *poetry* in the English language. Listen!"—He struck a pose expressive of mysterious awe and whispered:—

"'*A savage place! as holy and enchanted,*
As ever beneath waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover.'"

Then a tear stood in his eye as he murmured:—

"'*Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,*
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast....'"

His voice trailed off into a whisper.

"Before ever I heard those lines, I had given inner expression to them. But never, never could the vehicle of speech give vent to the song of the 'tongueless nightingale' within me. How often you hear people—and dear, good, kindly souls they are—say 'Oh, why couldn't I have expressed that idea! I have had it *so* often, but could never quite clothe it in words.' Ah! the poor 'Voiceless!'—the hungering, aspiring beating of wings against the portals of dumbness—the many who *would* cry out and can not—those who 'die with all their music in them!' It is unfortunate that there are so few valves on the great boiler of humanity. Everybody has a period when they feel that if theirs were the golden word, 'such harmonious madness from *their* lips would flow,' that the world, indeed, would stop in wonderment to listen."

The Kindly Critic paused and impressively knocked the cold ashes from his pipe. I handed him a pouch and he refilled the calked bowl, at the same time resuming his conversation.

"Those commonplace ideas—I mean not common in its vulgarian sense, but those ideas which occur to many people—remind me of the great *analogies* of Life. We are doing the same, thinking the same as our fathers and mothers before us. Perhaps we *are* somewhat original; perhaps we *do* make innovations;—but they are paltry in comparison with the mighty currents, which like classic Menander, wind in and about and through our lives, ramifying and binding them, until we are all united by indissoluble bonds.—Bound, as it were, to the adamantine foot of God's throne with chains more slender and unbreakable than ever subdued the horrid limbs of Fenris, the Wolf. Man is like one of these mechanical pens,—I misrecollect their name,—which are fastened to a wooden pin, and can trace all sorts of peculiar patterns. Yes, the pen may execute a design more beautiful and more exquisite than any of its brother pens, but it must work in its little circle, *beyond which it can not go.* Faust realized this when he reflected on the 'Macrocosm' or greater world. But Faust tried to *go beyond* and Faust was destroyed; for *beyond* is death.

"'Nature to all things fixed the limits fit
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit."

"But wasn't I speaking of analogies? Oh, yes! Well, have you ever traced an 'analogy' through Literature, for instance? Try it. The experiment is most interesting, and will empirically show you just how little human minds differ. They only differ in expression. 'Yea,' saith the Preacher, 'the sill on the threshold of speech is a very high one.' Getting back to our 'analogy,' let's take the idea of the *poignant sorrow which results from the contemplation of past joy.* I shall cite only poetic examples:—

"Dante's Francesca exclaims:

"'*There is no greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness.*'

"Tennyson's version is:

"'*A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.*'

"Byron, in his 'Marino Faliero' says:

"'*Joy's recollection is no longer joy*
But sorrow's memory is sorrow still.'

"And in the 'Giaour':

"'*My memory now is but a tomb*
Of joys long past.'

"Goldsmith's plaint is:

"'*Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,—*
Swells at my heart, and turns the past to pain.'

"Denham cried:

"'*'Twas man's chief punishment to keep in store*
The sad remembrance what he was before.'

"Isaac Clawson preaches:

"'*'Tis vain and worse than vain to think on joys,*
Which, like the hour that's gone, return no more.'

"And so on, *ad infinitum.* Was not that what Job meant when he—— Really, my dear friend I regret that my discourse is so Lethean. I really believe you are dozing. La! La! These modern fellows are a strange set. They vary from the simplicity of 'Lo, the poor Indian' to the imperial pretensions of 'Me-und-Gott'; but, each and all, they languish in *ennui* at the mention of a Homeric simile or of the 'mare rubrum' of Vergil. 'The great god Pan *is* dead'!—— Hark! friend, wasn't that the dinner bell? By Jove! it's six o'clock. By the way, this is ice-cream night, isn't it?

—*Robert Gibson, '17.*

"Nanon"

A Character Sketch from Balzac's "Eugene Grandet"

OF the several animals that man has domesticated and made to serve his ends in performing various kinds of heavy work, the ox deserves honorable mention for unfailing reliability, long-suffering and enduring patience. Slow in its movements, to be sure, but patient, gentle, and obedient, large of body and strong of muscle, it bends to the task in hand without questioning the will or wisdom of its master. Slow to learn but sure to perform, the ox, despite its many shortcomings, has filled its place in the world in a very creditable and satisfactory manner.

Of such a character and disposition is "Nanon." Large of body, strong of muscle, slow of mind, patient as eternity, and devoid of personal initiative, she, notwithstanding her humble position, is one of the greatest and most lovable characters in Balzac's "Eugene Grandet."

It is perhaps difficult at first to regard her in the light of a human being as we see her performing her daily tasks with a slow, machine-like monotony, seldom speaking, preparing the frugal meals from the scanty portions which her miserly master measures out; scrubbing the floors, lifting heavy burdens, and in the evening when all the tasks of the day have been carefully performed, spinning or knitting by the light of a solitary candle shared with the other members of the household. This feeling is still further emphasized when we see that she alone is able to go near or manage the fierce watchdog which old Grandet keeps chained in the house. One feels a desire to attribute this influence to the mutual friendship which seems to exist between some of the lower animals. And yet when we see her devotion to Eugene and her mother, her little intrigues to secure for them the small pleasures and comforts which old Grandet stingily withholds, and her human interest in the love affair of Eugene and Charles, there is shed upon her character a side light that reveals a warm and loving nature, which asks little or nothing in return, but gives freely and unselfishly from a large heart.

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

To Taj Mahal

Thou bodied soul of Beauty's purest heights,
Well sentineled at corners four
By minarets: a white quatrain
Of Purity to Love and Death.
To India, thou, a diamond white
Set in a veined emerald quartz
Reflecting tropic sun with such a flashing ray
The shadows in thy fretwork seem the blacker.
A sepulcher;—and yet within,
As white as gleaming outer dome,
A soul more bright than sun of Ind
Makes glow with ceaseless light
The Robes of Death and tropic's moist decay.
Invisible it is, yet permeates the spot
Because of her who died
And him who builded first for her,
And followed soon thereafter.
They say his love was pure,
And deeper far than Death;
This tomb he built,
This Taj Mahal—
A monument to Love,
To Life, to God and her.

—D. C. Wendell, '16.

The Message of Poland: Past, Present and Future

"AGAIN and again we return to the thought: how symbolical this Poland is. For in this period what other lot than that of the Pole has every one had, who has loved freedom and wished it well? What else has he experienced but defeat? When has he seen a gleam of sunlight? When has he heard a signal of advance? Everywhere, everywhere, the fanfare of the violent, or the organ peal of the bold-faced hypocrite. And everywhere stupidity as the bodyguard of the lie, and everywhere veneration for that which is paltry, and everywhere the same vulgar disdain for the only thing which is holy.

"Yes, Poland, thou art the great symbol. The symbol of pinioned freedom, whose neck is trodden upon; the symbol of those who lack any outlook, yet hope against all probability, in spite of all."—*George Brandes.*

* * * * * * * *

An expectant hush settled over the crowded Academy of Music as Ignace Paderewski, world-famous virtuoso, commenced his plea for aid for the suffering millions of his Polish countrymen.

"I have to speak about a country which is not yours, in a language which is not mine." The first sentence, spoken in a rich, softly modulated tone, dispelled all doubt as to Mr. Paderewski's ability as an orator. Through the entire forty minutes of his speech the audience listened with the closest attention, occasionally interrupting him with bursts of spontaneous and enthusiastic applause. And in the whole address there was not one phrase, not one word that was unworthy of a great artist pleading for a great and most unhappy country. Commencing with a brief review of Polish history, Paderewski received a storm of applause when, with just pride, he asserted: "There has never been a race, a creed, or a language persecuted under our Polish rule." A still more enthusiastic outburst of applause took place, when, his voice ringing with just indignation, he cried out, in reference to the partition of Poland: "But Poland did not fall alone. With her fell the honor of three empires, with her fell the apathetic conscience of the civilized world; and they will not cleanse themselves until our freedom is restored again."

With love and tenderness he touched on the genius of Poland's romantic poets, Mickiewicz, Krasinski, Slowacki. He paid a still more eloquent tribute to Frederic Chopin, the composer whose masterpieces have endeared Poland to the whole musical world.

His description of the appalling misery of Poland at the present

moment was simple, impressive, utterly free from any trace of rancor or sensationalism. A groan of horror swept over the audience as he asserted, "on the most reliable authority," that there were no children under eight years old alive in Poland to-day. The closing sentences of his speech were touching and effective in the extreme.

The strain of delivering such a long and intense speech in an unfamiliar language might well have exhausted a more robust man than Paderewski. And yet, after a very short interval, the Polish pianist returned and gave what is probably the most remarkable Chopin recital ever given in the Academy.

The first number, the A Flat Ballade, is peculiarly interesting because it was inspired by a poem of Mickiewicz, one of the leading figures in the school of Polish romantic poetry. Paderewski played it with peculiar delicacy and fire. The first two movements of the B Flat Minor Sonata were played with the titanic power of a Rubinstein; the Funeral March tolled forth a veritable "Dies Irae"; while the ghosts of Europe's myriad slain seemed to flit about in the wild, weird measures of the *Finale*. The fragrant beauty of the G Major Nocturne, the plaintive lament of the A Minor Mazurka led up to the heroic phrases of the Polonaise in A Flat, one of the most thrilling battle hymns in pianoforte literature. Under Paderewski's inspired playing the departed glory of Poland seemed to rise again. Amid the thunder of the giant bass octaves one saw again those invincible Polish warriors of old: the warriors who crushed the mighty Teutonic Order at Grunwald, who ground the Cossacks to pieces at Berestechko, who bore the main part in the successful defense of Vienna against the invading hordes of Turkey.

With his usual generosity Paderewski played two encores, another Mazurka and the popular Military Polonaise. It seemed as if the whole message of the artist had been delivered. The glory of the past, the misery of the present had been expressed, eloquently in his words, still more eloquently in his music. But Paderewski evidently felt that Poland had still another message to give. He sat down at the piano again—and the Academy resounded with the noble strains of the Polish national anthem. And the audience that rose as one man to do honor to the noble hymn could not but feel a new inspiration, a new hope that the day will come when Poland will be restored and the universe will behold the triumph of Justice, Freedom and Humanity over Injustice, Despotism and Barbarism.

—1917.

Compulsory Church Attendance Not Compulsory Religion

(After the speech delivered by President Sharpless in a recent Tuesday morning Collection, a renewal of the subject of compulsory church attendance may appear overbold. However, in justice to those who did not profit by the President's talk, we are printing the following article written by an undergraduate.—Ed.)

In the last edition of the HAVERFORDIAN, Mr. Chamberlin presented an editorial which bore the title "Compulsory Church Attendance"; after even a cursory reading, however, during which the reader meets such recurring phrases as "religious intolerance" and "forced religion," it is very apparent that the article is not a protest against the institution of required attendance at some church on Sundays, as we might expect it to be, but a polemic against a state of enforced religion which seems to exist only as a bugbear in the writer's mind and certainly not as a reality at Haverford. For however distasteful to us individually the existing required attendance may be, however much we may regard it as an infringement of our personal liberty of action, I utterly fail to see how it could be justly called religiously intolerant.

Let us see what the rule of compulsory church attendance on Sundays demands. It requires that each student remaining at the College over Sunday shall attend divine service at some church or meeting-house, either morning or evening, two absences per quarter being allowed; over the student who returns home at the week-end the College exercises no jurisdiction in this matter. We note first of all that there is absolute freedom in the selection of the place of worship; the College, while its founders were and its administrators are of the Society of Friends, makes no effort to force belief into the channels of Friendly practice. And right here, it seems to me, the conviction that the motives of those who have the religious interests of Haverford at heart "might have appealed to Philip II and the Duke of Alva" is strikingly inapt; for it was for one set of religious believers against all others that these two warred and perpetrated their infamous atrocities. And surely Haverford College can never be accused of narrow sectarianism or denominationalism.

Moreover, we observe that the requirement has no force for those who have returned to their homes to spend the Sabbath. The College

supposes that there the parents have reassumed their jurisdiction; she has temporarily, from the nature of the case, relinquished all claim to authority, only to re-establish this claim upon the student's return. But the case of the student who remains at College over Sundays is different; here the duties of the college as a parent are practically unbroken and more exacting. And here it is that a college differs from a university; the latter teaches, the former both teaches and guides. The university is concerned with learning, the college's chief concern is the student himself. The college, therefore, in assuming this wardship from the real parent, like a true guardian looks to the spiritual side as well as to the intellectual and the physical. Thus it is that attendance at church service on Sundays is required, for the college feels that without some spiritual suggestion,—spiritual in the true sense of coming from the "still, small voice within,"—of whatever kind it may be, the very purpose of the day might be defeated. Gladly would she consent to have substituted for the attendance at church some good book of thought,—ethical, philosophical, truthful, nay even Nietzsche's "Zarathustra"if it satisfies. But only too well she realizes "the ills that flesh is heir to"; only too well, through years of experience with humanity and, in the case of Haverford College, through trial has she found that the average individual committed to her charge requires all the guidance that she can bestow. For, left to themselves, too many students would do what is easiest but not therefore always best; we would live for the present to the detriment of the future. Surely religion is not easily appreciated and understood; neither is Greek to many, but its difficulty does not justify its being eliminated from the curriculum. The student is required neither to believe nor to disbelieve what he hears, for forced belief is neither possible nor desirable; he is asked merely to listen and to learn as his nature bids. Spontaneity is truly the basis of all virile spiritual life; but spontaneity, if not acquired, is certainly developed by training and practice.

The college, then, would be neglecting her real duty if she were not conducive to a student's spiritual development. Haverford College, founded by Friends and maintained largely by Friends, should naturally be expected to uphold the Christian religion as a means to spiritual health and vigor, for it is largely a Christian community which she is to serve. But even an unchristian person could not very well claim religious intolerance in this forced attendance on Sundays any more than he might protest against required courses in the life and teachings of Jesus or in Christian ethics; if confirmed in his belief or lack of belief, he could do less harm to it by the Sunday requirement than might come from the

courses mentioned. And since most of us are far from confirmed in our beliefs, but only moulding them, surely the guidance and assistance of more level heads than ours should be not spurned but welcomed.

—J. W. Spaeth, '17.

The Statue of Truth

In a lost Egyptian city, by the jungle overgrown,
Stands a poet's dream of beauty that is frozen into stone;
And a voice from out that monument of a departed race,
Cries, "Come, O Man, and draw my veil, and look upon my face;
One glance into my living orbs shall animate thy soul
To a state of perfect knowledge like to that thy father stole."
But a louder voice with clarion tone from out the universe,
Cries, "Stay, O Truth! Virgin art thou, canst thou the fates reverse?
No man born of woman may draw thy veil and live.
By death alone can it be drawn; and death is Mine to give!"
And Truth stretched out her arms and wept, because of her disgrace:—
Her wooers could not win her, nor look upon her face.

—Robert Gibson, '17.

The Last of the Hohenstaufen

ON a mild afternoon in the summer of the year 1267, two boys were reclining on the summit of a high hill near the ruins of an old castle, in southern Germany. Both were silent and motionless, as if captivated by the beauty of the surrounding landscape. And well they might be, for it would be hard to conceive a more charming and varied view than that which was presented to their contemplation. Far to the south the foothills of the Alps, covered with forests of pine, rose in grandeur. Turning to the west, the eye encountered a dark and misty line, indicating the outermost fringe of the Black Forest. And in every direction one's view was rewarded by the picture of an undulating region, with nodding cornfields and wide pasture lands, dotted here and there by smiling villages. The day matched the beauty of the scene. Feathery white clouds moved slowly over the surface of the deep blue sky. A gentle breeze was flowing from the south. The rays of the sun shed a genial warmth that was free from oppressive heat. Nothing seemed to mar the perfect harmony of earth and heaven—an eagle suddenly shot across the blue vault above, and, flying with remarkable swiftness, disappeared in the direction of Italy.

"A happy omen, Konrad," cried the older of the two boys, rousing himself from his reverie. "Your ancestral eagle hastens to announce our coming to our southern friends."

His companions did not immediately reply; and we may take this opportunity of describing the outward appearance of the two youths. Frederick's open features were expressive of boldness, sincerity and resolution. His hair and eyes were dark, his limbs well formed; and his whole carriage gave the impression of daring and confidence far beyond his years, which scarcely exceeded eighteen. In the frame and countenance of Konrad we saw an abundant reflection of the more virile qualities of his friend; but his dark blue eyes seemed to indicate a spiritual depth which was wanting in his gayer and more carefree companion. Now lost in deep meditation, now lighted by sudden emotion, they revealed the hidden fires of the hero, the poet and the dreamer. Let us return to the conversation, which had recently been opened.

"You seem troubled to-day, my friend," said Frederick after a short pause.

"How can I be otherwise, Frederick," replied Konrad, "when I think of the fearful odds against us. Is it possible for me, a simple, unskilled boy, to withstand the power of that Church, which has crushed the aspiring genius of my imperial ancestors? And how can I frustrate

who this morning, so smoothly offered me the kingdom of Naples and Sicily, would they not betray me to the Pope, or to the French tyrant, whom he has set over my ancestral kingdom?"

"Ah, my prince," cried Frederick, "is this the spirit of those imperial ancestors whose deeds of glory you love to recall? Think of your grandsire Frederick, who conquered the German Empire when he was but a year older than you are! The guile and treachery of which you complain will vanish before the truth and justice of our cause like mist before the rising sun. Not even the papal benedictions can longer disguise from the Italians the cruelty and greed of the French adventurer, who sits on the Sicilian throne, that is rightfully yours. Your triumph in this expedition will be only the prelude to a glorious career which will finally seat you on the imperial throne."

"Your hopes run high, dear Frederick," said Konrad, with a quiet smile; but you are right in reproving my weakness. Pride and honor alike summon me to vindicate my own rights and to liberate my Italian subjects from the oppression under which they are now laboring. The Hohenstaufen have never lacked daring and resolution. Let us go."

The two youths rose and departed for their neighboring country-seat. The shades of evening were falling rapidly. The hazy line of the Black Forest became more and more indistinct. The old castle stood out in the twilight like the creation of a ghostly fancy. Far in the distance the eagle's shriek resounded from his eerie.

** ** ** ** ** ** ** **

A full year has passed. Konrad a victor beyond his wildest dreams, stood on the border of the Neapolitan kingdom, at the head of a large and triumphant army. It seemed that the evil fate which had so long pursued his house had finally expended itself. His progress through northern Italy had been rapid and successful; the Pope, driven from Rome by a popular uprising, had been forced to launch his excommunications from the safe distance of Anagni; a brilliant coronation within the Eternal City itself, the substantial assistance of Don Henry of Castile, one of the most noted soldiers of fortune of the time, a vigorous insurrection in Sicily againt the French tyranny, all seemed to point to a speedy and complete victory for the lawful claimant of the crown. But one could detect little exultation in the features of Konrad, as he sat in front of his tent on the eve of the battle, which was to decide his future fate. His glance swept his own camp and that of his rival, which was pitched on the opposite side of a little stream, with calm thoughtfulness; then rested, with the ardent gaze of a poet and an ar-

tist, upon the melting loveliness of the Italian sunset. As he was thus engaged the tent door opened and Frederick stepped out.

"Well, my friend" he said, "to-morrow night will see you the undisputed King of Naples and Sicily."

"We will have some hard fighting first," replied Konrad, pointing to the opposite camp, "those French are good warriors."

"You don't think that there can be any doubt of the result."

"One never knows; the evil fate of our house."

"That evil fate has now expended itself. With to-morrow's battle a brighter era is destined to begin."

"God grant it may! But it is growing late, Frederick; and we will need all our strength for to-morrow."

The two young princes withdrew into their tent. The two hostile camps were wrapped in profound silence. The moon shone high in the heavens. Myriads of stars looked down with compassion on the erring mortals who were to clash so soon, in deadly combat. The night was still, breathless, oppressive. Only the persistent hooting of an owl broke the deathlike silence.

* * * * * * * * * *

The morning dawned with the clear heat of August. The two armies were quickly drawn up on opposite sides of the stream. After a little preliminary skirmishing, Prince Henry of Castile, at the head of his mercenaries, attacked one wing of the opposing army. Everything went down before the furious impetuosity of the charge; and the fiery Spaniard dashed wildly in pursuit without regard for the second division of the enemy, which now advanced against the German knights under the leadership of Konrad and Frederick. Now, at last, the young Hohenstaufen had an opportunity to experience, in grim reality, the warlike deeds he had so loved to read of in the chronicles of his ancestors. And the warrior blood within him thrilled to the challenge of the fierce conflict, the hoarse shouts of the combatants, the shrill neighing of the horses, the harsh grinding of steel on steel. Ever accompanied by his faithful friend, he plunged into the midst of the fighting, dealing and warding off blows, cheering on his followers, surprising himself by the fierce ardor of his onset.

But the conflict was not unduly prolonged. Discouraged, alike by the defeat of their other division and by the unaccountable absence of their King, the French knights finally yielded to the continued attacks of their antagonists and retired, leaving Konrad master of the field. Seeing no other enemy, the Germans withdrew to the French camp,

seeking rest and refreshment after their exertions. Soon the whole force was dissolved in careless relaxation.

"What band is that?" said Konrad, as he observed a troop of horsemen on the crest of a neighboring hill.

"They must be some of our own men, returning from the pursuit," replied Frederick.

"No, those are not our standards," cried Konrad, after a keener observation. "To arms! To arms! The French are upon us!"

The warning call came too late. Before the Germans could be roused from their lethargy, the picked band, which the wily French monarch had concealed in ambush, was dealing death and destruction in the midst of the camp. Taken completely by surprise, the unarmed and unorganized Germans could make but little resistance. Konrad himself, vainly striving to rally his shattered troops, was borne along in the headlong rout. A similar fate befell Don Henry of Castile and his mercenaries. Returning from their too hasty pursuit, they were surrounded and soon overwhelmed by the superior numbers of the French. And so the evening of August 1268, fell on the ruin of the last hopes of the Hohenstaufen.

* * * * * * * * *

Two months have passed. By a hideous mockery of law and humanity, which shocked even the callous spirit of the thirteenth century, Charles of Anjou, the Papal King of Naples, had *sentenced* Konrad, whose only crime had been an attempt to recover his rightful kindgom by fair and open warfare, to a malefactor's death. And early on a bleak October morning, set for the execution of the sentence, Konrad sat alone in his prison, struggling to control and collect his wandering thoughts. Everything since his fatal defeat seemed a confused blur: the defection of his partisans, his own betrayal into the hands of his cruel enemy by a nobleman, who owed his fortune to the Hohenstaufen rulers, the mock-trial, the sentence, and now—the execution. A deadly fear came over him, not of his impending death, but of weakness to which he might yield before death. He could imagine himself dying, as his uncle Manfred had died, gloriously, on the field of battle; but death, on the scaffold, before an ignoble mob—he shut his eyes to drive away the monstrous, horrible thought. Desperately he strove to fix his attention on something trivial, irrelevant. The vision of his mother rose before him with overpowering force; momentarily crushing him, it suddenly inspired him with new courage and new hope. "I have made my mother weep; I shall never make her blush," he said to him-

self, and his new found resolution received fresh strength as he reviewed the departed glories of his mighty ancestors. Picture after picture of devoted heroism rose in his mind: Barbarossa leading the victorious hosts of Christendom against the Mohammedans; his grandfather, Frederick II, broken in body, but fighting the overwhelming power of the Pope to the last with unflinching courage; his uncle Manfred, beaten by the cowardice and treachery of his own followers, rushing into the thick of the opposing army to find there a hero's death. And it was with a firm and resolute step that he followed the officer, who had come to fetch him to the place of execution.

The scaffold had been erected just outside the city wall. By a melancholy irony it commanded one of the fairest views even of that beautiful country. The glorious expanse of the Bay of Naples, now touched by the rays of the sun, appeared to the west. The coast both to the north and to the south presented an unrivaled view of lofty cliffs, broken by inlets. Vesuvius towered ominously in the distance. Having contemplated this marvellous scene with unshaken composure, Konrad turned to the officer in charge of the execution, who asked him whether he had any requests to make. The young prince replied that he had two: the first, that he might be allowed to address the assembled crowd; the second, that he might perish before his beloved Frederick, so that he might be spared the anguish of witnessing his friends' death. Both requests were granted. Thereupon, Konrad, turning to the crowd, pointed out, in calm but forcible language, the injustice and cruelty of his own execution, reminded his auditors of the peace and happiness they had experienced under the rule of his grandfather and uncle, and finally closed his address by hurling his glove into the midst of the crowd with the request that it might be taken to one who would avenge him. The heroism, beauty and misfortune of the young prince might have moved a heart of stone to pity and revenge; but the Neapolitans were so thoroughly enslaved that they only expressed their sympathy by tears and groans. The French soldiery repressed any more active demonstration. Konrad, seeing the uselessness of his appeal, turned quietly aside, crying: "Jesus Christ, King of all Kings, Lord of Honor, if this cup may not pass from me, into thy hands I commit my spirit." Then, as he knelt to receive the fatal blow, he suddenly exclaimed: "O mother what tidings will they bring to thee of this day!" After this last expression of filial devotion he quietly laid his head on the block; and a moment later the cruel axe extinguished the dreams, the ideals and the aspirations of the Last of the Hohenstaufen.

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

THE UNEASY CHAIR

ARE SUNDAY CONCERTS SACRILEGIOUS?

THIS very interesting question has been raised by the recently expressed opposition of the Presbyterian ministers of Philadelphia to the projected free Sunday concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra. The reverend gentlemen appear to base their objection on two main arguments: first, that secular music in general on the Sabbath day is an abomination in the sight of the Lord; second, that the proposed free concerts are a subtle design on the part of the Orchestra to pave the way for future moneymaking entertainments on the Lord's day.

The first objection must seem to indicate a most lamentable ignorance of the true significance of music, even to one who has the most imperfect knowledge of the works of the great composers. In Schubert's Unfinished Symphony one may well find more genuine religion than in the whole creed of the Presbyterian Church, or of any other church. It would be an eloquent preacher, indeed, who could duplicate the glorious spiritual message of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. And it is safe to say that, if our nation would pay more attention to the masterpieces of music and less attention to Billy Sunday and "The Menace," we would be, as a people, more civilized, more humane, more cultured, even, perhaps, more Christian. The attitude of the ministers in belittling every form of spiritual inspiration which does not proceed from their own pulpits is indicative of a regrettable spirit of narrow, jealous bigotry. But, perhaps, the reverend gentlemen are to be pitied rather than blamed. Certainly anyone who has had to endure the typical Protestant Church music every Sunday of his career might be pardoned for cherishing an inveterate grudge against the whole art of music.

The objection on the ground that the motives of the Orchestra are purely mercenary is equally unworthy. If the reverend gentlemen had taken the trouble to investigate the facts of the case, they would have discovered that the Orchestra, far from being a moneymaking institution, is only maintained by heavy guarantee contributions from a number of public-spirited citizens. And if the mere receiving of money on the Sabbath is a heinous sin, then no church, and, certainly, no evangelist in our country can be called free from blame.

But the time has passed when the Church could effectively block the progress of culture and reason. Every citizen of our Commonwealth who believes in progress should take the ill-advised medieval action of the Presbyterian ministers as a direct challenge to his principles and an incitement to work all the harder for the complete eradication of the ridiculous "blue laws" from our statute books.

VICARIOUS THINKING was the subject of an article in *The Nation* for November 11th, written by a college president. This article deplores the present state of intellectual torpor among the college students of America. "Too much thinking," says the writer, "is done for college students by tutors and lecturers and writers of textbooks. As long as boys and girls are satisfied with such predigested food, we can hardly expect them to have *moral* or *religious* convictions. The first need among college students is a quickening of intellectual enthusiasm." Is the writer entirely justified in issuing this tearful statement? If so, the situation is lamentable. *Is thinking* one of the lost arts among modern students? *Is* brain-work by proxy more popular than honest labor? *Is* a movement in the grey-matter of the modern young man or woman attended by volcanic upheavals of the will? Surely, the educational system of today is not an edifice which has been built slowly and laboriously only to find too late that its foundations are of sand. The writer seems determined to ignore the better side of modern education, and dwells insistently upon the lachrymose statements of a few disgruntled undergraduates. "Almost any course is easier for the young people of our time than staying with their difficulties, and *bearing* the *birth-pains* of new ideas, until they have builded their own durable bases of faith."....They must come to feel the zest of the struggle—the keen joy of studying their way through....." What application do these statements have to the normal college student? The writer probably forgets that college is, at best, a *training* for the "struggle." The "struggle" itself is not college—it is life. The boy goes to college to *learn*—original theories and practical achievements come later. If education were cumulative—if one could inherit the knowledge of the past—then a definite starting point would be had from which the student could advance. But we have to re-learn and un-learn.

Undoubtedly the colleges of America contain many drones and "vicarious" thinkers. But one grows weary of the "O, how fallen! how changed!" "Not-like-it-used-to-be-at-good-old-Hawvad" plaints. If the status of modern education is deficient, and if the world is in danger

of the "modern young man's neglect of its problems," the solution must come from the arraigned undergraduate himself, and not from the stricture of the authorities.

SOCIAL LIFE AT HAVERFORD

IF ONE glances over the list of colleges, it is seen that Haverford is one of the very few where dancing is not permitted. Naturally the very force of custom makes any radical changes seem greater than they are in reality. Haverford as representing the ideals of the Society of Friends has lived up to the principles and observed the requirements of that body. But the very Society of Friends itself has been undergoing a change. Its outlook has of necessity been broadened to accommodate the usages of a very practical, and mayhap ultra-modern world. Would it not be in accordance with that change to enlarge the possibilities for social life at Haverford? Outside of Junior day, and the class teas, there are very few occasions and opportunities to mingle with the gentler sex. Of course, one can go outside of the college and "socialize" to his heart's content. But would it not be a good thing to enlarge such opportunities at college?

A gymnasium meet, followed by a dance, would be infinitely superior to the former alone, and would appreciably increase the spectators. A full-dress suit at a gym. meet seems such an inane affair, without something to look forward to.

Can there be any harm pointed out which would result from the adoption of dancing at Haverford? Would it not lessen the percentage of fellows who wonder what to do with their hands when they are in company, and give an ease of comportment which is so essential, and will at any rate, have to come later?

Why do the *Board* of *Governors* keep saying "Some day perhaps," when it is the present that is of consequence? Why not yield a point in this case and be

> "Not the first by whom the new are tried
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside"?

Off Probation

Blow, tempestuous winds! Also
Blast, ye thunder! Lightning, crack!
Come, ye torrents, hail and snow!
I care not, my cuts are back!

Lost for many moons and more,
Doleful hours, moments slack,
Freedom seemed a bolted door.
I care not, my cuts are back!

Fall, ye mountains! Crumble, walls!
Suffer, world, in ruin, and wrack!
Free at last from studious halls,
Thank the Lord! my cuts are back!

—*DeWitt C. Clement, '17.*

A Rondeau

Through with her! the hazel bush,
Which lightly we aside did brush,
Is shaking still. The golden thyme,
Which foot profane with muddy grime
Dared, heedless, in a pulp to crush,
Half rises, as its vitals gush,
And speaks of blossoms, sweet and lush,—
In verbal bouquets I ofttime
Threw with her.
But no more on cushion plush
Her pillowed cheek will ever blush:—
For now she spends her wasted time,
On suffragistic stands sublime;
And I'm—while she hands out the mush—
Through with her!

ALUMNI

DECEASED

'00

James S. Hiatt died at his home in Harrisburg on November 20th. After graduating at Haverford he was for several years connected with the public and private schools of Philadelphia. More recently he held the position of private secretary to Governor Brumbaugh.

We are pleased to print the following communication:

November 24, 1915.

THE HAVERFORDIAN,
Haverford, Penna.

Gentlemen:—

On my return from my wedding trip I have your issue of November, 1915, in which you say:

"Mr. Wood recently sent pamphlets to the students at Haverford in an endeavor to eliminate the smokers of cigarettes."

I am sorry that just that wording was used, as I have no desire to force my opinion down the throat of any man, but I did want the student body of Haverford to read the opinion which some successful men have developed in regard to the smoking of cigarettes, and to realize that an increasing number of employers are discriminating against the smokers of cigarettes.

It seems to me that a great deal of cigarette smoking is quite a thoughtless entertainment which is part of the carefree attitude we so much appreciate in College life. Although not a smoker myself, I realize that it is probably only the result of circumstances and not of any exalted moral standard, and I would not have the fellows at Haverford get the idea that I wanted "to eliminate the smokers of cigarettes," for I would eliminate many of my best friends if that were my aim.

I would appreciate your giving this letter space in your magazine, which it is needless to say I read every month with great interest.

Very truly yours,
L. HOLLINGSWORTH WOOD.

We beg to call to the attention of your readers the following communication from J. D. Kenderdine:

DEAR MR. GIBSON:—

I intend to sail for Paris on December 4th, for a few months' hospital service with the American Red Cross. I sail on the S. S. "Rochambeau," December 4th. I shall be one of a party of four. We plan to work in a ward of a small hospital in Paris, although our plans are, of course, subject to the instructions of the Red Cross. My individual work will be that of chauffeur—transferring wounded soldiers among the various hospitals. We expect to be gone about three months. I have obtained a leave of absence from my business—circulation manager of *McClure's Magazine* and *The Ladies' World*. I will be in a position to take with me a large quantity of supplies for wounded soldiers. I am told that the need for clothing and personal necessities is appalling. The hospitals are overcrowded and thousands of convalescent soldiers face a bitterly cold winter in awful need of assistance.

Any contribution you care to make should be governed primarily by quantity. All deliveries should be made to me care McClure's, 137 E. 25th St., New York City., to reach me at the latest *Thursday noon, Dec. 2nd.* If you care to enclose with your contribution a personal letter for the recipient, I shall try to see that your letter is delivered with your contribution.

Almost anything will be of value in the way of clothing and personal necessities. Here are a few suggestions:

Heavy underwear	Heavy socks
Shoes and slippers	Soft hats and caps
Whole or part suits of clothing	Overcoats

Scarfs (Mufflers)	Heavy gloves (preferably woolen)
Soft shirts and Flannel shirts	Large handkerchiefs
Cigarettes	Tobacco
Cigarette papers	Pipes
Soap	Blankets
Sheets	Coverlets, etc.

J. D. Kenderdine, '10.

At the session of the Friends' Educational Association held at Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, addresses were given by J. Henry Bartlett, '94, on "The General Need for Private Schools"; by Stanley R. Yarnall, '92, on "The Methods of Financing these Private Schools"; by President Sharpless on "The Need for a More Cosmopolitan Quakerism"; and by Miss M. Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, on "The Part which Bryn Mawr has played in Quaker Affairs." Morris E. Leeds, '88, presided.

We quote from the *Haverford News:*

The first luncheon of the New England Haverford alumni was held recently and declared a great success, since it shows the result of the newly-stimulated "Get Together Spirit." Among those present were R. Colton, '76, C. K. Cottrel, '90, Wilmot R. Jones, '90, W. W. Cadbury, '98, W. S. Hinchman, '00, F. M. Eshleman, '00, E. J. Cadbury, '10, C. Wadsworth, '11, J. Van Sickle, '13, J. Beatty, '13, N. F. Hall, '13, Howson, '15, W. E. Vail, '15, G. H. Hallett, '15, Y. Nitobe, '15, D. B. Van Hollen, '15.

Among Haverford men who attended the meeting at Garden City, L. I., called "The Fellowship of Reconciliation," were Pres. Sharpless, Dr. Rufus M. Jones, '85, Dr. H. J. Cadbury, '03; L. Hollingsworth Wood, '96 Secretary of the League for Disarmament; Edward Evans, '02; Harold Evans, '07, and Jos. Stokes, Jr., '16, President of the College Y. M. C. A.

President Sharpless has been appointed president of the Friends' Historical Society of London, England.

'72

Dr. F. B. Gummere attended the annual meeting of the American Institute of Arts and Letters held in Boston from November 17th to 20th.

'77

Frederick L. Baily was chosen as one of the governors of the Merion Cricket Club, to serve until 1918.

'78

Francis K. Carey and Mrs. Carey are among the leaders in Baltimore of the *League Opposed to Military Expansion.*

'79

John B. Newkirk was married

on December 1st to Miss Mary C. Borton of Moorestown, N. J.

'86

Jonathan Dickinson is teaching at the Kemper Military School, Bloomville, Mo.

Ex-86

Samuel P. Lippincott has given to the college library a model of a Japanese warrior dressed in hard wood and leather armor and equipped with two swords; also a stuffed alligator about five feet long; and 150 books from his collection, comprising works on travel, biography, fiction, and the navy.

'89

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Congdon Wood on November 14th. The boy is named Gilbert Congdon Wood, Jr.

'90

After the Haverford-Swarthmore game a number of the members of the class of 1890 motored to Wynnewood where they were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Wm. Simpson.

'92

A class reunion was held at the University Club, Phila., on the evening of November 20th, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were able to attend. Those present were A. W. Blair, B. Cadbury, E. S. Cary, H. L. Davis, J. W. Muir, W. H. Nicholson, Dr. G. J. Palen, W. E. Shipley, W. N. L. West, and S. R. Yarnall. Letters also were received from C. G. Cook, M. P. Collins, I. H. Brumbaugh and A. Hoopes.

Stanley R. Yarnall was elected president of the Philadelphia Classical Club at its first meeting this year.

'93

John M. Okie has been appointed Assistant Real Estate Officer of the Girard Trust Co. of Philadelphia.

'94

David S. Taber has presented the college library with a copy of the first edition of John Fox's Journal bearing the date 1694.

Henry S. Conard of Grinnell College will be the Visiting Lecturer in Botany from that institution to Harvard University during the second half-year, 1916.

'96

Milton Clauser, who is Supervisor of Manual Training in Salt Lake City, Utah, has written a pamphlet entitled *Manual Training Outlines.*

L. Hollingsworth Wood, Secretary of the *League for Limiting Armaments*, spoke within the last

month before the Baltimore *League Opposed to Military Expansion.*

'97

A. M. Collins has during the past year accomplished work of considerable value in geographical research by his journeys in South America. He has been elected president of the Main Line Citizens' Association.

The Class of '97 held its annual reunion at the college on the eve of the Swarthmore game, and after dinner attended the college "smoker" in a body. At a previous business meeting Elliot Field, who has done so much to foster music at the college, was re-elected president.

Rev. Elliot Field is giving a series of recitals this winter in New York and Philadelphia, among them being Poe's "Raven," Eugene Field's "Lullaby Land," and Riley's "Land of Childhood."

'98

Walter C. Janney is the father of twins, born on October 2nd.

Ex-'99

Gilbert L. Bishop, Jr., is serving in the capacity of Assistant Trust Officer of the Girard Trust Co. of Philadelphia.

'01

E. M. Scull addressed the Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of Liberal Studies on the 29th of October. The subject for the evening was "The Value of Liberal Studies to the Business Man."

'02

C. Wharton Stork, who is connected with the Department of English at the University of Pennsylvania, on December 16th lectured at the college on "The Younger American Poets." He brought forth the fact that there has been a great deal of good poetry written lately, and by men who are under forty years of age.

To illustrate his talk Dr. Stork read selections from several of these modern poets—some from Mr. Hagedorn's works, and several passages from "The Cage," by the anarchist Giovanniti. He took several mildly ironical thrusts at the "Imagists," who constitute a new and revolutionary school of poetry.

Edw. W. Evans has written a powerful poem which appeared in the *Haverford News* in a November issue. The poem is a plea for peace entitled, "The Belligerents." Mr. Evans is connected with the legal department of the Bell Telephone Co. of Philadelphia, and is quite prominent in the Boys' Club and philanthropic work.

At one of the sessions of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, when the Association split up for separate meetings according to subject-grouping, Dr. Richard M. Gummere spoke on "Correlating the Classics with Modern Professions" and Dr. A. G. H. Spiers on the "Revision of College Entrance Requirements in French."

'04

D. Lawrence Burgess is author of an article in the November issue of the *Westonian* entitled, "The German Summer School at Middlebury, 1915."

'05

Dr. Maurice J. Babb has been chosen Worshipful Master of Cassia Lodge, F. and A. M., of Ardmore. The lodge, with a membership of 486, is one of the largest in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

'07

J. P. Magill, Pres. of the Founder's Club, headed about a dozen alumni who joined with the undergraduate members of the Founder's Club at dinner at the college on the evening of November 12th.

C. Clayton Terrell was married September 29th to Miss Helen E. Coffin, of New Vienna, Ohio. They will live at New Vienna.

'08

Dr. Wm. Haviland Morriss, after having spent the summer doing relief work in Belgium, is now located at the New Haven Hospital, New Haven, Conn.

Walter W. Whitson is General Secretary of Associated Charities at Peoria, Ill.

Ex-'08

W. Wesley Kurtz served as manager of the Fourth Street Club baseball team during the past season. This was Mr. Kurtz's second year in that position. The team won the Club Championship of Philadelphia.

Wm. C. Stribling was married October 20th to Miss Fanny S. Hall, of Lynchburg, Va.

'09

A daughter has been born to Mr. and Mrs. F. Raymond Taylor. The little girl, who was born on December 11th, has been named Martha Rebecca. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are now living in their newly-built bungalow at High Point, N. C.

'11

LeRoy Jones had an article in the November issue of the *Westonian* entitled "The Mission of the Country Church." This article was originally read in the form of a paper by Mr. Jones at South

China, Me., at a meeting held to discuss the state of society.

Henry T. Ferris, Jr., was married to Miss Mary K. Harris on November 9th.

'13

Wm. S. Crowder is employed in the Trust Department of the Girard Trust Co. of Philadelphia.

'14

Benj. J. Lewis is engaged in farming near West Chester, Pa.

B. K. Richardson is with J. P. Pfeiffer & Co., of Baltimore.

Robt. G. Rogers is studying for the ministry at Cambridge.

During the summer the engagement of Wm. S. Patteson to Miss Beulah Allen, of Rochester, N. Y., was announced.

Mr. Patteson is in the lumber business at Penn Yan, N. Y.

Edward Rice, Jr., who has returned temporarily from the war front in France where he has been engaged in the service of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, spoke before the college body early in December. Mr. Rice is receiving contributions for the maintenance of the hospital work in France and Belgium.

Hadley H. Kelsey was married on September 4th at Amboy, Indiana, to Miss Estella G. Culver, of Wabash, Ind. Mr. Kelsey is now principal of the Friends' Academy at Bloomingdale.

'15

Donald B. Van Hollen, in an article in the November *Westonian*, discussed the "Young Friends" work in which he was engaged the

This Mill Has Used Rhoads Belts for 24 Years
IN A PLANING MILL BELTED WITH RHOADS GILT EDGE
RHOADS LEATHER BELTING
J. E. RHOADS & SONS

Philadelphia

New York

Chicago

FACTORY AND TANNERY

WILMINGTON, DEL.

past summer. He described the visitations which he, together with a number of other young Friends, made in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland.

The engagement of Percival R. Allen to Miss Winifred Hunt Knapp, of Auburndale, has been announced.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

PROMPT AND REASONABLE

MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.

10 ANDERSON AVENUE

ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY

ESTIMATES GIVEN PHONE 1087

OPEN EVENINGS

Bell Phone 868

Rates, $2.25 to $3.00 Per Day

LINCOLN HIGHWAY INN

Rooms with Private Bath

MODERN APPOINTMENTS

Every Room with Outside Light and Air

No Bar. SALESMEN'S DISPLAY ROOM

Especial Attention to Automobile Parties

349 MAIN STREET, COATESVILLE, PA.

38 miles west of Philadelphia, on the Lincoln National Highway.

WM. H. MILLER, Mgr.

INSURANCE

Fire or Burglary Insurance on Students' personal effects while at College or elsewhere.

Tourists' Floating Insurance on personal effects against all risks in transit, in hotels, etc., both in this country and abroad.

Automobile Insurance covering damage to car and liability for damage to property or for injuries to persons.

Longacre & Ewing
Bullitt Building 141 S. Fourth St.
Philadelphia

Repairing of Hall, Chimes and French Clocks a Specialty

A. A. FRANCIS, Jeweler
115 W. Lancaster Ave. PHONE 144D
Ardmore, Pa.

C. W. Scott Company

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Carriages, Wagons and Automobiles

"Careful Handling and Quality"

Send us Your Suitings to be

Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

At Reasonable Rates

Our College Agent

Mr. I. Thomas Steere

S. P. Frankenfield Sons

Undertakers

ARDMORE, PA.

Successors to

JOSIAH S. PEARCE

120 E. Lancaster Avenue

Phone, Ardmore 9

J. OWEN YETTER

General Shoe Repairing

ARDMORE, PA.

Will Collect Shoes Monday Evening and Deliver Thursday Morning

T. B. Whitson, College Agent

Attractive Wall Paper
At Popular Prices

A. L. Diament & Co.

1515 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM S. YARNALL

Manufacturing Optician

118 S. 15th Street, Philadelphia

Phone 258

C. E. Edwards

Confectioner

ICE CREAM AND FANCY ICES,
FANCY CAKES

Ramsey Building BRYN MAWR, PA.

TELEPHONE

Paper Hanging
Painting

I. B. DUBELL

8 South Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia

Interior Decorations

HAVERFORD COLLEGE
HAVERFORD, PA.

The Haverfordian

Contents

An Adaptation From the Egyptian...Robert Gibson, '17 352
Haverford's Athletic Opportunity. Kenneth W. Webb, '18 353
Sleep Triumphant, Verse.....D. C. Wendell, '16 357
Rainbow, Story.....C. Van Dam, '17 359
The Fruit of Solitude, Verse.....E. R. Lester, '18 365
Phillips and The Poetic Drama...George A. Dunlap, '16 366
Disappointment, Verse.....1917 372
The Path of Retribution, Story...J. G. C. Le Clercq, '18 373
The Middle Ages: A Study in Emotional Psychology
W. H. Chamberlin, '17 380
The Uneasy Chair..... 386
Alumni.....Donald H. Painter, '17 387

February
1916

Marceau

Photographer

1609 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

Special rates to students
Phone, Spruce 5606

SAILOR SUITS
a Specialty

No Agencies Made to Order Only

PETER THOMSON
TAILOR

—TO—

Men, Women and Children

Walnut St. at 12th, Phila.

New York House:
634 FIFTH AVENUE
Opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral

Logan Trust Company of Philadelphia

1431 Chestnut Street

We Invite Correspondence or an Interview Relative to Opening Accounts.

We beg to call attention to the facilities offered by our Trust Department for the conduct of all business relating to Trusts, Wills, Estates and Investments.

Officers

ROWLAND COMLY, President.
HUGH McILVAIN, 1st Vice-President.
WILLIAM BRADWAY, 2nd Vice-President, Trust Officer and Treasurer.
ALFRED G. WHITE, Assistant Trust Officer.
S. HARVEY THOMAS, JR., Assistant Treasurer.
JOHN H. WOOD, Secretary.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Telephone Murray Hill 8800

Winter Styles in all Garments for Dress or Sporting Wear
Imported Novelties in Trunks, Leather Goods, Umbrellas and Walking Sticks
Liveries and Motor Clothing
Riding Outfits
English Hats and Haberdashery
Boots and Shoes, Light Weight Leggings
Imported Mackintoshes
Shetland Sweaters

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

BOSTON BRANCH
149 Tremont Street

NEWPORT BRANCH
220 Bellevue Avenue

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

ROBERT GIBSON, 1917 *Editor-in-Chief*

D. C. WENDELL, 1916
G. A. DUNLAP, 1916
DONALD PAINTER, 1917
W. H. CHAMBERLIN, 1917
C. D. VAN DAM, 1917
J. G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

EDWARD R. MOON, 1916 (*Mgr.*) ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Asst. Mgr.*)
J. STEWART HUSTON, 1919 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 Single copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the malls as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1916. No. 9

An Adaptation from the Egyptian

[The author of this poem wishes to correct the impression that the philosophy is original. The views are not his; he has merely adapted a chant, discovered on the tomb of an early Egyptian monarch of the first dynasty, to the following meter.]

They told me she was Love:—I clung to Her
As one in blind despair clings to a friend;—
Seeking in her beauty to transcend
The sordid elements of earthly care.
She, in her queenly attributes, did blend
The fairest graces that are mortals' share.
But if my joy of loving has to end,
The sable stole of sorrow need I wear?

They told me it was Sin:—I only know
My passion built a mystic bridge for me
To span convention's unforgiving sea,
Which, as I crossed, hissed hungrily below.
But there the grape was ripest on the tree,
And sweetest. What if I did throw
My soul away? Would I have been more free?
My sin-scarred craters now are healed with snow.

They told me it was Death:—I only fear
That life may prove recurrent, as they say,
Who boast a knowledge of the passing day.
A slumber, free from all, or dark or clear,
May lock my bones, and I will pass away,
Content to die. The negligible seer
May vaunt his empty warnings.—My decay
Is mine! O, Death, draw near, draw near!

—Robert Gibson, '17.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Vol. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1916 No. 9.

Haverford's Athletic Opportunity

"AN Indictment of Intercollegiate Athletics" by William T. Foster in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is a powerful article which has aroused considerable discussion as to whether there is not open to Haverford an opportunity to improve her athletic standards. Before, however, we can reach conclusions as to any such opportunity, it would be well first to observe such warnings as other colleges may be able to offer. From them we can perhaps learn a lesson which otherwise might be experienced all too late in our own case. Mr. Foster sums up the evils of intercollegiate athletics in the statement that "athletics to-day are being carried out on a business rather than on an educational basis"; and gives the following three purposes of athletics run upon a business basis: first, to win contests; second, to make money; and third, to attain individual or group fame or notoriety. Stated in such cold terms these are at the best unsavory ideals along which to develop college sports, but even a superficial examination of the proofs of these declarations shows that there is much more truth than fiction in them.

To win is the great desire in all American sports. Defeat is borne so badly, especially among our American colleges, that it seems as if universal satisfaction will only be found in the discovery of a system by which nobody will have to lose. This evil has reached such a point that a college's success for the year is marked largely by the result of her big football games. Examples of this are plentiful. Every Haverfordian during the past winter has probably had one or more outside acquaintance arouse him to wrath with the remark, "Had a bad season out at College this year, didn't you?" Without his even suggesting the reason, you knew it to be the Swarthmore defeat, and you also knew that your friend had formed this snap judgment perceiving that Haverford had one of the strongest teams she has ever had and one which played wonderful football in the Swarthmore and every other game. But though you gritted your teeth in rebellion and muttered something about luck being against you, you and he both knew that the stigma of defeat had

in the public eye branded Haverford's 1915 season as more or less of a failure.

After observing how all-important victory or defeat is for a team, we can almost understand the lengths to which many colleges are willing to go in order to obtain the former. Under the pressure of a demand for a winning team, school athletes are made love to for several years before they even know whether they want to go to college or not. Beneath the same pressure there has also caved in the former distinction between amateur and professional athletes, since all regulations have been unable to prevent such favors being granted as "friendly gifts" or "merit scholarships" either through private or official agency. This is well illustrated in the recent recognition by the big New England universities of "summer baseball" as an occupation which should not injure amateur standing.

Is not the paid coach himself an example of the way in which an evil system will to-day be recognized as legitimate if it will only produce a winner? The professional coach knows that there is only one crime which he can commit—and that is to lose a contest. Any other crime is accepted as an example of his astuteness.

One of the most unfortunate results of business methods being allowed to run riot on the athletic field is the loss by the colleges of the true purpose of sport. Cannot this be forcefully illustrated in the preparations which a college makes for a big football game? When Michigan leaves Ann Arbor early Wednesday morning, before any work has been done, to recuperate and practice a few days at Wayne before playing Penn the following Saturday, and when Cornell leaves Ithaca Monday morning for several days at Atlantic City before coming up to Franklin Field on Thursday for a single hour of actual football, it certainly seems as if the craze for efficiency had in this field gone too far. Such training trips may be well likened to the training trips taken by professional baseball teams, and yet no one will admit that a college should run its football season by the questionable business methods used by such professional organizations as control the most-advertised and best-known teams in such sports as baseball, basketball, and even horse-racing. Still, a closer study of the comparison reveals the college management of sports to-day to be a most excellent parallel.

And now what is Haverford's position on the question? It undoubtedly is one of compromise, and this attitude seems the best one to adopt under existing conditions. It is apparent in the College's policies regarding both intercollegiate contests and the coaching system. In regard to the latter Haverford has thought it advisable to obtain pro-

fessional coaches for her major sports, but she has taken the greatest care to see that her selections have complied with the highest standards of gentility and good sportsmanship. As regards the other question—that of intercollegiate contests—there are few Haverfordians who would advise the immediate or even eventual abolition of intercollegiate athletic relations which Mr. Foster advocates, but there are many indeed who would be very willing to plunge still more deeply into the popular trend.

It is evident, however, that there must be potential arguments against such a plunge. Let us consider conditions in a representative college which has made the plunge, and then picture them prevailing at Haverford. At such a college run on principles of "good business," "intercollegiate athletics provide a costly, injurious, and excessive regime of physical training for a few students, instead of an inexpensive, healthful, and moderate exercise for all those who need it most." This sums it up in one sentence. At such an institution the athletic activity of at least nine-tenths of the students consists principally in watching varsity games from the stands and in reading about them in the papers, while the student sees his A. A. dues, which should contribute towards the opening of athletic facilities to him, really go for quite a different purpose. Furthermore, we have all met the man who, after sizing up this unnatural attitude of colleges towards sports, decided for this reason in addition to others to take a business course which would give him the actual instruction he desired in a fraction of the time spent in a college course. In the latter position he saw that he had open to him athletic facilities better than those of the college under discussion. He could obtain more actual exercise at one of the now-abounding athletic or country clubs than he could at an institution which encourages only stars to engage in her sports and which shirks her fundamental athletic functions as far as is convenient. Again, he would argue that, when he wished to see a spectacle, he could see a public professional contest much better than any one of a string of semi-professional college contests which, if he were at college, he would feel compelled to attend under that overworked lash called "college spirit"—a weapon of finance which is always wielded to the limit by the athletic management. Picture such a judgment being made of Haverford's athletics and then decide whether there would not be considerable danger in fostering here college athletics of the type represented by the example above.

Now, at last, we are in a position to consider what opportunity Haverford has to develop its athletics along lines which would offer opportunities for exercise to everybody in College. There is no doubt

that we have already accomplished much. This past fall approximately a hundred candidates turned out for the football and soccer squads, and, notwithstanding the Swarthmore defeat, Haverford's 1915 football season should certainly be ranked as one of her best, because it was the first year that four complete teams turned out regularly for practice. This excellent response from so small a student body is but one of the many incidents which seem to warrant the starting of more contests within the College itself for those students who cannot qualify for outside contests. We have a few such games in the Inter-class and "Wogglebug" series, but not nearly enough to keep everybody interested and active all the time. This lack is especially noticeable in the winter and spring, and is a strong argument in favor of the introduction of new sports such as swimming, basketball, and baseball, which would attract many men not interested in gymnasium work, cricket, or track. Inter-class games could be started immediately in these and other new sports regardless of whether varsity teams were organized or not. In such a discussion the financial side has not such a strong appeal perhaps as others, but it is well to remember that in sports held within the colleges the usual expenses which accrue from fees for officials and referees and from traveling expenses are reduced to the lowest minimum.

Another sport which has not received enough support is tennis, which is played by more students than is any other game, and yet for which the facilities are comparatively very poor. We have so few tennis courts that their over-use makes it impossible to keep them in good shape. But when last spring a campaign was started to get our courts in good condition and to build new ones, the results fell far short of what was desired because it was found that lowly tennis courts did not make the splendid appeal to the imagination—and to the pocketbook—which is truly made, for example, by any proposal to construct a costly new grandstand or "bowl"—the most popular gift to a college nowadays, but one which is not under any conditions an agent for real physical exercise.

Again, we should expect the Faculty to be more interested in the future in seeing that we get the right kind of athletics, because: first, it is an excellent way to bring the professors in closer touch with the students; and secondly, because athletics fundamentally are a part of the curriculum. Athletics are a branch in which every student should be able to elect several good courses each year, and this can best be made possible when the Faculty shall have at least as much power in deciding the athletic policy of the College as do the Alumni, the student body, or the outside coaches.

Finally, it might be well to prove that this policy of getting everybody active in athletics is sure to assist rather than to conflict with the other desire—that of having a strong Varsity for intercollegiate contests. If this harmony were not possible, the Varsity team should be the one to suffer, because it is the College's first duty to open athletics to everybody. But a clear example to show that these two policies can be successfully carried out together may be found right at our own door. Recently we celebrated the winning of the intercollegiate soccer championship. Naturally we had one of the best Varsity elevens in the College's history; and yet in conjunction with this team we ran three other soccer elevens who also played good soccer and got real enjoyment out of it, besides giving practice to players who might quickly develop into first-team material.

Thus with the assurance that these two lines of development are not incompatible, let us co-operate to make it worth while for everybody both to support our Varsity teams and to participate in the College sports themselves. We can strike a happy medium between semi-professional athletics on one hand and purely local athletics on the other, and after working ahead for some time with this new ideal in mind we shall find that Haverford will not be classed among the colleges which have misdirected their efforts, and that she will have a better understanding of the true purposes of sport and of the advantages which it holds forth to all.

—Kenneth W. Webb, '18.

Sleep Triumphant

Sleep whispered—whispered to my soul;
To my lips he held a bowl
Of dark delight—
Of skies and night
Deprived of light.

And drink I would in ecstasy,
For my mind had lost supremacy,
And pleasure-pain
Approved the gain,
Yet held a stain:

A stain that, swiftly running, spread
As a lightning bright with dread
In distant sky
At thunders' cry
To flash and die.

With pulsing glow and silent-slipping speed
Sleep rode a winged spirit steed.
I saw him go,
Like sun-kiss'd snow
Or river's flow.

I watched his pale and vibrant face
Reel and whirl in vaulted space,
While high in air
He fought Despair
And haggard Care.

"Give, God," I prayed in grim suspense,
"To the great life-warming Sense—
To Sleep—his crown
Of swan-white down,—
His stolen crown."

From Heaven's vaguest mist-gray clouds,
Subtly streaming, silent shrouds,—
Fair Sleep returned
My plea unspurned,
My soul unburned.

As Morning Glories close at eve,
So my eyes he shut, to leave
Me brilliant dreams
Of gold sunbeams
On silver streams.

—D. C. Wendell, '16.

Rainbow

(*Concluded*)

WHEN Black Cloud saw the little idol of his heart departing with Matthew, his pulses leaped suddenly and his hopes fell to a sickening despair. Rainbow, by the consent of his gods, of his people, by his own vow to himself, by everything except her infernal stubbornness, was decreed to be his. She was the pride and darling of the tribe; he, the strongest and proudest of the young chiefs, a fitting mate for her. He had wooed her with every art in his power. He had dogged her steps on long walks into the canon; ridden untold miles alone with her; sat at her feet untold hours while she wove baskets for the tourists. Formerly she had been smiling and kindly toward him: then her mind outstripped his; her perceptions grew keen, and she found him dull company. But the faithful lover still persisted until hispresence irritated her and his stupid sentiment approached in interest the mumblings of the insane. Rainbow tolerated him with a noble fortitude; she looked with calm self-restraint on these last convulsions of a dying love and hoped soon to lay it peacefully in its grave.

All would have gone well had it not been for Matthew. To have a "pale-face" step suddenly into the ring and climb in a single day to a firmer place in her heart than his years of devotion had won, was a little more than his fiery temperament could endure. An innate racial hatred, and a new-born jealousy put a scowl on his face and a smouldering madness in his heart. His wrinkled old mother sat in her accustomed corner and watched him with worried eyes. His formidable frame passed restlessly in and out of the Hopi house. He had not been at the mid-day meal, and she knew that something was wrong. A dozen times his eyes had swept the trail below for a glimpse of his beloved little tyrant. This sudden jealousy and this unexpected rival made his arms ache for her as they had never done before. The old woman called him abruptly, and dismissed the dirty children which were tumbling and sprawling about her. She spoke softly to him in Indian, and bade him sit by her and tell her his troubles. But Black Cloud looked down on her sullenly and replied that his troubles weren't for women's ears; then, brutally telling her to get busy at something, he stalked away. As he left her, she had the weary look of one who receives not a smile, not a kind word from those she loves, on which to build some hope in heaven, for her declining years.

When, toward evening, the thirsty, aching tourists filed up the

head of the trail, Black Cloud watched for Rainbow, half a-tremble with a mingled emotion of love and hate. His bursting feelings might have been swayed by her lightest word into a spasm of rage, or a transport of joy. As each dusty burro and rider turned the last twist of the trail, he gave an involuntary start; and then no more came. At first he stared foolishly as they dragged by. She was not in the party! With the sudden realization his eyes flashed wildly; he collared one of the guides and pulled him off his animal as though he were a boy.

"Where Rainbow? Where Rainbow?" he demanded hoarsely.

The tough little Western cow-puncher looked up with a snarl:

"I ain't seen yer Indian doll: loose that half-hitch on my neck 'fore I fill yer full o' lead, you——!"

Black Cloud, had he understood the language, would have learned much about himself in the next half minute, but he merely flung the fellow aside and pounced on another. He found out nothing. She had not been seen going or coming. Completely bewildered, he wandered back to the Hopi House. Perhaps some accident had befallen her. Then suddenly he felt that there had been no mishap. She knew the canon far too well to lose her way. Her steps were as sure as the goats' that pastured on its barren sides. The white man had kept her, and she had stayed willingly. The thought was bitter indeed!

That night the last traveller had wandered back to the hotel, and the Indians were dropping wearily to their blankets; but still the anguished lover paced restlessly up and down the canon's edge, staring gloomily into the mocking gulf of darkness at his feet. When finally he sought his rest, the lights were all extinguished, and the sound of heavy breathing was plainly audible from the prostrate figures among whom he took his place.

Sleep did not come to him. He lay wide-eyed, thinking over in detail his relations with Rainbow since the first day when he had discovered that she was a woman, and no longer a child. He lingered eagerly on those happy times when she had cared for him—when her aged father, since passed away, had chosen him as a mate for his daughter. Her recent coldness and utter scorn of his advances made his teeth clench and breath come fast. Finally there arose before his eyes, out of the blackness, the picture of Matthew and Rainbow alone together, at the bottom of the canon. He knew her nature too well: that if she ever loved, it would be no passing trifle in her life, but a new and sacred experience for which the highest price in self-sacrifice would be lightly tossed away.

A slow-rising hatred of the man who had robbed him began to fer-

ment in his brain. It grew stronger as the minutes passed, until he was writhing on the floor in an outburst of animal temper. Then came an uncontrollable desire for action and vengeance; here was no vague power threatening his happiness—no subtle change of mind or heart against which he was powerless, but a man of flesh and blood who might be overcome,—wounded,—murdered,—except for a dozen miles of twisted trail which the darkness rendered hopeless. His feverish brain worked on. He pictured her lying in the white man's arms, with the little face that he had loved so well, pillowed on the white man's breast—the kisses of which he had dreamed so long, given in a single night to a white man's mouth. He sat up and stared dizzily through the clinging darkness. A voiceless rage deep within the fibres of his being was craving some expression.

He arose unsteadily, crossed the room, slowly feeling his way, and fumbled about in the souvenir case. He found what he wanted, wiped his brow and stepped outside. For a moment he stood in the breathless stillness: every trace of life and sound was hushed into oblivion.

"By God, he no have two squaws!" he muttered determinedly, then, noiseless as a shadow, glided across the garden, up to the hotel porch. As he moved, the slanting rays of a new-risen moon gleamed on the knife in his hand. A window opened gently and he disappeared into the hotel.

At the office desk he lit a match. It was but a moment's work to find her number on the hotel register. He spelled the name out slowly to be sure of no mistake; then, bounding up the stairs with light steps, he passed along a quiet corridor and stood before her door. He listened intently, but not a single sound jarred the sleeping stillness. Slowly he turned the latch—then a faint draft sighed down the hall, and the door was shut behind him.

Their room faced the canon, and the low moon shone full through the open window. On the wide bed Matthew's wife was sleeping soundly. Beyond was a cot with a child's light head dimly visible on the pillow. With infinite precaution the Indian deftly lowered the bedclothes, and disclosed in the pale light, the white figure of the dreaming mother. She stirred uneasily. Her shoulders shook in a little involuntary shiver of cold. Then, without a sound, and with the accuracy of a panther's spring, the Indian took his revenge, and drove the knife home into the warm breast of the half-awakened woman; when she finally aroused herself, she was groping blindly in another world.

* * * * * * * * * *

A frail little chambermaid knocked at Matthew's door on the fol-

lowing morning. She knocked again, receiving no answer. Then, believing they had gone to breakfast, she entered, laid her towels on the wash-stand, and turned to make the bed. The shock sent her half-way across the room, with a tiny scream. She did not look a second time, but put her hands to her head and fled downstairs as though chased by a ghost.

In spite of the hotel authorities, the news of the murder was public property inside of an hour. Matthew's door was locked and a guard stationed outside. The baby girl was entrusted to the care of the proprietor's wife. It was discovered that Matthew had not returned the evening before. The guides were questioned. Yes, he had gone with the Indian girl. The knife—a souvenir from the Hopi House—Rainbow and Black Cloud once in love—the cold-bloodedness of the murder—these facts soon drew the little band of men appointed by the proprietor to represent the law, towards the Hopi House. In the lonely wilds of Colorado there was no time for a fancy code of justice.

They found Black Cloud leaning lazily against the counter, smoking his pipe. After his deed was done he had slept well till morning; he turned to his accusers with stoic indifference.

A man of the crowd acted as spokesman.

"Black Cloud, you committed murder last night on Mrs. Dean Matthew. Do you confess to it?"

The big Indian eyed him devouringly. The corners of his mouth curled faintly, in scorn.

"What you say?" he grunted slowly.

The man repeated his accusation. The crowd watched with threatening eyes. The Indian took a step backwards, and the others unconsciously came forward.

Black Cloud, with a swift motion, raised his arm to strike, but a revolver was thrust in his face, which still gave no trace of emotion. His arm dropped to his side. Then deliberately, in a tone heavy with anger, he spoke:

"He got my girl. I don't want his. He don't get two. He like Rainbow: she like him. Now he can have her."

"Then you murdered her?" came with a grave finality from the leader.

The Indian nodded his head casually. The impromptu jurors sighed in relief. They had looked for a struggle. Many of them, peaceable citizens, were not a little scared by the ominous appearance of their captive. His wrists were bound, to which he submitted quietly. He was then left temporarily with two armed guardians, while the council withdrew to discuss his punishment.

Matthew and Rainbow had arrived in the meantime, weary and dusty. An acquaintance with whom he had been seen in the hotel, was picked to tell him of the tragedy. As Matthew parted from Rainbow at the hotel steps, the unlucky fellow, white and torn with pity, summoned him to a quiet little parlor on the first floor. It was quickly over with, but when the pair emerged, there was one who had grown haggard and worn in the few brief minutes.

He went first to see his baby and then to the ill-fated room. The knife had been removed and the clothes changed. She lay there before him, eyes lightly closed, pink-cheeked, as restful and natural as he had ever seen her in life. With his glance fixed upon her face, he was mutely trying to tell his startled self that she was not sleeping but dead,—lost to him until eternity. His mind rebelled under the sudden stress, and he found himself slipping away from the weight of the truth, and believing, with a childish faith in the justice of things, that it was all a mistake and unreal. He covered his face with his hands as if his thoughts hurt him. Then, before he knew it, the door opened and Rainbow was by his side, with eyes fastened on the bed.

"Let me be alone," he said in a cold voice.

"No! please! a leetle while!" she begged.

Then slowly she picked up a limp hand from the cover and held it between hers.

"Me didn't believe it," she said incredulously.

"I am trying to," was the submissive reply.

"You loved her," the girl continued, wistfully watching his face. "But she is happy now. You must forget her. Me am sorry for you, not her. See how quiet she sleeps. She's lucky. She go to sleep on earth and wake in your heaven and leave you all alone with baby. It's nothing to die, but it's hard to live."

"How do you know?" he demanded in spite of himself.

"Because me has got to go on living."

"Well, what of it?" said the man abruptly.

"Me will be alone like you, when you are gone."

"What about your Indian lover?" Matthew's voice trembled.

"Me not think of him. He's lucky too. He gone to the Great Spirit. They hanged him. Big crowd shouts: stones: rope from a tree: and last of all he smile calmly, and say he kill her because he love me."

"Why the devil didn't you marry him instead of running after me?" he cried.

She seized his arm, and turned her troubled eyes full on his face.

"Me did not know him was so jealous. Me have not loved him

for years: me would lie there dead instead of her if me could. I only got one life before I go where they are gone; and I give that life to you."

The thought of her offering herself to him in the presence of his dead wife horrified him. For the moment he saw Rainbow as a little vampire who had set out after him with shameless abandon, and was now before him with two deaths in her wake, ready to finish the conquest.

He glowered down on her fiercely.

"I want a wife and not a sqaw. Get out of here!" he thundered.

She turned pale and her eyes filled with tears. Then, like a flash, she fled from his presence.

It took Matthew several days to get away from the canon with his wife's body. There were difficult telegrams to send, trunks to pack, two lead coffins to be procured, all of which he felt little able to do. Rainbow kept discreetly out of his way. He had time to think his troubles over and adjust himself to new conditions. Finally he began to understand the Indian nature in Rainbow—her quick emotions, her fearless, primitive methods and the simple, lingering tenderness towards him in spite of what he did or said. He saw that her only crime was a heedless, youthful love, of which she could not see the consequences. He saw too that death was less strange to her than life; that her sudden intrusion upon him meant no irreverence to his dead wife.

On the evening before his departure he came upon her sitting on a smooth rock at the very brink of the canon. He was walking alone and almost stumbled over her before he discovered her.

"O, it's you!" he exclaimed.

"You going away?" she asked quickly.

"To-night."

"You ever come back?"

"Not if I can help it."

He could only vaguely distinguish her form against the ocean of darkness behind her, but he felt her gaze upon him; he felt, too, the compelling attraction of her strong, unique personality. She was only a little figure with her head just coming to his shoulder; but when he saw the burning light in her eyes,—the same that he had seen that first evening, he knew that it told of a deep emotion, yet even more, of an ancient race "born with the wind and rain," afraid of nothing, and untamed.

"Me hate you for leaving me: but me am Indian: and you no want me. Go away and forget. Only kiss me once, for life is long to live alone."

Perhaps from pity, perhaps because it seemed like a last wish on earth which he dared not refuse, he leaned over and kissed her. In after years he was often puzzled over it, but that night he did not think of hesitating.

Several hours later he departed for New York with his little girl, and his wife's body.

But Rainbow sat, tranquil as the living rocks about her, dreanmig of an ideal love,—of fairy heights of young happiness, all built up from the fabric of a single kiss.

(*The end*)

—*C. Van Dam, '17.*

The Fruit of Solitude

When in communion with thy inmost soul,
Withdrawn from out the surging sea of life,
And that rough shore where its mad billows roll,
Withdrawn from all the world, so full of strife;
If chance so be, near some cool brook reclined,
Sad at the thought that few great minds agree,
In vain thou pond'rest one bright truth to find
That shall thy soul inspire and set thee free;
If, oft by this same idle quest beguiled,
At length in desperation thou dost faint,
Think not thy life disorder'd is and wild,
Such doubts do come to God's most favored saint.
But struggle on nor count the fearful pain;
Peace comes at last, a golden crown to gain.

—*E. R. Lester, '18.*

Phillips and the Poetic Drama

THE death, last December, at the age of forty-seven, of Stephen Phillips, English poet, dramatist, and editor of the *Poetry Review*, brought to conclusion a life bravely sacrificed upon the altar of poetic drama. That his attempted revival of poetry upon the stage was not a complete failure is amply attested by his successful productions, "Herod," "Paolo and Francesca," "Ulysses," and "Nero." But his later career was a distinct disappointment, as viewed from the splendor of the promise of his earlier works. One of the purposes of this article is to attempt to show why this was so, and why a poet, whose first dramatic offering was greeted by the *Spectator* with the comment, "No youthful poet, save in the case of Keats, has written blank verse of greater promise," should have had his later works received with indifference and disfavor. The character of the man—his devotion to classical traditions, the peculiar combination in him of the practical and the impractical, the praiseworthy and the repulsive, also compel attention.

Stephen Phillips was born at Somerton, near Oxford, England, in 1868. His father, a clergyman, and the Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral, carefully provided him with an education suitable for one of the professions. But the younger Phillips, after a year at Queens College, Cambridge, decided to abandon higher education for the stage. He, therefore, joined Frank R. Benson's Dramatic Company, a traveling troupe which specialized in Shakespeare. He remained with this company for six years, especially starring as the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." He played this part "with a dignity so awful," writes Edmund Gosse, "that he was positively called before the curtain, a distinction believed to be in this role unparalleled."

The end of his stage career came with his marriage to Miss May Lidyard, an actress in Benson's Company. His motive for leaving the stage was that he might devote himself entirely to literature. His wife gives this interesting insight into his character at this time: "It was his desire, he said, to give up all the world and chiefly live for that glory in his soul, the glory which he felt had been placed there that he might give it out again, as a beauty and protection for the people, as a stimulus for creation and a splendor that would live forever in the eyes of God. He would often tell me that I was necessary to him for this, and often he would ask me to pray that God would not take me away from him; but sometimes he was very sad in thinking that the Almighty had given him this wonderful gift."

The first public expression of this gift was a thin volume called

"Eremus," printed in 1894. This was merely a poetic experiment, and was never reprinted. But in the following year appeared "Christ in Hades," a poem which the public accepted with the utmost respect. Appended to this volume was a short, ballad-like poem, "The Apparition," which Mr. Gosse praises as the first real evidence of the appearance of a new voice in English poetry. Phillips's next volume, that of 1897, contains the best of his early poems. Critics gave this book an enthusiastic reception, especially the *Academy*, a literary journal which hailed the volume as the most important contribution to the literature of the year 1897. And, what was more practical, the *Academy* enriched Phillips by the gift of one hundred guineas. The fame of Stephen Phillips, however, has arisen, not from his short poems, but rather from his poetical plays.

Mr.—now Sir—George Alexander, being impressed with the new poet's work, asked him to write a verse play for him. Phillips consented, and chose for his subject that immortal episode of the love of Paolo and Francesca which appears in Dante's Inferno. His experience as an actor made him well equipped, as it was, to write a play, but additional aid came from Sidney Colvin, the eminent critic and biographer. The drama, "Paolo and Francesca," was published in the winter of 1899, and the opinion of the critics was almost unanimous in its favor. Edmund Gosse thus comments on that fact in the *Century Magazine:* "This time the complacency of the critics was so universal that it was almost alarming. All the laws of circumstance seem to be turned topsy-turvy when the *Quarterly Review* and the *Edinburgh Review* compete which shall praise soonest and loudest the work of a very young poet." Among other adverse critics, Sir Arthur Pinero ridiculed its acting qualities, and remarked that it "would not run ten minutes." As a matter of fact it did run 130 nights at the St. James's Theatre, three years later.

While "Paolo and Francesca" was still waiting to be staged, Phillips was not resting on his laurels, but was writing still another play. For a subject he turned to Josephus, and selected as his hero, Herod the Great. He was attracted by Josephus's record of the love between Herod and Marianne. He strove, to quote his own words, "to paint in dramatic verse with an Eastern background, the most tremendous love story in the world." The interview between the poet-dramatist and Herbert Beerbohm Tree, when Phillips read his "Herod" to that famous actor-manager, is very entertainingly reported by the poet himself: "The last act of this ('Herod'), Mr.—now Sir—Herbert Tree was induced to hear me read. As I was reading this to the best of my ability, but naturally in a state of extreme nervousness, for I knew what

depended on the impression made, I happened to glance over the manuscript to watch the expression on the managerial countenance. To my consternation Sir Herbert's face was relaxed into the most unmistakable of smiles it was possible to imagine. He appeared highly amused, and when I had read anything on which I particularly prided myself, he would interrupt with a hearty laugh.

"When I had finished, I had, of course, given up all hope, for the play, I might mention, was not—intentionally at least—a comedy, but was amazed to hear him declare that he had practically decided on producing it, which, as a matter of fact, he subsequently did at His Majesty's Theatre. When I questioned him at a later date, as to his disconcerting reception of 'Herod' he replied that he had thoroughly enjoyed it, and was unable to resist laughing outright. In any case, the play ran close on one hundred nights, and that was how I really began."

"Herod" had its initial performance on October 31, 1900, with Beerbohm Tree in the title role. *The Spectator* and other London journals lauded the play and its author to the skies, and this was but the beginning of a series of extreme compliments which London critics almost as one showered upon the new dramatist. Unfortunately, much of the praise was worthless by its mere extravagance. When the reaction came, several years later, Phillips was not prepared for it, and fell an easy victim to indifference and neglect.

The year 1902 is the high-water mark of achievement for Stephen Phillips. In the early part of this year, two more of his poetical spectacles were staged in the English capital. The dramas were "Paolo and Francesca" at St. James's and "Ulysses" at His Majesty's. Opinions were divided as to the relative merits of the two dramas, though many critics favored the Italian tragedy to the Greek epic-drama, on account of its romantic appeal. The significant fact, however, is brought out by *The Spectator*, "To have two poetic plays running simultaneously at great London theatres is an achievement of which any poet in his age might be proud."

But it is just at this time, as Mr. Padraic Colum points out in *The New Republic*, that Stephen Phillips became the unhappy victim of that peculiar system of London reviewing, according to which it changes completely in character every five years, due to the fact that the young reviewers pass on to something else after that period of time. It must have been that in 1902, "a new batch of reviewers," to quote Mr. Colum, had "arrived, and the *parole* amongst them was that Stephen Phillips was of no account poetically. Older men, eminent critics on important journals, remained to praise him. But what they said of him now was

discredited by the extravagance of the things they had said before. William Archer's compliments on 'Paolo and Francesca' and 'Herod'—'Sardou could not have ordered the action better, Tennyson could not have clothed the passion with words of purer loveliness'; 'the elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Milton,'—were remembered by the younger men, and they smiled."

The *Quarterly Review* got in the deepest and most deadly thrust at the poet. It was from the pen of Mr. Arthur Symons, himself a poet of note, and recalls the *Quarterly's* memorable criticism of Keats's "Endymion," that for so long was believed to have hastened that poet's early death. Even the most prejudiced lover of Phillips would be forced to admit the cleverness of the article, and the general sanity of its reasoning. But, for his careful avoidance of the smallest attempt to praise, for his failure to credit Phillips with an extraordinarily daring effort to revive the poetic stage drama—an attempt which had baffled Tennyson and Browning before him—the review should be severely arraigned.

"Poetry," writes Symons, "is an act of creation which the poet shares with none other among God's creatures. Poetical feeling is a sensibility which the poet may share with the greengrocer walking arm-in-arm with his wife, in Hyde Park, at twilight on Sunday.....To express poetical feeling in verse is not to make poetry." After frankly accusing him of modeling his verse on Tennyson and Landor, the reviewer finishes up Phillips's poetry in this summary manner: "Now in all Mr. Phillips's verse we find *poetical feeling;* never the instant, inevitable, unmistakable thrill and onslaught of *poetry*." Thus he would place Phillips on a par with the above-mentioned greengrocer. Concerning his stage productions, Mr. Symons writes in part, as follows:

"Mr. Phillips has written for the stage with a certain kind of success, and he has been praised, as we have seen, for having 'written a great dramatic poem which happens also to be a great poetic drama.' But this praise loses sight of the difference which exists between what is dramatic and what is theatrically effective. In 'Paolo and Francesca,' in 'Herod,' and in 'Ulysses,' there are many scenes which, taken in themselves, are theatrically effective, and it is through this quality, which is the quality most prized on the modern English stage, that these plays have found their way to Her Majesty's Theatre and to St. James's. But take any one of these scenes, consider it in relation to the play as a whole, think of it as a revelation of the character of each person who takes part in it, examine its probability as a natural human action, and you will find that the people do, not what they would be most likely to do, but what the author wishes them to do, and that they say, not

what they would be most likely to say, but what the author thinks it would be convenient or impressive for them to say. What Mr. Phillips lacks is sincerity; and without sincerity there can be no art, though art has not yet begun when sincerity has finished laying the foundations. One is not sincere by wishing to be so, any more than one is wise or fortunate. Infinite skill goes to the making of sincerity. Mr. Phillips, who has so much skill, devotes it all to producing effects by means of action, and to describing those effects by means of verse."

After 1902, Stephen Phillips continued to write for the stage, but his will was broken, and only one of his later dramas measured up to the high standard set in "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod." This was "Nero," a tragedy, presented by Beerbohm Tree, in 1906. The *Spectator*, always his friend, has this to say of his "Nero":

"In the play which was produced at His Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening (January 25, 1906), Mr. Stephen Phillips has made clear advance in knowledge of stagecraft. In many respects it contains less poetry than 'Herod' or 'Ulysses,' but it is incomparably better drama. There is a keener perception of character, a firmer grasp on life, and a general subordination of other interests to the dramatic effect."

Three other plays were produced by the poet, "The Sin of David" in 1904, "Pietro of Sienna" in 1910, and "Faust," in collaboration with Mr. Comyns Carr. The first-named play was a symbolical drama, with its scenes laid in the time of the Commonwealth. Sir Hubert Lisle stands for David, and his sin was to fall in love with Miriam, wife of Colonel Mardyke whom he sends off on a military expedition, where he meets his death. The play suffers principally from the author's choice of subject, and it was on this account that the British censor banned it. It was afterwards produced in Germany. "Pietro of Sienna" was not a success, and "Faust," according to the *Athenæum*, "was chiefly a spectacle providing opportunities for the scenic artist, and more picturesque poses than philosophy, for the actors."

Meanwhile Phillips's art had been revealed to America. The first of his plays to be seen in this country, "Ulysses," was marred by incompetent acting. But in 1906, Mr. H. B. Irving, eldest son of the late Sir Henry Irving, brought over "Paolo and Francesca," and gave it, from all accounts, a very adequate presentation. The New York *Nation* thus comments on it: "Rich as Mr. Phillips's work is in literary graces, as strong as it undoubtedly is dramatically in some of its scenes, it can scarcely be called a great play." Of the fourth act, however, the *Nation* reviewer finds that "thenceforward the dramatist is absolute master of the situation, and unfolds it with a fine perception of theatrical effect, as

well as artistic law." The dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*, Mr. John Corbin, was more severe. He accused Phillips of lacking "the authentic inspiration of the dramatist. One feels that Mr. Phillips is inspired by *literature*, not by life."

In the fall of 1909, another Phillips drama was staged in the United States when "Herod" was put on at the Lyric Theatre, New York, by William Faversham. Turning again to the *Nation*, we find this comment on "Herod's" first night: "To say that the representation was in every respect ideal would be a grave exaggeration, but it was generally adequate, often excellent, and in places, exceedingly impressive."

One would have supposed that these successes in England and America, coupled with the returns from his published poems and plays, would have insured him financial prosperity throughout his remaining days. But account must be taken of the man's extravagance, his lack of a keen business sense, and finally, his return to an old weakness—drink. His fine mental faculties began to be seriously strained, and his poetical work suffered thereby. It is not unjust to suspect that the unrelenting nagging of such destructive criticism as that in the *Quarterly Review* above quoted, had a great deal to do with his downfall.

But there is another cause, and one which discloses a more intimate side of the poet's life. The *Independent* for February 23, 1914, printed a touching revelation of "Stephen Phillips In His Home," as narrated by his wife, and in this article is related the death of the poet's young daughter, Persephone.

"The loss of our baby girl," writes Mrs. Phillips, "exercised a vivid and cruel influence over my husband, for it would seem that he never would be comforted. After this I would frequently lose him, and days and sometimes weeks of terrible suspense were added to my gloom. He could never bear to see me sad, and if ever I forgot myself in my extreme poignancy of thought, however much I tried to cover it away—if ever a shadow of this crossed my face, he would at once decline all work, or comfort, and rush from the house in a state of utter frenzy..... Sometimes he would send me a wire or a note, asking my forgiveness for these rash and sudden outbursts, which he would most deeply lament, or he would send a short, sad message, imploring me to come at once to wherever he was, to save him from madness or suicide."

The closing years of Stephen Phillips's life may be noted briefly. In 1909 he was driven into bankruptcy. Three years later he accepted the editorship of the *Poetry Review*, which post he occupied till death, writing sound, intellectual articles on modern literature. Also he published several volumes of poems, and occasional short verse in English

and American magazines. His "Lyrics and Dramas" of 1913, and his "Panama and Other Poems" of 1915 were hailed as a return to his former successful style, and many looked for a permanent revival of his powers. But death cut short his poetical "come back" on December 9, 1915, at an age when there should still have been much more to come from his pen. It is interesting to surmise what future generations will have to say of this poet's courageous attempt to revive English classical, poetic drama.

—George A. Dunlap, '16.

Disappointment

Oft in the night
My thoughts take flight
To verdant plains of sweet Elysian fancy.
Quickly I rise,
Rubbing my eyes,
Intent to write a sonnet gay for Nancy.
Full shall it be
Of mystery
That fills the notes of wild Æolian measures.
Great my dismay
When fast away
Fly all the dainty lines, my sleepful treasures.

The Path of Retribution

I.

A SKY, black as ebony, the moon as a large round amber which has been incrustated by mistake amid the stars, like mother-of-pearl. A zephyr wafts the fragrance of rich flowers, blended with the bitter-sweet scent of acrid pines; one can hear the melodious ripple of a brook as it plashes its distant way down the hillside. The dewy grass or the hard gravel paths of the terrace are occasionally illumined with the glow of a shimmering firefly and one hears the poignant accents of some lonely and abandoned bird calling its fickle mate back to the deserted nest.

The long verandah overlooking the terrace is deserted save for two figures, seated too closely not to show two lovers' passage. And then it is a night of love, so why not? In one chair a young woman of great beauty, small and slender, with soft grey eyes, a pink complexion, a small mouth, and hair golden as the honey of sweet Hybla bees or the rich hue of yellow saffron. Her beauty is that of some wild, shy nymph of the woods, never yet beheld of man, whose days have been passed in commune with nature, ignorant of the mystery of sex or any of Life's other great—and yet petty—problems. No words can describe that pure, sincere, unadulterated beauty of countenance, the apotheosis of virginal womanhood.

Her companion is of a different type: very thin and tall; with placid blue eyes, heavily fringed with dark lashes; a long, straight nose, whose dilated nostrils seem ever yearning for the bitter odor of far-distant lands. He has a world-weary expression; he is no doubt the son of some robust father; he is one of that generation which pays for the military glory of its sires; yet tired of living in an age which has nothing glorious or sublime in it, and of smoking innumerable cigarettes and holding lengthy discourse on idealism, he himself has gone to the wrong source for consolation, as bespeaks the somewhat sensuous curve of his mouth.

And yet this cynical and Byronic youth is here, talking in fervent accents, talking with passionate ardor to the beautiful girl at his side: "One hears the music from the ball-room—a commonplace tune, but gaining in beauty as it meets you in your loveliness until it seems to embody all the harmony of every master, like a divine canto restored again to man after having sojourned among the gods. And I here, at your feet, paltry and weak, pale and careworn, with you in your fairy splendor, like some wondrous goddess of old!"

"Ah! more, more! Speak to me further of this love of yours."

"From awful discouragement and ghastly ennui, you and your ineffable loveliness and sweetness rescue me, and bring me to heights unknown before, to the realization that Life is but one sweet song, ten times worth the living. Ah! and you have taught me loves are pure. Mélissande-like, you have inspired a man to bring his all to worship you at the altar of beauty. You have stirred a hopeless realist to the core and moved him to idealism. And in this new-found happiness and adoration, in this heaven of delight, I often ask myself if it is not too beautiful, if I shall not bump my head against the clouds.

"I am not theatrical! For the beauty of two fair eyes, like troubadours of old, I have travelled over troubled waters to find my lady ;and in the coming, if disconsolate her name has brought my spirits back, when sick, the mention of her peerless beauty has invigorated my weary, aching limbs, and given life to my bruised, lovesick heart."

"Yes, yes," she whispers breathlessly.

"The forest brings with it the intoxicating perfume of its plants: not one-hundredth as pure as the perfume of your hair; the music of belated birds travels us-ward: yet more harmonious is the music of your voice. And the music of these very birds, travelling through the woodland, will have met the soul of some majestic maker of melodies, some Mendelssohn, and grown richer and fuller amid sleeping nature. The yellow moonlight shining palely over the grey roofs in the valley, and a little lake, placid and beautiful, trembles like a magic, mysterious mirror —nature's offering, not one-half as fair as you. Ah, your lips! All that is evil in me is banished by that kiss—as the famous kiss of Roxane. And you and I, our names will ever be linked together; I will immortalize them, they will be as Hero and Leander, Cyrano and Roxane, Konigsmark and Sophia-Dorothea of Zell....."

* * * * * * * * * *

The music lulled and then reached a crescendo; he looked dully down to the ground and stopped in the middle of his sentence; the girl also leaned back, vaguely conscious of coming danger. Then, amid a triumphant bar of music, She entered. Tall and graceful, like the pale-Titan woman that haunted the dreams of Baudelaire, statuesque, like the women Titian loved to paint, but with a full, red mouth—inherited from some Rebecca who loved an Ivanhoe of yore and loved in passionate futility—wonderful white skin, a lithe figure, large black eyes, and raven black hair. Her kind drive men to drown their unrequited love in mellow wines or sapping poisons, or, more often, poor devils think of her, com-

mend themselves to God, and blow their brains out with her name on their lips.

Who was she? It really does not matter.

Proudly she walked past them , paused one second and looked into his eye, then on she went. The past, the awful past, in its yellow horror, came to his mind and an accusing finger pointed at him, mindful of his sacrlet life: "What hast thou made of thy youth?" What, indeed! Passion-wrecked, then cast away by this woman, like an old pair of shoes.

Then this black-haired woman came back, bent over him and, "Come, my love," she whispered, "come and dance!"

"Oh, do not go!" pleaded the Lady of the Grey Eyes.

"Ha! ha! You will not dance with Lola! Fool! You shall dance the devil's dance in hell with your Lolita! Come, you will hold your Lolita in your strong arms and press your lips to her vermilion mouth and whisper: 'Lolita, my Lolita! I love you! God! how I love you.'"

Then, sinuously, in time with the soft music from the ball-room, she danced. Her red gown fluttered as the embers of a dying fire being blown by a wind; her fair, white shoulders moved up and down in the dim moonlight, pulsing with passion; her gorgeous jewels shone; her breast throbbed in the sensuous dance. As none but Salomé or Lucrezia Borgia might have danced, she twined and twisted, bending her wonderful body in myriads of different positions; her eyes, black and afire with lust, on his; her hair, which had fallen over her shoulder, glistening against the white flesh where it lay, knotted and braided; watching him like the tigress for her prey and noting his coming surrender.

Then she stopped. "Come," she whispered. "My love, come and dance."

"God forgive me!" he cried, and crushed her in his arms.

And the Lady of the Grey Eyes? A heart-rending sob from her, full of pathos, the tragic burst of all the pent-up sorrow and tears in that virginal heart. There are griefs, pain, sorrows too deep to describe; the agonized sob, the bitter tears, the aching head, the lifeless limbs! What are they? But the crushed soul, the martyred heart.....

"Come, my love, come and dance," she sobbed. "My love, come and dance."

II.

The sky was as a black cloak, which might have belonged to Lucrezia Borgia. The stars were as incrustated jewels and the moon as a big, yellow grease-spot. A hot wind blew the smell of pungent poppies from the over-rich garden, mingled with the fetid odor of poisonous

plants from the forest, and one could hear the annoying plash of a far-away creek as it sped down the mountain-side. Occasionally some fierce, wandering bird would croak its passionate welcome to its fellow through the darkness in throaty and guttural appeal.

Five years had elapsed. You and I might not have noticed the difference between that night five years ago when Lola had triumphed over the Lady of the Grey Eyes and to-night; but then you and I have not been through five years with Lola!—five years of agony, of death, of hell upon earth.

The verandah is deserted save for two figures: the same. The girl is beautiful still, since she is young—and youth and beauty go hand in hand along the road of happiness; or they should. Yet a wistful sadness, a nostalgia, a "weltschmerz" is in those laughing eyes of yore, adding *un petitrien* to the *ensemble*, making it too pathetic for words. She is as some dryad, who loved a hunter and has just fallen, pierced through the heart by an arrow from his bow; she has learnt Life and all its sorrows, just felt the bitterness with which we pay for our laughter and joy, for those few, short minutes of love and happiness. But this is neither here nor there.

He—well, he has lived the life. He has already seen his destiny and has accepted it. Fate plays us all tricks; he has abandoned himself to what lay in store for him. The happy people are those that can do this. To be sure, it was rather painful, but then Byronic despair was (and will, I feel sure, be again) *à la mode*. And then it is rather sport to be the despair of all the ladies with marriageable daughters. Besides, with a little imagination one can magnify one's sorrow, pity oneself and think of oneself as a hero. "Irremediable" is rather a good word; one is constantly using it to characterize one's woes. And—it's really true—one begins to enjoy this superb, imperturbable, heroic despair. So like Alfred de Musset, you know, dear Alfred de Musset! But all this has nothing to do with my story.

He is speaking: "I am unworthy of forgiveness: your words do me infinite honor and bring me infinite joy. And I am too unworthy to accept your offer; I love you too much to harness this bulk of wickedness to you. I have delcided to live an almost negative, purely passive existence. Marcus Aurelius has given us the secret of life, he's said all this far better than I can. I shall never be surprised by anything, never put out.....But thank you for your goodness. I have come to say good-bye to the woman I love; after many days of wandering in the desert of loneliness and despair I am here to welcome you as an oasis of purity. The hope of this day has kept me alive, has fed me, like Heaven-

sent manna kept the wanderers and brought them to the Promised Land. And now I have found you, now I weep, for we must part; and I shall have left the memory of years of guilt and one sweet, precious hour of unadulterated purity. I shall ever remember what might have been but wasn't."

"Oh! why not? I want you. Can you not stay here, as my husband?"

"No, it would be a crime to maryr you. You will find some young, fresh man, more worthy to be your mate, and you will have nice, clean children, as beautiful as you. And God will give you a happy life, for He knows you deserve it. We, you and I, have been as two ships that pass in the night; my ship, as a ship on fire, has stopped for help from yours, and, for a moment relieved and ready to sail again, it goes its way far to the westward, injured and bruised, yet willing to go on, and forging ahead through thousands of waves, sailing it knows not whither..... But your ship, having given aid, looks regretfully at mine, now a dim speck on the horizon, and sails triumphantly into the harbor, flags flying, in all glory. In the haven it meets quietness and rest after toil, and perhaps gives one thought to its fellow, which has weathered every rock and is no doubt sailing, sailing to its Destiny....."

III.

The Foreign Legion—*La Legion Etrangere*—is made up of "bold, bad men." In fact the dregs of civilization find their way into it, earn a *sou* a day, in an awful African sun (their food, incidentally, is not worth one-half their pay) and die in the tropics from malaria or enteric fever, or, often, from a shot in the back. Of course, nobody likes the Legon. Speak of anything except murder and nobody can answer you; but speak of that and the *legionnaires* wax eloquent about how they got away from the police and enlisted. Once they are in the Legion, the police shuts its eyes and lets them fight and die.

He—our Byronic hero—had joined the Legion because times were troubled. German gold had bought the natives and they had arisen in arms against the French. These Africans were no mean fighters; in the two battles that had been fought, they had had all their own way: many of the *legionnaires* had died and some had deserted. He also had wanted to desert and had had a chance, but then he decided to stay and undergo his self-inflicted penance. Later, in three or four years, he would return, and perhaps, if—oh! how he loved her! Dreams of her haunted him. After a few months he became a sergeant—and, on my authority, to rise from the ranks in a short time in the Legion is almost unheard-of. And

a jealous little Italian had tried to stab him the night following his promotion; he had just saved himself in the nick of time. Such are the children of the Foreign Legion, who work like dogs in the hot sun of Africa, and die like flies when the big blacks throw poisoned arrows at them, and are sometimes buried, but more often not.

* * * * * * * * * *

When Caesar ordered out his *decima legio* it was to save the army from a difficult position at the sacrifice of some of the finest soldiers the world has ever known; when the little Corsican cried, "*Faites donner la garde*," it meant that somebody had to pull the chestnuts out of the fire and the best soldiers, big giants with huge moustaches, rushed into the fray. But when no glory is to be won, when only "dirty work" is to be done, when lives and lives are to be lost ingloriously, then the Legion is called out, and it goes and does its duty rather well.

They were to fight the natives that day.

At last the Legion was called out and began to drill. A young officer, out in Africa for his first three years of military service, fresh from Saint-Cyr and redolent of Paris, rode up and spoke to him in low tones: "The Colonel had me come round to see you a moment. He might find it necessary for you and about thirty-five men to charge. If he wishes you to do so, be ready at a moment's notice. Au revoir and good luck!" He rode off.

Then the men started marching. They were glad, these big men, to be fighting for their country: it was a great chance for some of them to make up for their awful past, for others to desert and away! back to Europe in the morning.

The savages were all lined up behind a hill in the valley: the colonel decided to use about one hundred men for a charge, down the hill, while the rest of his band would encircle the enemy on the left. So he was to charge! Well, it probably meant death, but still, one never knows.

A word from the colonel to an aide-de camp who came over to our hero: "You will be ready to charge when ordered."

"*Bien, mon lieutenant.*'

A hoarse order, and a hundred men beginning a mad, headlong charge down the hill. Now was the time! now or never! He thought of the Lady of the Grey Eyes! How he wondered what she was doing! Had she married? Had she the big, strong husband? Had she the clean children he had predicted? Yes, she must have.....

Down the hill, down the hill, thirty red and blue Frenchmen rushing down to death.

The Legion never get praise or glory; for they are the scum of the earth, and praise and glory are not for the scum. The pick of the Legion, scum of the scum, dregs of the dregs, charging, fighting madly, with awful force, dying for their country.

"*Vive la France! Vive la France!*" they yelled.

"Laigraki! Laigraki!" screamed the blacks. "Laigraki! Laigraki!"

They loved to charge, led by this young sergeant; they knew him to be infinitely superior to themselves: "*beau comme un Jesus*" they thought him. Down the hill, down the hill, madly charging!

Good Lord! A black devil had the flag! the tricolore.

He rushed at the savage and struck him with his bayonet, seized the flag. "*Allons, mes enfants, en avant! Vive la France!*"

Fighting for their life-blood, fighting for France! All that is left of good in them rises to the fore; they fight as they never fought before.

"*Bravo, mes enfants!* Fight for the *patrie*."

"Laigraki! Laigraki!"

On, on, fighting like devils. At last the army comes on the left; the savages fight as never they fought before, fighting like doomed men. A big black rushes at him; he slips. The savage's huge knife strikes him in the neck and he falls bleeding to the ground.

Then another slash from the black and merciful death brings unconsciousness and perhaps forgiveness.

* * * * * * * * * *

A doctor passes over the field.

"Here," cries his attendant, "a sergeant with the flag in his hands."

The doctor bends over the body. "Dead, poor devil! Dead as a doormat. He does not look like the usual *legionnaire*. Poor dog! I wonder how he came here."

"'Twas he who led the charge."

"Bravo! It was a great fight. And clutching the flag in death so hard, that I have difficulty in getting it from his grip. What fine fellows! Grim even in death."

"Yes, the sergeant looks as if he were ready to fight again."

"He is in a land where no battles are ever fought," said the doctor. "He has found peace and quiet, like a ship come in to its haven at night. God grant he find the thing he fought for."

—*J. G. C. Le Clercq, '18.*

The Middle Ages: A Study in Emotional Psychology

THE time has passed when educated men looked upon the Middle Ages with feelings of unmixed contempt and superiority. To be sure, we know that the period from the Norman Conquest to the Renaissance was one of religious bigotry, intellectual pedantry and political systems which fluctuated between despotism and anarchy. But we also recognize that in certain points the Middle Ages were equal or superior even to our own era, blessed as it is with railroads, telegraphs, submarines, universal peace agitation, vocationalism, and Henry Ford. Among those points we may reckon capacity for enthusiasm, simple-minded devotion to ideals, and readiness to make the most Quixotic sacrifices even for fantastic or mistaken ideas. Above all, the Middle Ages were possessed of rich and varied psychological significance. Men were simpler, more childlike, far more ready to respond to various emotional stimuli. And, by reason of this quality of ready emotional response, the romance of the Middle Ages is by no means confined to "Goetz von Berchlingen" and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The explanation of this romance is not far to seek. Elaborate political organizations, highly developed respect for law and order, while very satisfactory from the viewpoint of material prosperity, are not the conditions most favorable to the expression of individual daring and initiative. Now, in the Middle Ages the grand Roman imperial system had completely broken down, as far as western Europe was concerned; while the modern political organisms were barely in their infancy. The sole unifying element, which saved Europe from utter anarchy and confusion, was the medieval Church, one of the most interesting political and psychological experiments ever undertaken. But in secular matters there was absolutely no unity or solidarity. The ambitious soldier of fortune of the Middle Ages found no carefully adjusted balance of power, no firmly rooted feelings of nationality to oppose the accomplishment of his schemes. The aspiring warrior of that time did not have to worry about international credit, munition supplies, railroad communications and labor strikes. War, while not so far-reaching and destructive, was far more common and easier to bring about. The titanic achievements of Napoleon are only the repetition, on a grand scale, of the exploits of countless medieval adventurers. Now, it is obvious that an epoch when men's passions were so imperfectly controlled by any outward restraints would almost certainly produce some very interesting cases

of emotional psychology. In fact, it is only from the emotional standpoint that the period is worth studying: for intellectually it makes a sorry showing. The dry, voluminous tomes of Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus offer little encouragement to the modern student of philosophy; while Matthew Paris and Otto of Freising have little interest for any save the professional historian. The poetry of the time is too crude and uncouth to appeal, as a rule, to modern taste; the art is formed on arid Byzantine models. Speculative thought was rigidly circumscribed by the Scriptures, the early fathers of the Church, and the recognized Church councils; books like Abelard's "Sic et Non" were few and far between. But, if the age was, on the whole, destitute of great books and great thoughts, it was not lacking either in great men or in great deeds; and it is by the study of a few of the strongest medieval personalities that we shall, perhaps, attain the clearest view of the true spirit of that remarkable epoch.

Undoubtedly the best exponent of the noblest aspirations of medieval religion was St. Francis of Assisi, one of the sweetest singers in the whole choir of mystics. The outward facts of his life are certainly not without numerous medieval parallels. Born in 1182, the son of a rich Italian merchant, Francis spent his youth in gayety and frivolity. A number of events, including a serious illness, brought about a complete change in his manner of life; he cast off all worldly goods and devoted the rest of his life to preaching and charity. So far there is nothing very remarkable: the Middle Ages were peculiarly liable to outbursts of religious fervor, and other evangelists, such as Peter the Hermit, had accomplished even greater external results than Francis. But there are certain elements in the character of the Italian mystic, which not only raise him above the religious teachers of his own age; but also make him one of the leading figures in the whole history of man's spiritual development. The first of these elements, perhaps, is the absolute sweetness of his nature. His disciples did not signify their zeal in Christ's service by attempting the forcible conversion or extermination of all non-Christians. The pure and lofty character of St. Dominic will always be tinged with the stain of the horrors of the Albigensian Crusade. Even the pious Louis IX offered holocausts of heretics to the glory of God. But, so far as we are able to ascertain, no act of religious bigotry can justly be attributed to the influence of Francis of Assisi. His character was also free from the more harmful features of asceticism. True, we find in his life much of prayer and meditation; but also much of practical charity and social service. His artistic love of beauty in nature is illustrated by many passages from his works. One of the most

significant and touching events in his life is his sermon to the birds, which strikingly expressed the wide range of his sympathies. The sweet, joyous faith of his character seems to have touched even the ferocious bigotry of his own age; and his innocent pantheism never involved him in the suspicion of heresy. Francis has left behind him a very tangible memorial in the Order which bears his name. But he has left a more enduring impression upon the religious life of his own and of every subsequent generation. He typifies the peaceful revolt against the hard dogmatism of the medieval Church. Wherever religion is a thing of the heart rather than of the head, wherever the spirit of Christ obliterates the letter of the law, there we find an expression of the personality of Francis. At various times his teachings have had great influence on every European country. This spirit has been especially strong of late in Russia, where we can almost hear the gentle saint of Assisi speak in the pages of Tolstoi and Dostoievsky. In his life and works we find the purest and noblest expression of the spirit of religious romanticism. A true child of the Middle Ages in his exaggerations, in his naive faith, in his devoted idealism, his gentleness of character and keen, artistic love of the beautiful preserve him from the harsh and grotesque features which appear in so many of his contemporaries. His life is a glorious symphony of faith, hope and joy.

But if St. Francis may be considered to represent the poetry of medieval religion, its prose found expression in Pope Innocent III., the mightiest pontiff who ever wielded the keys of St. Peter. Under Innocent the theocratic ideal, which was so characteristic of the medieval Church, reached the very height of its development. This ideal, put briefly, was that the Pope was the Vicegerent of God on earth, with full authority to execute the divine commands. The rulers only held their divine power by sufferance of the Pope, who could rebuke or dismiss them at will. The Papacy was to be a sort of Hague Tribunal, a grand court for the settlement of all disputes and the redress of all grievances. This theory was strikingly similar to Napoleon's conception of a grand European empire; and Innocent may well be called the Napoleon of the medieval Church. While his ideal of absolute theocracy was extreme and impracticable, it was noble and original; and Innocent's character and abilities were not unequal to the great task which he imposed upon himself. His pontificate (1198-1215) represents the highwater mark of the medieval Church. At no time, before or since, probably, has religion wielded more absolute power over the minds of men. Free speculative thought was non-existent; and the practical power of excommunication and interdict was almost unbounded. Nor can it be denied that much good

came out of this state of affairs. As we have already seen, the Church was the only cosmopolitan force in medieval Europe. Constant intercourse between ecclesiastics of different countries in a common language formed a bond union between the nations and prevented them from sinking into isolated anarchy. We must give Innocent our ungrudging admiration for his championship of the innocent and persecuted Queen of France, for his manly opposition to the German adventurers, who overran Sicily after the death of Henry VI. But we cannot forget, on the other hand, that it was Innocent who stirred up the Albigensian Crusade, that it was Innocent who was, at least indirectly, responsible for the horrors of the civil war which raged in Germany between Philip and Otto IV. And Innocent himself seems to have felt, in his later years, a harassing consciousness that he had, somehow, fallen short of his ideals. Too noble to be satisfied with mere material power, he died with a bitter realization that all his absolute authority had not produced the higher spirituality which he so ardently desired. Innocent is one of the heroic failures of history: a man who failed, not from any lack of constancy or devotion to his convictions, but because his convictions themselves were hopelessly impracticable and incapable of accomplishment. But, although the mighty Pope did fail from the standpoint of his own higher aspirations, he stands forth as one of the genuinely great men of the Middle Ages, as the supreme incarnation of the ideal of medieval Christianity, in all its strength and in all its weakness.

Very often the psychological history of an epoch is enriched, not so much by the men who express its ideals and convictions as by those who contend against them. This is peculiarly true in the case of the Emperor Frederick II., unquestionably the greatest man of the Middle Ages, and one of the most fascinating figures in the whole range of history. Descended on his father's side from the mighty imperial race of the Hohenstaufen, and, on his mother's, from the bold Norman adventurer, Robert Guiscard, Emperor of Germany, King of Sicily, Jerusalem and the Arelate, the glories of his ancestry and the extent of his dominions were alike far surpassed by the splendor and brilliance of his intellect. Single-handed, pitted against the wonderful organization of the medieval Church, fundamentally at war with almost every ideal and tradition of his time, this veritable Superman of the Middle Ages, by sheer brilliance of mind and magnetic personality, held two of the most active of the medieval Popes at bay in the most titanic conflict, physical and spiritual, that the Middle Ages ever witnessed. A brief review of the main facts of his career may serve to bring out the remarkable character of his achievements. Born in 1194, he won the imperial crown, when he was

only seventeen years old, chiefly by his own daring and initiative. Forced by the threats of the Church to embark on a crusade, whose folly no one could appreciate better than he, hampered by the rancorous hostility of the Church, he recovered Jerusalem from the Mohammedans. The years from 1231 to 1235 were spent in drawing up a wonderful code of laws for his beloved kingdom of Sicily. This judicial system, composed largely by two noted legists of the time, Peter da Vinea and Thaddeus of Suessa, under Frederick's personal supervision, was the legislative triumph of the Middle Ages. The abolition of feudal tyranny, enlightened methods of taxation, equitable courts of justice are only a few of the reforms contained in Frederick's code. And, at the same time, his brilliant court at Palermo foreshadowed the glories of the Renaissance. But this peaceful epoch of the Emperor's life was not destined to endure. The intensely medieval Pope, Gregory IX., viewed the brilliance of Frederick's court with jealousy and alarm; and a succession of disputes between the temporal and spiritual power brought on the bitter and protracted war between the Church and Empire, which lasted from 1238 until Frederick's death in 1250; and was carried on with continued vindictiveness by subsequent Popes against the descendants of the Emperor, until the cruel murder of Konradin at Naples in 1268.

It must be a source of unfailing regret to modern students of Frederick's career that the mighty Emperor did not have a Thucydides, a Tacitus, or a Gibbon to record his achievements and give a fair picture of his character. The history of the period is entirely in the hands of prejudiced ecclesiastics, whose pens are sharpened by the rancor of political and religious hatred. And their enmity is quite natural: for never did the medieval Church encounter so formidable an enemy as this mighty Hohenstaufe, who was strongly suspected of being a Mohammedan, a heretic or an infidel. And yet, through all the mists of prejudice and hostility, we get occasional glimpses of a man, superlatively great and noble of soul, struggling, Prometheus-like, against the resistless power of contemporary thought and feeling. Who can repress a thrill of admiration at these noble words, written by Frederick when the clouds of misfortune were gathering thickly about his cause: "Before this generation and the generation to come shall I have the glory of resisting this tyranny; let those who now shrink from my support bear the disgrace, as well as the galling burden of slavery!" Of all the medieval sovereigns who contended against the Papacy, Frederick alone maintained his cause with resolute firmness, even on his deathbed. The closing moments of the great Emperor's life reveal no abasement of the proud soul, no weakening of the powerful intellect in the face of death. In his will he directs his successor never to give back the rights and

property of the Church, which he had seized, until the Church fully restores the rights and honors of the Empire.

Frederick bore much the same relationship to the medieval Church that Hannibal bore to Rome; and the contemporary ecclesiastical chroniclers attack his character and reputation with even more venom than the Roman historians show towards the brilliant Carthaginian. In fact, the lot of the mighty Hohenstaufe has been peculiarly unfortunate. Far too advanced and rationalistic for the comprehension of his own age, he is too romantic and picturesque for ours; and the venomous bitterness of his contemporaries is only equalled by the utter neglect of more modern writers. A fit companion for Caesar and Napoleon, Frederick is not even placed on an equality with men like Charlemagne and Otto the Great, who, compared with him, are mere barbarians. But, although Dante places Frederick in hell, although countless monks were regaled with pleasing visions of the damnation of their great enemy, although history has treated him with singular injustice and neglect, yet the life of the glorious Emperor was far from vain or fruitless. The spirit of Frederick lived again amid the splendors of the Renaissance. And, although that brilliant burst of light was sadly clouded by the religious fanaticism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, nevertheless, in the later Renaissance writers, in Goethe, in Stendhal, and in Nietzsche, we find a strong reflection of the proud, brilliant, sceptical culture, which is so evident in the life and character of the Emperor. Of all the interesting figures with which the pages of medieval history are crowded, that of Frederick has the most universal, the widest significance. He belongs to no age, race or creed; he belongs to humanity. In breadth of culture and width of sympathy he has few equals, ancient or modern. Surely no one who believes in the sacred right of the individual to spiritual and intellectual freedom can withhold the full measure of admiration from the man who when the human race lay crushed beneath the iron weight of the medieval Church, dared to combat the physical and spiritual tyranny of that powerful institution with all the strength of his being. Though Frederick may have failed, in the narrow material sense of the word, the principles for which he fought are invincible and imperishable. The picture of his devoted heroism will be an eternal inspiration to all who contend against tyranny, in any form. And if Frederick were in the hell where his ecclesiastical enemies have so charitably placed him, we should still hear the voice of his unconquerable spirit crying out:

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul!"

—*W. H. Chamberlin, '17.*

THE UNEASY CHAIR

ONE of the delightful privileges enjoyed by an editor is that of reading the ideas of others towards his magazine. Especially interesting are the comments in that department of college and school publications, which for lack of a better name is called "Exchanges." A quotation from certain papers which we refrain from exposing, will show a specimen of the subtle and heart-easing interchange of compliments disseminated among the gentle readers for the edification and eschewment of the pleased *literati*.

We quote from the ——— ———:

"The ——— *Monthly*, which is otherwise a good magazine, would do well to publish more essays, stories, and verse. Its personals were very interesting."

And from the *S*——— *Q*———:

"The ——— for February shows a goodly line-up of promising poets. The poem entitled 'What's What' contains several exquisite stanzas. The 1st and 3rd are the best:—

1

"I asked my soul a question,
Which it answered in reply,
"I give to you the best-I-own,
And I will never die."

3

"'The moon, which up to this was hid,
Now rose in fell dismay.
The solitary katydid
Needs must her song delay."

What author with mind so obdurate as to withstand this facile expression of sympathy and appreciation? But let not the erring reader think that all is eulogy. Nay! nay!

"The *M*——— *P*——— contains an attempt at a sketch which is very crude." This then is admonition; not captious criticism but friendly reproof.

While not indulging in the gentle art of "Knocks and Nosegays," we concur heartily in a "Long live Exchanges!"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

This motto may cause some comment. Editorially speaking, what we mean is this: that if one writes erotic effusions he is not necessarily suggestive. Surely, the college man, who has at his disposal the fiction of America, is not so narrow as to embellish the mere suggestion of natural love with hordes of unmeant possibilities. We want our readers to understand that the writers of the stories which are published in the Haverfordian, mean not to pervert the morals of our youth; but they do mean to write naturally and to the best of their ability of life as we *know* it is. Surely the mention of a kiss or of physical charm should not be taken in the light which we fear that many do take them. You must consider that the writer may be sincere even if the reader is not. Of course we realize the tendency, in the light of the unfortunate trend of modern fiction, to pick out just such points as we have mentioned, as examples of impropriety. But please! dear, gentle reader! when a girl happens to be in conversation with a man, in the momentary absence of a chaperon, please do not throw up your hands in horror and say, "There goes that sex problem, again!"

ALUMNI

DECEASED

'50

Coleman L. Nicholson died January the 16th at the age of eighty-four years. He was the father of Dr. Percival Nicholson, of the Class of '02.

The Alumni Quarterly is to appear soon. It will contain the following:—

An editorial by Jos. H. Haines, '98, Secretary of the Alumni Association.

The report of Winthrop Sargent, Jr., '08, Chairman of the Haverford Extension Committee.

A review of the work of Theodore W. Richards, '85, winner of the Nobel Prize in Chemistry, by Prof. G. P. Baxter, of Harvard.

Four letters on work with the ambulance corps in France and Belgium. The first of these letters is written by Dr. W. H. Morriss, '08, who has been working at Lapanne, Belgium, and is now a resident of the New Haven Hospital. The second is by L. A.

Post, '11, Rhodes Scholar at New College, Oxford, and during the summer an orderly in the French hospital near Paris. The next letter is written by Edward Rice, Jr., '14, with whose work many Haverfordians have become familiar as a result of his recent return visit. The last letter is by Felix M. Morley, '15, who has been working with Rice on an ambulance train operating from Boulogne.

An article by S. W. Mifflin, '00, on "Preparedness and Plattsburg."

A review of college athletics.

An abstract of college news up to Christmas, written by Wendell, '16, undergraduate member of the *Quarterly* Board.

Reviews of books by E. R. Dunn, '15; Dr. H. S. Pratt; Dr. R. M. Jones, '67; Dr. Clifford B. Farr, '94, and T. Morris Longstreth, '08.

The second annual dinner of the Founders' Society was held on January the 11th at the Franklin Inn Club, Philadelphia. About sixty Haverfordians were present. Dr. F. B. Gummere, '72, acted as toastmaster. The speakers of the evening were President Sharpless; Walter Carson, '06; Warner Fite, '89; and Jas. P. Magill, '07.

The officers of the Founders' Society are J. P. Magill, '07, President; Wilmer M. Allen, '16, Vice-President and Secretary; and Jos. Tatnall, '13, Treasurer.

At the luncheon of the New England Alumni held at the Hotel Esssx, Boston, on December 18th, the following were present:—Benjamin Tucker, '56; Reuben Colton, '76; C. H. Battey, '88; C. T. Cottrell, '90; W. W. Cadbury, '98; W. R. Chamberlain, '00; F. M. Eshleman, '00; C. N. Sheldon, '04; David Phillips, '09; Paul Jones, '05; C. D. Morley, '10; E. S. Cadbury, '10; C. Wadsworth, '11; W. S. Young, '11; Albert Wood, '13; J. V. Van Sickle, '13; C. H. Crossman, '13; H. A. Howson, '15; W. E. Vail, '15; G. H. Hallett, '15; W. Farr, ex-'16.

About a week previous to the Christmas holidays a number of Haverford ex-soccer players, now at Harvard and vicinity, tied the Moses Brown School with a score of 1-1. Gifford, '13, shot the goal for the Alumni. The following constituted the team: goal, C. Crosman, '13; r. f. b., Hallett, '15; l. f. b., Howson, '15; l. h. b., Nitobé, '15; c. h. b., Wilmer Young, '11; r. h. b., Van Sickle, '13; o. r., Gifford, '13; i. r., N. Hall, '13; c. f. b., Van Hollen, '15; i. l., Wadsworth, '11; o. l., E. Cadbury, '10.

'68

Louis Starr, M. D., has recently published a book with P. Blakis-

ton's Son & Co. entitled, "The Adolescent Period."

'82

In the article entitled "Interpretation" in Vol. VII. of Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* (p. 395), Geo. A. Barton is named as one of the nine Americans selected as worthy of mention for their work as interpreters of the Bible.

'85

Rufus M. Jones during the holidays attended the North American Preparatory Conference held at Garden City, L. I., to make plans for a world conference of all religious denominations. Dr. Jones was appointed a member of the world council, a body consisting of one member from each denomination.

The purpose of the conference is to unite more closely all the divisions of the Christian Church. The movement is being directed by John R. Mott and financed by J. P. Morgan.

'94

Parker S. Williams has been re-elected solicitor of Lower Merion Township.

W. W. Comfort during the first half of January delivered a series of three lectures at the College on the life and works of the poet Cowper.

Dr. Comfort also addressed the Germantown Tea Meeting, giving an outline of conditions in Europe as he saw them during his recent stay there.

'96

The Class of '96 held its annual dinner and reunion at the University Club, December 27th. Those present were Babb, Brecht, Hinchman, Maier, Scattergood, Sharpless, Webster and Wood.

'97

Alfred M. Collins, '97, delivered a lecture at the College January 18th on "A Hunting and Scientific Expedition in South America."

'98

The engagement has been announced of Jos. H. Haines to Miss Helen M. Whitall, of Germantown, Pa.

'00

The 1900 Class Letter has come out, dated December, 1915. It opens with an account of the class reunion in June, 1915, and of the pleasures of baseball and French-cricket on the "campus of dear old Haverford" again. Letters are published from W. W. Allen, Jr., Wm. B. Bell, R. J. Burdette, Jr., J. P. Carter, F. R. Cope, Jr., H. S. Drinker, Jr., John T. Emlen, Frank M. Eshleman, Ed. D. Freeman, H. McL. Hallett, W. S.

Hinchman, MacMillan Hoopes, F. S. Howson, H. H. Jenks, Wm. W. Justice, Henry H. Kingston, Jr., H. L. Levike, John E. Lloyd, Frank E. Lutz, S. W. Mifflin, J. K. Moorhouse, J. Irving Peele, S. F. Seager, F. C. Sharpless, H. H. Stuart, A. G. Tatnall, E. B. Taylor, Frank K. Walter, Linden H. White, W. W. White.

Walter Swain Hinchman has recently published a book with Doubleday, Page & Co., entitled, "The American School."

J. Rendell Harris, former professor of Biblical History at Haverford, has published recently a pamphlet entitled *The Origin of the Cult of Apollo.*

'02

We quote from the *Haverford Nwes* of December 21st:

"Ten members of the Class of 1902 gathered on Saturday evening in the Assembly room over the Dining Hall for a banquet and general discussion of things Haverfordian. In the order of business was a letter from a classmate, Reeder, now in California, who appealed in behalf of the work of Robert L. Simkin. Favorable action was taken on this matter, and a subscription was also made to the fund for additions to Walton Field. In view of the death last August of W. W. Pusey, resolutions were passed that a letter of sympathy be sent to his family.

"Those present were: the President, C. Wharton Stork, Secretary E. G. Kirk, H. L. Balderston, C. R. Cary, R. M. Gummere, S. P. Jones, W. C. Longstreth, P. Nicholson, G. H. Thomas, E. E. Trout."

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander C. Wood, Jr., on the 9th of January.

C. L. Seiler paid a visit to the College during the Christmas holidays.

C. W. Stork has appeared each month, for the last several months, with translations of Scandinavian poetry in the pages of the *American-Scandinavian Review* of New York.

Chas. W. Stork is publishing this spring two volumes of poetry. The first is an original narrative poem called *Sea and Bay* and is being published by John Lane Co., The second consists of translations of some of the poems of the Swedish lyric poet, Gustaf Fröding, and is to be put out by MacMillan Co.

Dr. Stork was awarded the short-story prize of the *Browning Society* for his story entitled *The Gravellotte Rhapsody.* He has also published several book reviews in *The New Republic.*

'03

S. N. Wilson is now Assistant Head Master at Swarthmore Preparatory School. He is teaching Geometry and acting as House Master of the Gables (Senior Dormitory).

The engagement of Henry J. Cadbury to Miss Lydia C. Brown has been announced. Miss Brown is a daughter of Thos. K. Brown, principal of Westtown School.

J. E. Hollingsworth read a paper on "The Evolution of a Figure of Speech" before the Classical Association of the Pacific North West at Seattle, Wash., November 27th.

Dr. Henry J. Cadbury attended during the Christmas holidays the annual meetings in New York of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, and of the Biblical Instructors in American Colleges and Preparatory Schools. At the former meeting Dr. Cadbury read a paper on "Christ and War."

'04

The Class of '04 held a banquet at the College on December 27th. Fifteen members were present.

'09

Jas. W. Crowell was married to Miss Helen Hunt Chambers, of West Grove, on December 31st. The bride is a graduate of Cushing Academy, Mass., and of Drexel Institute, Philadelphia. Mr. Crowell is instructor in Spanish and Portuguese at State College, where he and his wife will reside.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lowry, Jr., on January 16th. She is named Lydia Collins.

R. L. M. Underhill returned to Harvard from Switzerland, where he has been recuperating from a severe illness contracted while studying there. He will resume work for his Doctor's degree in a short time.

'10

The engagement has been announced of Edward W. David to Miss Annie F. Merrill, of Enosburg Falls, Vt.

A son was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred S. Roberts, of Moorestown, N. J.

'11

A. S. Young spoke before the College Scientific Society January 11th on electrical instruments. Mr. Young is with the Leeds and Northrup Co.

The engagement of Charles H. Crosman to Miss Dorothy Craven, of Dayton, Ohio, has been recently announced.

The engagement is announced of James E. Stinson to Miss Dor-

othy Beacom, daughter of ex-State Representative James S. Beacom, of Greensburg, Pa.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Francis M. Froelicher on December 27th. The little girl's name is Elizabeth Lowry Froelicher.

We print the following letter submitted to us by President Sharpless. L. A. Post of the Class of '11 is a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford.
Office of the Provost, University of Penna., Philadelphia, Dec. 17, 1915.
My dear President Sharpless:

I just received a letter from Mr. Wylie, Oxford Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees in England. There is a sentence in it that I want you to read:

"Your present Rhodes Scholars —Post and Boyd—are excellent fellows, and we are entirely satisfied with them. I hope you will find us a good man for 1916."

Yours sincerely,
EDGAR F. SMITH.

'11 and '13

Charles Wadsworth, '11, and N. F. Hall, '13, are carrying out research problems under the direction of Prof. T. W. Richards, '85, at Harvard. Prof. Richards, it will be remembered, is winner of the Nobel Prize in Chemistry. He and Wadsworth have a paper in the February number of the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* entitled *The Density of Radio-active Lead.*

'14

The engagement has been announced of Paul H. Sangree to Miss Margaret Dodd, of Cam-

Saves Stops and Trouble

Stitching shoes is hard work for sewing machine belts. At this work Tannate Round Belt outlasts oak-tanned from two to five times or more. It has been doing this over twenty years. Like the other Rhoads Belts, it is made for service. Let them help you.

J. E. Rhoads & Sons

PHILADELPHIA,
12 North Third Street

NEW YORK,
102 Beekman Street

CHICAGO,
322 W. Randolph Street

Factory and Tannery:
WILMINGTON, DEL.

bridge, Mass. Miss Dodd is a member of the Class of 1917 of Bryn Mawr College.

Herbert William Taylor was married to Miss Irene Lawrence on December 28th at the home of the bride in Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are at home in the Lamar Apartments at Forty-sixth and Walnut Streets, Philadelphia.

For Sale

You run no risks on
TARTAN BRANDS
Canned Goods
Coffee
Macaroni
Tea
Olive Oil
Alfred Lowry & Bro.
PHILADELPHIA

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
PROMPT AND REASONABLE
MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.
10 ANDERSON AVENUE
ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY
ESTIMATES GIVEN PHONE 1087
OPEN EVENINGS

Bell Phone 868
Rates, $2.25 to $3.00 Per Day
LINCOLN HIGHWAY INN
Rooms with Private Bath
MODERN APPOINTMENTS
Every Room with Outside Light and Air
No Bar. SALESMEN'S DISPLAY ROOM
Especial Attention to Automobile Parties
349 MAIN STREET, COATESVILLE, PA.
38 miles west of Philadelphia, on the Lincoln National Highway.
WM. H. MILLER, Mgr.

CRANE'S ICE CREAM
CAKES & PASTRIES

are made under the most sanitary conditions. Call and see them made.

Store and Tea Room, 13th and Sansom Sts.
Main Office, 23rd Street below Locust

Name Registered August 7th, 1906 Special Prices for Large Orders

Plate Glass Window Glass

Skylight and Floor Glass. Rolled Cathedral, beautiful tints. Embossed, Enameled and Colored Glass. A full stock of Plain Window Glass. Every variety for Architects' and Builders' Use. A full line of Glaziers' Diamonds.

Benjamin H. Shoemaker

205-207-209-21 N. Fourth St. PHILADELPHIA

Clothing
Haberdashery
Headwear

JACOB REED'S SONS

Personally selected
Outfitters
for Thousands of
Well-Dressed
Young Men.

1424-1426 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

HENRY B. WALLACE

Caterer and Confectioner

BRYN MAWR, PA.

Telephone

Both Phones
WILLIAM A. BENDER
The Best and Freshest
BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY
Sixth Avenue, Reading Terminal Market,
Twelfth and Arch Streets, PHILADELPHIA

E. M. FENNER
Confectioner
BRYN MAWR, ∴ ∴ PA.
Ardmore, Pa.

LIBRARY OF
HAVERFORD COLLEGE
HAVERFORD, PA.

The Haverfordian

Contents

In Memory of A. E. H. ..... Carroll D. Champlin, '14 396
Carthage and Athens: A Warning and an Inspiration
W. H. Chamberlin, '17 397
A Summer Day ..... W. S. Nevin, '18 401
The Marsh Rat ..... Colby Van Dam, '17 402
Whence Came Man to Inherit the Earth
E. R. Lester, '18 411
College Pests ..... Albert H. Stone, '16 412
A Song of the Night ..... Donald H. Painter, '17 412
Till Death ..... Russell N. Miller, '19 413
To the Wild Gray Geese ..... D. C. Wendell, '16 416
Dreams That Never Come True .... H. P. Schenck, '18 417
At the End of the Day... J. G. Clemenceau LeClercq, '18 419
The Song of Work ..... Robert Gibson, '17 423
Among the New Books in the Library
Edmund T. Price, '17 425
The Uneasy Chair 426
Difficulties ..... Charles Hartshorne, '19 427
Alumni ..... Donald H. Painter, '17 428

March
1916

Marceau

Photographer

1609 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

Special rates to students
Phone, Spruce 5606

SAILOR SUITS

a Specialty

No Agencies Made to Order Only

PETER THOMSON

TAILOR

—TO—

Men, Women and Children

Walnut St. at 12th, Phila.

New York House:
634 FIFTH AVENUE
Opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral

Logan Trust Company of Philadelphia

1431 Chestnut Street

We Invite Correspondence or an Interview Relative to Opening Accounts.

We beg to call attention to the facilities offered by our Trust Department for the conduct of all business relating to Trusts, Wills, Estates and Investments.

Officers

ROWLAND COMLY, President.
HUGH McILVAIN, 1st Vice-President.
WILLIAM BRADWAY, 2nd Vice-President, Trust Officer and Treasurer.
ALFRED G. WHITE, Assistant Trust Officer.
S. HARVEY THOMAS, JR., Assistant Treasurer.
JOHN H. WOOD, Secretary.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Telephone Murray Hill 8800

Dress or Sporting Garments for Spring

Riding Suits and odd Breeches

Norfolk Suits and odd Knickers

English Hats, Shoes, Haberdashery and Leather Goods

Homespun Coats, Mackintoshes, Polo Ulsters

Liveries for House, Stable or Garage

Send for Illustrated Catalogue

BOSTON BRANCH
149 Tremont Street

NEWPORT BRANCH
220 Bellevue Avenue

THE HAVERFORDIAN

EDITORS

ROBERT GIBSON, 1917 *Editor-in-Chief*

W. H. CHAMBERLIN, 1917 — DONALD H. PAINTER, 1917
C. D. VAN DAM, 1917 — J. G. C. LECLERCQ, 1918
WALTER S. NEVIN, 1918

BUSINESS MANAGERS

ARTHUR E. SPELLISSY, 1917 (*Mgr.*) HORACE B. BRODHEAD, 1917 (*Sub. Mgr.*)
J. STEWART HUSTON, 1919 (*Asst. Mgr.*)

Price, per year . . . . . $1.00 Single copies $0.15

THE HAVERFORDIAN is published on the *tenth* of each month during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates and to provide an organ for the discussion of questions relative to college life and policy. To these ends contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifteenth* of the month preceding the date of issue.

Entered at the Haverford Post-Office, for transmission through the mails as second-class matter

VOL. XXXVII HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1916. No. 9

Announcement

In lieu of the retirement of D. C. Wendell, G. A. Dunlap and E. R. Moon, it gives us pleasure to announce the election of Walter S. Nevin, '18 to the editorial staff; of Arthur E. Spellissy, '17, as business manager; and of Horace B. Brodhead, '17, as subscription manager.

Robert Gibson has been re-elected editor-in-chief.

In Memory of A. E. H.

Thy soul aspired to know what waits beyond.
Thy faith, from him who made loved Pippa sing
And bold Ben Ezra trust, will ever bring
To us a courage that cannot despond.
The magnet mind we knew—that blessed bond,
Which stirred us with ambition's fateful sting—
Is now at rest; we mourn for those who cling
Bereft, but peace the spirit self hath donn'd.
We followed thy footsteps on earth; above
We'll welcome joys that friendship gives again.
But while incarcerated here, we'll love—
As thou didst show us how—our fellow men.
We glory that our master sleeps and dreams;
He earned death's ease and Heaven's soothing streams.

—Carroll D. Champlin, '14.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. XXXVII. HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1916 No. 9.

Carthage and Athens: A Warning and an Inspiration

MORE than twenty centuries ago the city of Carthage stood forth as the commercial mistress of the western world. Carthaginian fleets covered the Mediterranean, Carthaginian explorers visited the unknown coasts of Gaul and Britain. The commercial supremacy of the African city was equally undisputed on land. Carthaginian caravans penetrated to Arabia and the interior of Africa. The coffers of the rich aristocrats who directed the policy of the state were bursting with wealth. If ever a nation seemed to rest firmly on the foundation of material prosperity, that nation was Carthage in the third and fourth centuries B. C. We all know how this imposing edifice of power and wealth fell before the attack of Rome; how the proud city was crushed in the dust and humbled even beyond the desire of her most vindictive enemy, Cato. The causes of the material downfall of the city are obvious enough. Lack of patriotism, reliance upon mercenary soldiers, oppression and perfidy in her relations with her subjects and allies, internal jealousy and factional dissension, all these causes, and many more, worked for the undermining of the state. The really brilliant military genius of men like Hamilcar, Barca and Hannibal was neutralized by the jealousy and inefficiency of the narrow plutocrats who held the pursestrings of the city. The surprising thing about Carthage is, not that she perished, but that she left nothing for the intellectual appreciation of future ages. Greece and Palestine, although conquered by the military power of Rome, have far more spiritual interest for us than has the Imperial City herself. But when we take an inventory of the contributions of Carthage to posterity we find nothing but two great men (Hamilcar and Hannibal) and the inspiration for one brilliant novel, Flaubert's "Salammbo." For a race to exist in power and glory through many centuries, and then to pass completely out of the range of human interest and sympathy, certainly argues some radical defect in their culture and civilization. What was this defect? This question may best be answered by drawing a contrast between Carthage and her Greek contemporary, Athens.

In the first place, let us compare the Greek and Punic feeling in regard to trade and commerce. To the Carthaginian, material wealth was the highest good, the supreme object of worship. The aristocrats of the city, far from considering wealth an unworthy object of pursuit, vied with each other in the splendor and vastness of their commercial enterprises. The Punic aristocracy, like our own, was founded purely on wealth. On the other hand, the typical Athenian felt that any intimate connection with trade, commerce or manual labor was something of a degradation. Nowadays we feel certain qualms of conscience about enjoying leisure; a Greek would have felt a similar uneasiness about the life of bustling material activity,which is the main goal of the average American. However impracticable and unattainable the Greek ideal might be to-day, it certainly stands out immeasurably superior to the blind worship of material wealth, which, for lack of a better term, we may call Punicism.

The contrast in spirit between Hellenism and Punicism is nowhere better exemplified than in the religious observances of the two cities. The Greek gods, as described and expressed in the works of the great poets and the great sculptors, embody the supreme Greek ideal of Beauty —physical, intellectual, and aesthetic. The chief deity of Carthage was Moloch, a hideous iron monster who could only be placated by the sacrifice of young children. The Greeks, equally removed from asceticism and from license, believed that the highest ideals of living were realized in temperance and moderation. The Carthaginians, typically oriental in their utter lack of restraint, celebrated their religious observances by unnatural celibacy or more unnatural orgies. Hellenism is a worship of the spirit; Punicism, a worship of matter. And this contrast permeated every phase of Greek and Punic life. It was the consciousness of a national spiritual heritage, of a national soul, that inspired the Greeks to hurl back the gigantic armaments of Darius and Xerxes. And it was the lack of any such high inspiration that made Carthage, with all her material resources, fall before the rising power of Rome. But the difference between Greece and Carthage is most strikingly emphasized by the influence that the two nations have had on posterity. Take the comparatively insignificant question of military success. Hannibal's victories at Thrasymenus and Cannae arouse no sympathetic thrill in our own time. At best we feel only a cold admiration for the wonderful genius of the Carthaginian leader. But no lover of freedom, in any age or country, can listen unmoved to the story of the glorious victories of Marathon and Salamis, of the more glorious defeat of Thermopylae. True, Greece and Carthage alike

succumbed to superior material power; but the very name of Carthage was buried in the embers of the burning city; while the names of Athens and Thebes, of Corinth and Sparta,will remain as living realities as long as the love of art and the love of freedom persist in the human breast.

But the contest between Hellenism and Punicism is not merely a question of academic or aesthetic discussion. It is an intensely vital problem, just as significant to-day as it was two thousand years ago. For these two ideals are not supplementary; they are irreconcilably hostile. From the very first pages of history every nation has been compelled to choose between the worship of Moloch and the worship of Athena. It was at Carthage and at Athens, respectively, that the ideals of materialism and aestheticism met with their fullest acceptance. But the war between these ideals could not even be checked by the advent of universal peace. In certain epochs, notably in the Renaissance, Hellenism has experienced a new incarnation. At other times Punicism has held the ascendancy. Just now, in our own country, it must be said with regret, the spirit of Carthage seems to be enjoying a moment of triumph. Without indulging in useless lamentations or vague generalities, we may easily point out a few of the more blatantly Punic elements in our national spirit.

One of the most Punic features of our civilization is our attitude towards education. The principle of vocational training, beneficial when confined within its proper limits, has been carried to such an extreme that some of its advocates are seriously claiming that all education which does not directly increase the earning capacity of the student is superfluous. A school of profound philosophy has arisen in the Middle West, which proposes to supplant the antiquated theories of Plato and Aristotle with a new educational panacea called "The Wisconsin Idea." The dangers of such a tendency in the education of a comparatively young and unformed nation are hardly to be overestimated. Arthur Schopenhauer, the famous German philosopher and critic, predicted that, with the threatened decline in the study of Latin, literature would sink to the lowest depths of barbarism and worthlessness. It is not too much to say that the present extremely low level of American fiction bears abundant testimony to the truth of Schopenhauer's prediction. Moreover, good writing is almost inextricably involved with good thinking. It is difficult to conceive a nation, whose literary taste is largely puerile and tawdry, embracing a wise or enlightened policy of statesmanship. Hence the present neglect of the classics is a serious menace to our country, not only from the literary, but also from the political and economic standpoint.

Even more ominous than the excessive enthusiasm for vocational training is the spirit of commercialism, which is far too prevalent in some of our colleges. The temple of culture is only too often turned into a den of thieves and moneychangers. One of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania frankly admitted that he favored the dismissal of Dr. Scott Nearing, because the presence of such a radical economist on the faculty was a hindrance to donations from wealthy gentlemen of a conservative turn of mind. Of course we are making progress in the right direction here; a repetition of the Nearing case would scarcely be possible at the University now. But, on the whole, the battle for academic freedom has yet to be won in America. The governing bodies of many of our higher institutions of learning are far more Punic than Hellenic in their viewpoint.

But perhaps the worst sign of all in our present age is the absolute self-complacency that is so characteristic of the typical American. Take, for example, our policy in regard to the Great War. We have maintained strict neutrality, in the face of some rather serious provocations; we have made immense financial profits out of Europe's Armageddon. Now this policy, while it may be very sensible, is certainly not characterized by any particular heroism or self-sacrifice. Yet many of our countrymen seem to be firmly convinced that we have played a singularly noble and exalted role; nay, more, that the warring nations in the future will look to us to lead them from the slough of militarism to the heights of universal peace. Before we indulge in any such flattering dreams we would do well to take an inventory of our own spiritual possessions; to enquire, in all humility, whether *we* could duplicate Belgium's immortal sacrifice on the altar of national faith and national honor. We pride ourselves on our democracy; but democracy, without the capacity for devotion and sacrifice, is nothing but selfish anarchy. Let us pause for a moment and review the history of the great republics of the past.

Five centuries before Christ an army of two million Persians hurled itself upon the tiny city-states of Greece. The whole population of Greece was probably inferior to the mere fighting strength of the invaders; but the invincible spirit of freedom was triumphant over the material power of despotism; the invasion was repulsed, and the priceless heritage of Greek art and culture was saved for posterity. Again, in the Middle Ages, at the battle of Sempach, a handful of Swiss peasants routed a large army of Austrians and founded the republic which has survived to this day. Late in the sixteenth century, the peaceful, untrained peasants and artisans of Holland, fighting for their civil and

religious liberty, proved more than a match for the powerful armaments of Spain. What our own forefathers did in our two great wars is too well known to require repetition. It may well come to pass that the responsibility of a great battle for freedom will soon devolve upon us. It is for us to decide whether we will meet this responsibility in the spirit of the ancient Greeks, or in that of their degenerate Byzantine successors.

We are now, as a nation, at the parting of two roads. The one leads to the worship of material wealth, to the neglect of the things of the spirit, to indifference to our national obligations, to cynical contempt for the higher emotions, which really make life worth living, to ultimate and speedy ruin, spiritual and material. This is the road of Carthage. The other leads us away from materialism, away from selfishness and cowardice, up to the heights of art and freedom, of courage and self-sacrifice. This is the road of Athens. Which will we choose?

—W. H. Chamberlin, '17.

A Summer Day

A robin call across the calm of morn,
A tender breeze that ripples in the corn,
A phoebe piping woodland notes forlorn,
At dawn.

The fever of the blazing sun on high,
The haze of heat that dances 'fore the eye,
The rill that laughs in liquid melody,
At noon.

The tree-entangled stars that shyly peep,
The saffron moon that slowly climbs the deep,
The boundless, brooding sea of lulling sleep,
At night.

—W. S. Nevin, '18.

The Marsh Rat

(Those doubting conventional readers who take the commonplaces of life as a proof that the normal, rational thing always happens;—those who call the unusual the impossible, had best not read this story; for they will only cast it aside with the over-used epitaph of literature, "O, it couldn't happen in life.")

BETWEEN the shadows of the prison and the lights of fame there is a pitiable sea of mediocre beings, who are not strong enough to climb above the average to their goal, and still are afraid to fall very far below: they are neither very good nor very bad, very great nor very small; they hold the middle ground and spend half their lives to gain what they are throwing away the other half,—ineffectual arbiters between virtue and sin who embrace enough of one to ease their souls and enough of the other to ease their bodies,—whose lives when they come to lay them down, balance up to a little more or less than zero.

Jean Beaupuy was this kind, but the world did not know it, and he spent more effort concealing the fact from himself, than it would have taken to play the *real* man; for he was one whose insight into right and wrong was keen; but he kept deceiving himself until his pricking conscience was at last pampered into a calm conviction that he was doing the right thing, and the only thing a man could do under the circumstances.

There was still a trace of uneasiness on his pale, slim face as he gazed with a heavy stare at the tapestried walls of a swell cafe, blew rings into space, ordered more whiskey and reflected that Paris was very boring in war times. Then his eye caught the sign on the wall for the fifteenth time. He turned his chair around nervously. It was becoming uncanny the way that call for volunteers forced itself on his attention. He had looked at it so often that the soldiers in the picture began to move and point their fingers at him in shame. The red letters of the pleading word "wanted," would dwindle away into small type, then loom up again assuming monstrous proportions as though trying to cry out their country's call.

The spacious grill that he had last seen echoing with life and laughter was an empty desert of tables and he, its sole occupant.

"Mon Dieu! this place is lonely," he muttered.

An old white-haired man brought his drink.

"Any news from the front?" demanded the customer abruptly.

"If monsieur were there, he might find out," the old man quietly suggested.

Jean Beaupuy bit his lip. Some one was continually touching the raw nerve of his thoughts. If it was not the bartender, it was the newsboy, the girl conductor on the trolley, the bootblack, or the bell hop at the hotel. Those unfortunates whom old age or youth kept out of the trenches looked with curiosity at a healthy young man in citizen's clothes loafing about Paris.

But why should he fight? His father was a Frenchman reported killed in the war of 1870. Jean had never seen him, but intended to profit by his lesson. His mother was Austrian and the memory of her was as dear as life itself to him. Somehow life had lately grown dearer than ever before; he had little interest in the selfish motives that caused the war, and a healthy dislike for guns and powder and corpses. His conscience would not let him take arms against his mother's country and Paris had been his city since youth. So rather than do an injustice to the Allies or to Germany he decided not to fight at all.

But under these neutral conditions, Europe made it plainly seen that it did not want him hanging around. Every eye that saw him, every voice that spoke, seemed to say, "Not fighting, eh? Then get out of the ring." So he got out, with little thought as to where he was going or when he would get there.

The first misfortune that befell Jean Beaupuy was the fact that out of the five continents at his disposal, he should eventually land in New Jersey. When he crossed the ocean he had expected to find a country, novel in scenery and wonderful in its progress beyond the Old World; but New York was painfully prosaic and uninteresting; he soon was eager to get away from the crowds. They made him lonely where every face was unfamiliar and every glance casual and cold. New York was mercilessly inhospitable, he decided; perhaps the "country-folk" were more thoughtful of strangers. He was fond of shooting, and it was the fall season. Some ignorant "native" told him that ducks and New Jersey were synonymous; and this is how Jean Beaupuy happened to land, one brisk October day, in a tiny barren summer resort, where the ocean roared, and the four winds blew unheeded against the boarded windows of deserted cottages. The place was merely a narrow strip of land fitted in between the marshes and the Atlantic. The little group of frame houses looked pitifully lonely and unprotected against the wide sweep of ocean and sky. They were only a few feet above the surging level of the ocean, and the moaning breakers licked hungrily up the beach, toward the sand-locked posts which were their sole support.

The newcomer decided that the name Beaupuy, although good enough in Paris, might not be appreciated by the score of longshoremen who were of necessity to become his only neighbors. After considerable debating with himself, he became John Dunn, which seemed to him sufficiently uneuphonious to be American. The natives received John Dunn into their circle, and the stranger soon began to enjoy their slow semi-negro dialect, and the dry, unconscious humor of their simple talk. They would gather, of an evening, around the big fire in the post-office to talk fishing and shooting and tell the tales of their lives, until John Dunn wondered if there was any knowledge on any subject, that was not stored in the shaggy, grizzled heads of these old sea-crabs.

Two quiet, peaceful months slipped by. He grew fond of the new country. The air was fresher and the sunlight brighter. He left his old self completely behind. This new man, John Dunn, was a more genial, light-hearted, sensible being than Jean Beaupuy. The shadow which had darkened his happiness in Europe, faded away and he entered eagerly into the simple lives of the longshoremen. Sometimes he would stand on the beach with the wind in his face and the beat of waves in his ears, gazing long and steadily at the blue horizon. At first a guilty flush would climb into his cheeks while he thought of the bleeding sacrifice to which he might well contribute his small part. But as he lived his days in rest and peace it became easy to think as he wanted to think. He had not strength enough to tell himself the truth, but carefully soothed his feebly-fluttering conscience with the magnanimous thought that it was wrong to kill his fellow beings under any condition.

When, one bright morning, he joined a ruddy-faced, good-natured throng of men, in the kitchen of the house where he boarded, all thoughts of war and Europe were as far from his mind as those foolish notions of a duty to his country. There seemed to be an unusually humorous topic in question, for some of the old boys were bent double and quaking with laughter. As Jean entered, one of them pounded him hilariously on the back and thrust a mug of beer under his nose. He took it and began laughing because everyone else was. After some minutes he found out what he was laughing at. It was the old Marsh Rat, who was thus named because he lived alone on the marshes, with the fiddler crabs as his only neighbors. He had come to town the day before to buy some baking powder. The jocund old store-keeper had just discovered that he had given him roach-powder by mistake. The men were speculating as to the appearance of the bread which he would produce.

John Dunn, being a little more thoughtful, and a little less prone to spasms of laughter, than his beer-excited companions, felt a touch of

pity for the old man whose description he heard in such graphic phrases. He went off that afternoon with a gun and a lunch box, and after a half-hour's rowing, pulled in on a mud bank behind the tall, waving grass. As he climbed on to firm ground he saw a tiny box-like hut over by the other water edge. A well-worn path, and a single plank over a stream led him to the solitary home of the Marsh Rat.

The little dwelling was very simple and poverty-stricken in appearance; there was only a scanty pile of kindling wood by the door; for wood was very scarce in the marshes. The outside was of unfinished boards, with no pretense of paint. Jean knocked on the door, and received no answer. He stepped to the small, dirty window and peeped through. Perhaps the owner was asleep. Seeing no one, he pushed the door open and entered, thinking the fellow was off fishing.

Inside he looked blindly around until his eyes became accustomed to the tangle of shadows that changed the varied contents of the hut into a futurist picture without reason or definite form. The first thing he saw was a pair of fencing foils, above a tall bookcase filled with curious looking volumes. In the corner a stove glowed dull red in dim light. Beside it was a chair, a table, and another bookcase. Jean picked one up. It was a treatise on the soul, by Maeterlinck.

"Studious old devil," he muttered in surprise.

"Eh, who's a studious old devil?" said a small, thin voice from the corner of the room.

Jean whirled about. There was the wizened little Marsh Rat curled up in an armchair behind him, blinking and squinting like a bat brought to the light. He had apparently been asleep.

Jean eyed him in blank disgust.

"Are you the Marsh Rat?" he demanded.

"No, I'm not a rat. Are you?" snapped the little man viciously.

Then he blinked again, thrust his head several inches out of his dirty old coat, twisted it in a critical glance, and drew it back again with his ferret eyes suspiciously watching the stranger's face.

"You frightened me somewhat," said Jean.

"I wouldn't hurt yer," the Marsh Rat replied slowly, shaking his scrubby, dirty head.

"Well, that's nice of you!"

Jean looked at his funny little host; he could not suppress a smile.

"The little animal rolls up nicely!" he thought. For the Marsh Rat had not moved an inch.

"Sit down, sit down," he suddenly piped. "You want an old man like *me* to get up and fix yer comfy? Not I! Not I!"

"Thank you," said the guest, and pulled out a cigarette. He would have offered one to his companion, but somehow he did not look used to cigarettes and Jean had an incongruous idea that he might set fire to his stubby whiskers if he brought a lighted match too near his face. For the said whiskers bristled in all directions like a well-filled pincushion and there seemed no safe place of approach anywhere below his eyes.

"What can I do for yer? Did you enter my home fer information, fer food, or fer *trouble?*"

He uncoiled slightly, and his eyes dilated angrily at the word "trouble."

"You are not used to callers, I see," said Jean.

"Used to be. Since I moved out here, me callin' list's grew smaller."

"I came to see how you'd digested that roach-powder," continued the house-breaker with a smile. The little fellow seemed to have a "past"; what was more, his seed-grown head was not as empty as one might suppose.

The stubble whiskers swayed and separated somewhere near the middle, and Jean gathered that the Rat was smiling. He pulled out a black clay pipe and lighted it up.

"You got rats an' roaches mixed," he snickered after several puffs. "Yer know—yer know," he confided with some show of enthusiasm, "the grocer made a mistake, but I should 'a noticed it; I wouldn't 'a told him of it. 'Tain't no joke ter make a mistake like that. Might'a hurt his feelin's, yer know!"

"He *was* worried about it," said Jean laughing.

The Rat was indignant.

"He must think I'm blind, and noseless. Say," and his neck protruded noticeably, "I ain't as big a fool as I look."

"I don't believe you are at that!" replied Jean, glancing at the rows of books behind him. "I heard the men on shore talking about you; I was out looking for mudhens, so thought I'd stop in."

Then the little man uncoiled, and soon became very congenial and talkative. Jean found out that he had been living in Jersey for ten years; that he had given up his fellow-beings as a bad job; that he was sixty years old; and *did* have a past.

"You must find these barren stretches scanty food for contemplation," suggested Jean.

"Lord bless you, son! I don't think about the mud. I live out here to be alone: yer can't trust people, so why not get away from 'em? Them that loves yer the most can hate yer the hardest; so I just quit

folks in general, an' come out here, see! I'm king o' the marshes, o' the mice an' rats an' fish an' birds, an' I'm happy."

He arose with a cackling laugh, and hobbled over to the stove, a bent, ragged, frail little figure. Jean watched him in silent wonder.

"Were you ever young?" he asked in all seriousness.

The Rat paused where he stood about to put some wood on the fire.

"Now yer askin' questions, ain't yer?" he said slowly and earnestly. "Was I ever young? Sometimes I'm a-wonderin' if I ever was. 'Twas a long time ago. I ain't told no one in years, but I'll tell you," he continued decidedly. "When I was young I was a good-lookin' feller."

He stopped short to see if Jean laughed; but Jean was thoughtful and he continued.

"The girls used ter like me purty well. I didn't have no time fer 'em—gigglin', simperin' things, always lookin' ter be kissed."

Just at this point he pushed a handful of wood into the stove and shut the door with a vehement bang.

"Then one spring morning, when the birds was a-singin' an' the flowers a-bloomin', I went clean plum crazy an' married one of 'em."

Jean was sitting in the semi-darkness, chair tilted back, half jovial, half serious, thoroughly interested in the shrivelled personality which was appearing where he had thought there was only ignorance, and dejection.

The old man approached Jean so close that the stubble whiskers bristled dangerously near his nose. He spoke slowly and stamped his swampy foot to emphasize his point.

"I married the purtiest girl you ever unfolded yer shutters on, an' she loved me too!"

He shuffled across the room, took something from the table, and brought it to Jean.

"There she is; an' that much of 'er is goin' ter be buried with me."

Jean took the photograph, which was brown, and cracked with age. He moved over to the window, for the red sun was sinking low on the marshy plains.

"What!" he said suddenly, gripping the piece of cardboard in trembling hands. "Who—who is this?"

"That *was* my wife. Ain't she cute?" chirped the little man proudly.

Jean, as if by a miracle, was gazing into the calm, kind eyes of his own mother.

"What was her name? Where did she live?" he cried, clutching the hope that it was a hideous mistake.

"You don't know her; she ain't from this country. No more am I. I'd like ter see 'er again," and his voice lowered; "don't know if she's livin' or dead"—

"Where was she from?" cried Jean, seizing the Rat by the throat.

"Lord love me! From Vienna," ejaculated the tiny captive, thoroughly frightened.

"God!" Jean muttered, releasing him.

"Was she a friend o' yours?" inquired the Rat timidly. He stretched his neck to make sure it was still working all right.

"She—she resembles some one I used to know." He controlled himself with an effort.

"She was a fine gal, only seventeen when I married her," said the old man sadly. "We got on fine at first. Lived in Paris in a dandy little home; don't yer tell no one this," he snapped suddenly, with a suspicious glance at Jean, who was sitting with head bowed, to hide his face.

"Go on," he ordered tensely.

"Well, then the war came with Prussia. She had high-flown ideas about duty an' heroism. 'You must fight and make a name for yerself,' she says. 'Ter write on my tombstone,' I says. Then she called me a coward and says, 'Fight or it's quits 'tween you an' me.' Them weren't the exact words, but that's what they meant. An' I was scared blue. I tell yer this now, but I wouldn't a' told the Lord Himself then; I was proud as Lucifer; but we get over that, all of us! Well, there was one hellish battle, an' I seen it coming. So I faked my writin' an' writ Renée a letter—that was her name, Renée—and told her that her husband was shot an' died bravely. Then I just slipped across the water. I missed her terrible at first; but I ain't dead yet an' I guess she is." He giggled as though the way he had tricked fate, amused him.

But every word had sunk into Jean's soul like a hot brand. The veil of excuses was torn away and he felt his red blood turn pale with shame. The thought that he was no better than the Rat sickened him, and made him hate the breath he drew. Then he did the most heart-tearing thing in the world: he sat and gazed at, and pondered over the living impersonation of his own hideous defects, carried on to their inevitable conclusion.

For some minutes the suffering man sat motionless in the shadowy silence. His thoughts underneath were wild and explosive, yet crushed down by the futility of any remedy, until his senses became drear, void, and stagnant, without a pang or a hope. He knew that he had been a coward to flee Paris, and his self-respect, the honor of the name he bore, and his faith in himself were trampled in the mud by the Rat's filthy

feet. Jean stared at him with a look of terror. He had a mad desire to shriek out, "Father! father! father!"

But the Rat smoked away, blissfully unconscious of anything tragic.

"Guess you loved a gal that looked like mine, didn't yer?" he mused squeakily.

"Yes, I did!" said Jean in a hollow voice.

"She *was* a cute kid. I don't—"

"Shut up, or by Heaven, I'll—"

"O, all right!" ejaculated the Rat, raising one withered hand with an appeasing gesture.

"Didn't know yer thought that much of 'er. 'Pears we think alike, eh?"

"No, we don't think alike!" answered Jean with emphasis. He was wondering how his mother could have married that distorted excuse for a man. His sacred memory of her was suddenly and completely destroyed, leaving him desperate; there was nothing else left to put faith in, and the feeble moral structure of his life was tumbled about his feet.

"Yer look worried!" said the Rat with apparent concern. "Lord knows I worried 'nough over her once. You'll get over it. I did. We all do."

"I wonder if we do," muttered Jean dully.

"Shure! Shure we do! Say, it's gettin' dark. Don't want ter hurry yer. But it's bad travelin' over them waters at night."

"Is it?" said Jean absently.

He arose and moved toward the door.

"Say! Keep quiet about what I told yer!" coaxed the Rat.

"You bet I will!" and somehow Jean's tone reassured him.

"An' come over and see me again. It gits lonely over here sometimes. Used to have a dog an' he drowned himself. Here's this roach-powder. Take it back fer me, will yer? Tell him I wanted *bakin' powder!*"

He thrust a box into Jean's passive hands.

"Rat-poison,—you mean!" he murmured inaudibly.

"Come again! Come again!"

"I'd love to!" said Jean as he stumbled out across the marshes, with his heart bursting in dumb agony.

* * * * * * * *

One bright day of the following spring, when the breezes were soft, the sea still and shining,—when the little town was awakening for the summer season and white trousers and colored frocks moved about the

narrow streets—when white wrinkled sails were being hoisted above the clear green water—on such a morning it was, that the postmaster, excited and gesticulating, appeared in the grocery store and hailed the lord of that domain in eager tones.

"Hey, Joe! Look 'ere! Look 'ere! he cried, thrusting a well-creased magazine over the counter.

"Ain't that him, as I live! John Dunn, that skinny-faced, serious feller what came 'round here last fall! An' look at that name, Bupee! O, my lord! He *was* kiddin' us!"

He slapped his knee and roared with laughter. The grocer eyed the picture carefully.

"It's him!" he said finally.

"John Dunn! Somehow I never thought that name fitted him, yer know!"

"What about 'im?" said the grocer keenly.

"Dead, man! Read!" cried the other impatiently.

"I can't read this damned stuff; no more kin you!" retorted the indignant grocer.

The magazine was a French illustrated monthly which one of the cottagers had left in the post office.

"It says John Dunn was killed in a scoutin' expedition an' decorated for bravery!"

"How do you know it says that?" demanded the grocer skeptically.

"Me wife did it! All herself! She keeps them language dictionaries!"

"Still waters run deep, yer know. I knew he was a brave man. Yer can always tell!"

Before the day was done, all the natives knew of the death of their former companion who had left so suddenly and mysteriously. They hashed it over that night in the post office and on the fishing pier, and concluded that John Dunn was a fine fellow all around.

The next day the Rat came rowing over in his little boat to buy provisions.

"Hullo," he snapped to the grocer as he poked his little head through the swinging doors.

"Hullo! Say! Remember your messenger you sent back with that roach-powder last fall? Well, here he is with the durndest name under him that I ever see in print."

He thrust the paper over to the Rat, who placed it three inches from his nose and blinked, and squinted for several seconds.

"O! O!" gasped the Rat. Then he tottered, wavered, and fell

backward to the floor with a thump. The grocer lifted him up, all crumpled in a heap. He was trembling and panting for breath.

"What's the matter?" ejaculated the grocer, holding the bushy little head in his lap.

"He's—he's my—" A convulsive shudder passed through the little man's body and he never finished his sentence.

"Well, I be——" muttered the surprised storekeeper. "Guess I got a corpse for sale! His heart went back on him all ter once. What in the name of Mike was he tryin' ter say?"

Colby Van Dam, '17.

Whence Came Man to Inherit the Earth?

Outside the pale of History's fitful light
Long centuries lie hidden in the gloom;
A host of men have tried to pierce the night
And drawn these threads from Fancy's mystic loom.
Semitic bards of yore creation told,
How that the earth was made in six brief days;
Then down from Hellas Emanation rolled,
Prometheus' tale the poet sang in lays;
And last did come great Darwin's mighty brain
Unfolding Evolution well worked out,
That caused mankind to think in diff'rent train.
Yet much remains unseen beyond a doubt.
This truth doth shine out bright: All is not learned,
Nor can be learned, till Time's last page is turned.

—E. R. Lester, Jr., '18.

College Pests

Dear, gentle reader, *entre nous*, just let me whisper this to you: I have in mind a little plan whereby I really think I can your idle moments quite beguile in true Walt Mason jingling style; and crack a few moth-eaten jests beneath the title "College Pests." Perhaps the greatest pests of all are those wise ginks who have the gall to saw a rasping violin, to pick guitar or mandolin; or from the flute or piccolo, a few cracked, wheezing notes to blow; to claw the keys from morn till night; who feel they have a perfect right, when coming home at two A. M., to bellow forth some amorous hymn. Some fellows are so asinine to think their music so durned fine that they can saw and blow and pound, and make a most infernal sound, and all the rest of us the while will sit and twirl our thumbs and smile. What care they if the stude next door must o'er his studies sit and pore? What care they if his scattered wits throw forty epileptic fits? They shriek their discords just the same, and tortured notes, halt, blind and lame, that almost raise one's very hair, burst forth upon the gentle air. It makes one wish for wheels and racks, on which men used to stretch their backs; the pillory, ducking stool and stock, the whipping post, the headsman's block—yea, even for the guillotine, to lop off some boob's empty bean. I'm sure there is no one who feels opposed to music at his meals—who, as he sips his demie tasse, objects to some real stunning lass, in glad rags a la gay Paris, warbling a high-brow melody. I will admit I may be crude, but when I take my mental food, to tell the truth, I cannot say I quite enjoy a cabaret.

—Albert H. Stone, '16.

Song of the Night

Oh, shrieking darkness filling all the deep
Throughout infinity from end to end,
How long shall vaulted heav'n her azure keep,
And morning's sun her silent arch ascend?

Ah, roaring silence that surrounds us still,
Why waste our little on thy frigid ears?
For thou canst not our hearts with gladness fill,
Nor from our eyes dry up the welling tears.

—Donald H. Painter, '17.

Till Death

EIGHT years had passed for Larson—years of toil, pain and memories. Eight years ago James L. Dawson had disappeared, and eight years ago Dr. Larson had appeared.

It was on a day such as this, mused Larson, as he stood staring out of his window,—bleak, cold, with a heavy, wet snow, eight years ago. On that day his wife had gone off with another man, and he had never seen or heard from her since. Once a distant lawyer had written to his own lawyer asking whether he, Dawson, would oppose a suit for divorce. His lawyer had answered that Dawson would never stand in the way of his wife's happiness, and Dawson had never heard nor sought to find out whether the divorce had been granted or not. He had loved his wife and had sought relief from the blow by leaving his office on Broadway and plunging into work among the settlements. Here he was known to the poor people of that district as the "Good Doctor"; many were the tales related by the poor women of the miraculous cures of the great Larson, and many were the prayers, offered by grimy, calloused men, of thanks for "Jim" Larson.

In his life among the poor people he had met Alice Levant, a settlement worker. He often aided her and was her almost constant companion during her visits to the tenements. They had beome close friends; whether that friendship had deepened in either of them could not be told: they showed but a close personal friendship to each other.

Larson's meditations were interrupted by a pounding on the door. He went out and saw a small flaxen-haired boy with a pair of wistful brown eyes.

"A pwitty lady told me to bwing 'is to you," he said slowly, holding out a note.

Larson took the note and read it. It was from Alice, asking him to accompany the child. She had found a woman sick and weak from lack of food, the note ran. "Your fame has reached the poor woman's ears and she has a wonderful faith that you can cure her." Larson took up his coat, hat and grip and followed the boy.

The boy took him to an old, black, and gloomy place with dark sullen rooms. There was a dirty alley alongside leading to a dirtier street. An empty dog-kennel, some bones of animals, fragments of iron hoops, and staves of old casks lay strewn about. It was the picture of decay and misery. But Larson was used to such conditions and had no compunctions about entering as we might have. He was led to a dim room whose only daylight entered by one pane of glass. On the bed and

covered with a sheet lay a pale, wan slip of a woman with cheeks sunken and hollow, and in a fit of coughing. She was turned away from the entrance, and by her side sat Alice, trying to ease the pain and fever of the woman by wiping her head with a cold cloth.

As the doctor entered Alice rose and whispered to him.

"Please see if you can't do something for this poor soul, doctor. She is very poor and but for that would have sent for you long ago. But she has declined to accept charity, until I told her it was absolutely necessary for her to receive medical attention. She is so delicate and so out of her element. She is proud, and has become weak and thin through starvation, refusing to send for aid. Please cure her, if possible."

The last was uttered in a pleading, questioning tone, and the doctor looked down at her and tenderly answered, "I'll do what I can, *for you*." The last words were directed to the pleader and were uttered aloud. Upon hearing them the sick woman turned and looked at the doctor. She gave a gasp and leaned forward.

"Jim! You!" she cried.

The doctor bent over. "Mary!" he exclaimed. "Why, why—"

But the woman was seized with a fit of coughing, and the doctor hastened to relieve her. He gave her some medicine and felt her pulse. Alice arose and said, "I'll get some food," and went out into the hall.

"Tell me," said the doctor, when the woman was again settled comfortably upon the pillow, "why are you here and in this condition? Where is—he?" He could not bring himself to mention the name.

"He died about a year ago, leaving me with a few dollars. He never worked. He was a café runner, and married me for my money. When that was almost gone he took sick and died. He drank. Oh, how I have suffered these years! Believe me, Jim, I have paid the cost,—paid with interest. He, the brute, would sometimes, in fits of drunkenness, beat me and make me give him money. He was fine till after I got the divorce, but then he showed himself for what he truly was. Oh, what I have endured! Jim, Jim, please take me back, Jim! Oh please!"

She tried to raise herself up, but fell back exhausted.

"Be quiet now," said the doctor. "You need rest and food even more than medicine."

The sick woman grasped his hand and leaned back in the pillow. She closed her eyes and sought sleep. Across the bed sat the boy, who had been a silent witness of the little drama. Not wishing to disturb the resting woman, the doctor refrained from asking any questions. Soon the heavy breathing told that the much-needed sleep had taken

hold of the wearied body. The doctor arose and went into the hall, where he met Alice returning.

"No doubt you were surprised at what occurred," he said. "But let me explain. That woman in there is my wife. She is not so according to law; but I believe in a higher law than civil rule. I am bound by no creed of church when I say this, but I remember when I said, 'For better or for worse,.....till Death do us part." Then he told her his story. Why his wife had gone he did not know, but he believed it to have been because of jealousy. She had always been jealous, and especially of the women who came to see him at his office. Their visits were the cause of numerous outbreaks and threats on her part. It was in such a fit of jealousy, he believed, that his wife had spitefully gone off. "That is why, Alice, I have never asked you to marry me. I will never feel myself free of her until death causes it. I always loved her, and now that she is come back, I will no doubt love her the more."

"But you are no longer bound to her," cried Alice. "She is divorced and has married again: she is no longer your wife."

"I am bound by a higher law than man's."

"But although you have never said it, you love me, and I love you. We have been the best of friends for these many years. Is not this new, sweeter love stronger than the old one which has burned out and perished?"

The doctor slowly shook his head. Just then the door opened and out came the little boy,. "What is your name, boy?" asked the doctor.

"James, sir," respectfully answered the boy.

The doctor started at the name.

"Alice," he said, "there is one question I wish to ask my wife. Upon her answer depends my answer to you. But whatever her answer, let us still be good friends. Will you?"

Alice said not a word, but choked back a sob and wiped away the tears that were fast filling her eyes. She went into the room, the doctor turned and followed her. She had placed the provisions on the table and turned to the door. The doctor stood there silently and she passed out. He sat down by the side of the bed, his head between his hands.

Many hours passed and the doctor still sat there thus. The boy had eaten some food and had lain down beside the woman and gone to sleep. After a while the woman gave a movement and turned. The doctor rose in expectancy and waited. The woman's eyes opened and she saw him.

"Jim," she said, smiling contentedly.

"Mary," he whispered hurriedly, "tell me quick,—whose boy is he?"

"Ours," she said, looking up at him lovingly. "Yours and mine: our Jim."

—Russell N. Miller, '19.

To the Wild Gray Geese

Into the velvet black of night
I search with longing gaze, from under dripping eaves,
Counting the gleams of the Pharo's light.
Thick holly trees rustling gently round about
Envelop the lonely house, while shadows in a rout
Whirl o'er the weathered eastern side
As rhythmic shafts of light, beacon sent,
Flash and fade, silent as a turning tide.
In undertones across the bay deep roars the distant ocean;
No stir of wind—yet giant swells roll in with listless motion.

Hark! From the South comes a call
Full to my listening ear;
A clarion note, now harsh, now clear,
And its melody breaks to a harmony,
Wild and scattered and near,
Then far, to a soothing symphony;
And I know, though I cannot see,
Through the dark there sails a V,—
A speeding north-turned wedge on wing,
Calling, question-asking, full of Spring.

So on and on through clouds and gloom,
Over moorlands brown, by cliffs where breakers boom,
Swift of flight and strong of pinion,
They seek their home, their wild dominion.

L'ENVOI

Faint call, clear call,
Call that stirs my breast,—
Honk of the wild gray geese
And all Spring's vague unrest.

—D. C. Wendell, '16.

Dreams That Never Come True

JOHN was in a dreadful hurry. At this inopportune moment the collar button which normally occupied the opening in the rear of his neck-band fell to the floor and bounded beneath the dressing-table. John was not a profane man normally, but we are all human and John mumbled several words which his wife, waiting patiently some distance away, fortunately did not hear, for John was an elder in the church besides being a Sunday-school superintendent and manager of the firm of Duds and Tyes, Haberdashers.

"Do hurry, John," groaned Mrs. John patiently.

The hero of this tale, however, was groping under the dark recess which almost all furniture possesses beneath it under certain circumstances of illumination, and, being unable to answer orally because of the dust, he wiggled one foot in approbation of his wife's sentiments and continued his search. At length the collarless form emerged from the depths, bearing in triumph the elusive article of male attire. Sad, sad to relate, however, the shirtfront was streaked with foreign matter, making necessary a change of that instrument of torture.

At last he was ready. His spotless tie was the only article necessary to complete a spotless appearance. Just as he was at the critical point in the management of the bow and walking back and forth over the Turkish rug, he trod upon that section of space where the rug ceased and the nicely waxed floor began. Not only was the accomplished bow an achievement yet to be accomplished, but several square inches of polish was removed from the Jacobean table in the process which Mr. John followed in making the rapid, not to say ungraceful, journey from the normal upright to the normal reclining position. A new shirt was imperative.

Just then the telephone rang and John hastened to answer, leaving Mrs. John in a condition intermediate between convulsions and tears. It was a mistake. They didn't want John's house at all. The operator called it a mistake, but what Mr. John called it cannot be printed. On the way back to his chamber he pulled out his watch. It was just—the watch was stopped.

He pulled on the coat with his superbly white teeth gritted in a savage grin. But, in spite of all, a gleam of sunshine suddenly broke over his intelligent countenance. The triumph that was to be his was at hand. In a crested box, tied with black and white ribbon, was the hat of the year. Made by a London hatter, and imported for this occasion, it was to be the climax of the manager's appearance at the opera.

He gamboled to the table where the box crowned his various tobacco jars and books. He fingered it with loving touch. With systematic method he cut the sealing ribbon. He removed the lid, revealing masses of pink tissue paper. With delight he delved into the mass and pulled out—a brown derby.

The grandfather's clock in the hall below struck ten times. Mr. John, however, stood as if transfixed with horror. He gulped three times, but words failed him. A sound broke upon his wounded soul. It was the dulcet but sarcastic voice of his wife. For a time he could not fathom the meaning of the words she spoke. Gradually, very gradually, he grasped the sense of what she said. Again she repeated them.

"Oh, fiddlesticks! Let's stay home."

* * * * * * * * * *

Mr. John awoke with a start. He reached for his watch. Ten o'clock. He walked to the hall and looked up the stairs with malice in his eyes. A rustle of silk could be distinguished by a very careful listener. Mrs. John appeared at the head of the stairs in all the glory of her finery.

"Think I'm going to anything this time of the night? I'm going to stay home."

Mrs. John broke into tears as Mr. John started the Victrola. Tears always grated on Johh's nerves, and somehow that confounded dream clung to his inner consciousness.

"All right. Let's go in town and have something to eat at Spoofin's, dear," he said.

—*H. P. Schenck, '18.*

At the End of the Day

"And I say unto thee that thou shalt find blessed calm and perfect peace at the end of the day."

CHARACTERS

A Saxon doctor, in the service of the German Army.
His aide, a Prussian.
Henri Guyon, a corporal in the 34th Infantry.
Dying soldiers.

The scene is laid in that portion of what was the first line of the French, now in the hands of the Germans. All over the stage lie soldiers in the throes of death, or some only slightly wounded. Groans are heard now and then all through the action. A doctor, kneeling, is bending over a soldier: his aide stands erect at his side, as

The curtain rises.

Doctor. See this man here?
Aide. I do, sir!
Doctor. I'm afraid
He'll never fight again in his brigade.
A hemorrhage—he's in a hopeless plight.
(*He moves on a few feet to the next.*)
It was a foolish but heroic fight.
Aide. What I can't understand is why retreat
Was not resorted to . . . As for defeat . . .
We all do meet it once . . .
The Doctor (*carried away by his admiration for the plucky soldiers*).
Because the French
Will never leave the enemy a trench,
Because a Frenchman's blood within him boils
If he before the enemy recoils.
Because—it matters not how great the pinch—
A Frenchman dies before he yields an inch.
Aide. Doctor, come let us save another life;
We better go where you can use your knife
In better cause. A German yonder lies . . .
Doctor. Silence! My life work is higher to rise
Than petty race distinction. I discriminate!
Thank God that far above all hate
My mission is. I try to save all life.

All men my brothers are, e'en though the strife
Which Germany, God bless her! now does wage,
Makes others only German pain assuage.
(*A silence. The doctor moves on from man to man until he has examined all those on the stage.*)
Now we'll pass on. This poor man cannot brace . . .
And soon he'll meet his Maker face to face.
(*Another silence. Now and then a soldier stirs. Groans everywhere.*)
A soldier. Brother, I die,—
Another. The "Boches" our trenches cross'd . . .
The first. Our fight was glorious and if we lost
'Tis fine to fight as we. A thousand died . . .
A third. Good Lord!
Another. What agony!
The second. I die!
The first. My side
Is bleeding . . .
The second. O, the yawning wide expanse
Of my wound . . .
Henri. Noble blood of dearest France!
Magnificently shed to save . . .
The first. Thank God, on French soil we will find a grave,
Wherein to lie! O France! . . . a million dead.
I'm faint. I cannot move! . . . O help! . . . my head!
(*Another silence. Two of the soldiers have fallen back; the death-rattle of one is heard.*)
The first (*rising up suddenly*). Dupont! Farewell, Dupont! Dupont!
I'm done . . .
(*He falls back.*)
Henri. Thus to have lost is really to have won . . .
I'm done. I've fought for many weary hours.
Thank God, I die where erstwhile were French flow'rs.
Farewell, dear son! I come, O loving wife!
Good-bye to all! Good-bye! I leave this life!
(*The bell of an ambulance-car rings.*)
What's that? I hear an ambulance-car's bell . . .
My life was but a many-sounding knell!
What time is it? A bullet in my breast
Is lodg'd . . . I'm tired . . . peace and calm . . . a rest . . .
What was it I just said? . . . Ah yes! the bell.
My life was but a many-sounding knell.

The first that I remember was at home,
Where—happy, careless lad!—I used to roam
Amid the Gascon pastures green and sweet,
Loving to hear the herd's low and the bleat
Of lost, wandering, and far-straying sheep . . .

Lord Jesu! God! I pray my soul to keep.

(*He guffaws as he says with all the bonhomie and rough wit of a "pion-pion"*).
Sweet bells! Ah, life, it is absurd . . .
That—playing youth—I loved the sound of bell,
And to that music I will march to hell.

I hear the shepherd's music in the shade,
Regardless of the careless sheep that stray'd.
I hear the tired flute-player's loud wheeze;
I hear the winds make music in the trees . . .
I hear the southern tunes and anthems wild;
I hear the songs I sang, a little child.
And as this mem'ry my soul agitates
It is the heart of France that palpitates
Within me; and into my weary soul,
Comes all the beauty of a Gascon knoll,
With Gascon grass and Gascon sunshine fraught . . .
It . . . indeed . . . a glorious fight . . . we fought.

I hear the bell that summoned us to church;
I see the peasant girls without a smirch
On their best Sunday dresses. Ah . . . I see . . .
The whole dear little village . . . comes to me.

I hear the kind old curé read the mass;
The more he reads, I listen less, alas!
My eyes around me wander till I spot
My Ermintruda . . . I loved her a lot . . .
And pretty Ermintruda was my bride.
She walk'd up to the altar at my side.
Ah! wedding bells! your music God above
Pleases . . . and to the blessings on our love
He adds the hope that soon a little son

To us will be: and our sweet love, begun
Under a bright, clear, and auspicious star,
No earthly cares or troubles e'er will mar.

I hear the bells ring as the priest baptized
My son, my dear Jean, whom I idolized.
Sweet bells of innocence and purity,
I hear you now in my obscurity.

The bells! I hear the bells! Dear Christ! I die!
The bells! Brass bells of death! Alas, I lie
Upon the ground . . . in awful pain . . . and pray
That merciful death soon will come my way.
The bells . . . my blood . . . a word . . . my soul . . . O France,
I have indeed enjoyed this pretty dance
You led me . . . O dire death! . . . What should I fear?—
Jean, darling Jean, I feel you drawing near.
Come, come . . . Ermintruda . . . my wife . . . my son . . .
O, will you praise me for the work I've done?
Good-bye, dear friends . . . Good-bye . . . we meet again,
Where brave men dwell . . . in calm . . . together . . . pain,
Ah, death! . . . I cannot breathe . . . and it compels . . .
The bells, the bells, the bells, the bells, the bells.

—J. G. Clemenceau Le Clercq, '18.

The Song of Work

Morning bell and whistle shrill
Summon me at break of day
To the factory on the hill;—
Place I take at shrieking drill,
There to eke my life away.

No comrades—just me alone;
There to work and ne'er to play,
While the wheels and levers moan,
Bodies sweat and spirits groan.—
Here I eke my life away.

Morning bell and whistle shrill,—
Will my labors never cease?
Will I work and work, until,
Stricken with a fatal ill,
I earthward turn for peace?

There's the cough—it's growing worse.
Dust has settled in my lung.
Well—Sheehan has a pretty hearse—.
I didn't think I'd ever curse
The place I'd got to, rung by rung.

It's hot in here—so blasting hot;
But I must hold the iron tool,—
A slip means death—but still I'm not
So shaky at the awful thought.—
The earth is soft and cool.

A newsboy once, and full of hope,
I faced the world with youthful pride;
I didn't smoke and didn't tope,
The people said I'd climb the rope.
But now I wish I'd died!

It seems an awful thing to say
With me a-holdin' down a job
At sixty per fur nine a day.

It ain't the hours, it ain't the pay,
That makes my temples throb.

It's just the thought of bein' here
Fur every day—fur every day,—
Without no hope—without no cheer,—
Drat the sweat—that wa'n't a tear.
It's just the same—the same alway.

They say that some go loony by
A never-quit monotony.
I may too, before I die.—
But now my throat is awful dry,
And drink don't satisfy.

Then—there is Mary and the kid.
I'd work a million years fur them!—
Still,—there's my life insurance hid.
That's one good thing, at least, I did
Fur Mary and fur Lem.

I wonder will she think of me
When I am gone? She will not rave
Nor weep hysterical. I see
Her cryin' quiet-like, as she
Transplants a pansy on my grave.

Well, here I am a-talkin' like
I was a corpse without no life.
Pluck up a bit, you clumsy kike!
I'll turn the kid a wooden bike;
'Twill tickle him and please the wife.

* * * * * * * *

Morning bell and whistle shrill,
Have you no pity in your sound?
Dost note the workman stark and still,
Who lies so white upon the hill?
Think'st thou his peace is found?

—Robert Gibson, '17.

Among the New Books in the Library

THIS period of the year usually brings a dearth of good fiction, but the Library, contrary to its custom, has added to its supply. "The Haunters of the Silences,"[1] by Charles G. D. Roberts, is an interesting portrayal of the ways of wild animals, and is similar to the author's "Kindred of the Wild," published several years ago.

A Haverfordian has presented us with a copy of his works, viz: "A History of English Literature,"[2] by Walter S. Hinchman, of the Class of 1900. All periods of English literature are covered, from Anglo-Saxon times down to the present. Stress is laid on the facts of English literature by outlining the lives of the authors, no attempt being given to an interpretation of their works.

With this work on English literature is another of almost equal interest on "American Literature since 1870,"[3] by Prof. F. L. Pattee. No other book quite covers that period of our literary history which is distinctly American. The changing spirit of the country since the Civil War is traced in the writings of our great authors. The chapters on Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, and "The Shifting Currents of Fiction" are most interesting.

"Our Philadelphia,"[4] by E. R. Pennell and Joseph Pennell, is a book to thoroughly enjoy. It is a collection of reminiscences of Old Philadelphia, characterized as the "most distinctive city in America." Inserted are several hundred sketches by Joseph Pennell, and these recall sections of the new Philadelphia, familiar to all.

Another gift to the Library is a copy of "Disguise Plots in Elizabethan Drama,"[5] by Dr. V. O. Freeburg. It is pointed out that the use of the disguise motive forces itself into all literatures, and in the Elizabethan drama this use is particularly extensive. Over four hundred plots are discussed with various forms of disguises.

These are a few of the more interesting books in the New Case. Scattered in among volumes on missions and Quaker biography are a few books of travel, a distinctly new departure. "Through Persia in a Motor Car" and "Travels in Alaska with John Muir" appear to be the most promising. A new play by John Masefield, "The Faithful," also relieves the biography above mentioned. "The House on Henry Street," judging from its title, would give promise of a lively best seller, but one finds the title merely a disguise plot to a book on social work.

—*Edmund T. Price, '17.*

1. L. C. Page Co., Boston.
2. The Century Company.
3. The Century Company.
4. Lippincott.
5. Columbia University Press.

THE UNEASY CHAIR

WHEN the Uneasy Chair heard the news it squeaked and groaned. "Do I have to bear your weight for another term?" it sighed, and then it squeaked and groaned a great deal more. Sorry to cause the patient creature so much mental anguish, I dusted it gently with my coatsleeve in the hope of lulling it into its customary long-suffering silence. Having heard much of the quieting effects of judicious rubbing of mules' necks, dogs' ears, and cats' paws, I applied this simple home remedy to the Chair—for it too is a quadruped, in spite of hard usage. I stroked it gently on the neck, behind the ears, and all the places a little boy hates to have washed, but beyond a plentiful accumulation of black dust, my efforts were in vain. The Chair seemed actually to be weeping. Incredulous, I looked around to ascertain the cause of the good article's grief. Wendell and Dunlap, our Senior members, were waving farewell to the Chair. The call of the Diploma was upon them. The loyal old Chair was bobbing and beckoning in return, as if in acknowledgment of services rendered. As the forms of the departing editors passed out of sight another figure entered by the door marked "Admission Only on Business." The Chair brightened visibly, and after introducing Walter S. Nevin, '18, to the members of the mystic circle, it motioned the newcomer to a vacant chair with the caption "Welcome" above it. All was silent for a moment. Then in through the office burst the mighty E. R. Moon.

"Good-bye, fellows!" It came like a blow. Ed attempted to be gruff,—but ah! Ed has a kindly and a sympathetic nature concealed in that Spartan frame. The brusque farewell ended with a cough, and Ed's face was suffused with that famous smile as he handed over the business keys to Art Spellissy. Then knock! knock! knock! like the tapping on the gate in "Macbeth," and in came another famous smile, which none could mistake for other than that of H. B. Brodhead, '17. Beal walked over to a very new little desk labeled "Subscription Manager," which had been out of use for a long time. But Beal seated himself with an air of propriety and raised the rasping cover.

I continued to dust the Chair subconsciously. A long period of silence followed, and —Z-z-z-z—was that a snore? I looked in astonishment at the Chair. Yes—it was asleep. Its eyes were fast shut and

its lower lip protruded just like the picture of the giant's head after Jack cut it off. "I'm ashamed of you, Chair," I started to say, but checked myself in time. If it would sleep, why disturb it? For it needed rest *so* badly, don't you know.

"Well, fellows, we're off again. What about a motto?"

"Well," drawled a sleepy voice from a corner, "what's that about.:—

"Dauntless the slug horn to my lips I set".....?

Difficulties

A pool's surface gleams brighter in the sun
When breezes ripple o'er it; brooks sing proud
Their gayest tune, when they o'er great rocks run;
The landscape is ennobled with a cloud:
E'en so the soul's dull mirror shines more bright
When ruffled by misfortune; streams of life
All tuneless flow till rocks of fate they fight;
Perfecting shades in spiritual world are rife.
The finest trees grow close in forest clustered,
Upspringing skyward through obstructed growth;
The barest cliffs with columbines are lustered;
From bleak sands the mirage to flee is loth:
So souls opposed to souls together grow.
In stoniest ways the love of God will show.

—*Charles Hartshorne, '19.*

ALUMNI

We regret to announce the sad death of Paul C. Hendricks, '15, who was burned to death in the hotel fire at Atlantic City, N. J. Death in any case is awful, but the death of one who had just entered upon his life's career touches us with more than ordinary sadness. Paul Hendricks was a man well-beloved of all who knew him.

He came to Haverford from Mercersburg Academy; was a corporation scholar during Freshman and Sophomore years; was a member of the Glee Club and Cap and Bells during Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years; was on the cast of the play called "The Importance of Being Earnest," Sophomore year; was Assistant Business Manager of the Class Record; and was Class Secretary during Senior year.

The first dinner of the Chicago Haverford Alumni occurred on the same night on which the Alumni dinner at Philadelphia was held—January 29th. Sixteen Haverfordians were present, ranging from Charles Tatum, '53, to the Class of 1915. This organization was formed in order that visiting Haverfordians might get in touch with Chicago men, and that the name of Haverford might be better known in Chicago. The officers elected were A. C. Wild, '99, president; Wm. G. Audenreid, '90, secretary and treasurer. The association will meet on the third Monday of each month at the University Club of Chicago.

Alumni annual banquet was held January 29th at the Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia. Charles J. Rhoads, '93, acted as toastmaster. President Sharpless was one of the speakers. David Bispham, '76, sang for the gathering.

The Alumni Association of New England held its annual dinner at the Lombardy Inn, Boston, on February 18th. Walter S. Hinchman, '00, acted as toastmaster. Speeches were made by President Sharpless and President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard. Among those present were Reuben Colton, '76, President of the Association; Henry Baily, '78; S. K. Gifford, '76; J. H. Gifford, '79; P. C. Gifford, '13; Theodore Richards, '85; Charles P. Wadsworth, '11; N. F. Hall, '13; W. E. Vail, '15; J. V. Van Sickle, '13; D. B. Van Hollen, '15; Yoshio Nitobé

'15; G. H. Hallett, Jr., '15; E. S. Cadbury, '10; W. W. Cadbury, '98; C. T. Cottrell, '90; F. M. Eshleman, '00; B. F. Eshleman, '67; C. N. Sheldon, '04.

President Sharpless spoke before the Military Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington, on February 9th, against further military and naval preparedness.

C. C. Morris, '04, and W. R. Rossmaessler, '07, entertained our Intercollegiate Soccer Championship team at a banquet at the Merion Golf Club, February 10th. As many Alumni were present as undergraduates. Certificates of 'Varsity "H's" served as place cards for the members of the team. C. C. Morris acted as toastmaster. Dr. R. M. Gummere on behalf of a committee of Alumni and others presented each 'Varsity man, and Manager Maxwell, with gold soccer balls about one-half inch in diameter. Speeches were made by President Sharpless, who was guest of honor; Captain Cary, '16; J. H. Scattergood, '96; A. S. Cookman, '02; A. G. Priestman, '05; S. W. Mifflin, '00; and W. R. Rossmaessler, '07.

We quote from the *Haverford News* of February 15th:

"On Monday, February 7th, Dr. Rufus M. Jones delivered in Kings Chapel, Boston, a Lowell Institute lecture on the Quakers and their contribution to the religious life of New England. This was one of the series of lectures on the leading religious denominations of New England which had been arranged for one of the Lowell Institute courses for the winter. Dr. Jones also gave a number of other addresses in Boston and Cambridge during the period of his visit."

The following Haverfordians are active in the civic affairs of the College neighborhood: Alfred M. Collins, '97, President of the Main Line Citizens' Association; President Sharpless, member of the Committee on Law and Order Legislation; R. M. Gummere, '02, member of the Committee on Parks and Playgrounds; Jonathan M. Steere, '90, Chairman of the Finance Committee; Edwin M. Wilson, '94, member of the Finance Committee; Charlton Yarnall, '84, member of the Committee on Law and Order Legislation; Dr. A. Lovett Dewees, '01, member of the Relief Committee; John L. Scull, '05, member of the Village Improvement Committee.

The following humorous poem was found by Wm. Ellis Scull, '83, among some old papers belonging to his father. Its date and author are unknown.

At bright and glorious Haverford,
Near twenty years ago,

Vacations ran full rapidly,
And sessions all ran slow;
Then Smith ground us in Ethics,
And Gummere in Surveying,
And Dennis did Jugurtha,
While the Juniors did the playing.
The Seniors studied hard and late,
For Private 'Xamination,
And got themselves (in August)
Into mental perspiration;
And in their dormitories,
With a bed-quilt o'er the door,
They burned the midnight tallow dip,
To light the hidden lore
Of Euripides and Calculus, and
When the halls were quiet,
Would meet below in classrooms,
To forage for some diet.
'Twas then milk toast did suffer,
And Cas'tner pies of mince,
With ginger pop and lemonade
Their thirsty throats to rinse.
But now, I'm told, the provender
That "Mater" gives her chicks
Is edible, and "chicken feed"
No more with "lerse" they mix:
Then, when a batch of sour bread
Was baked, we were unable
To get more till 'twas eaten,
Or we "loafed" it from the table.
Those were "Hard Times" for some of us,
Aye, "Hardy" times were they,
When we were watched, like little mice
For cunning cat the prey.
The chamber door at top of stairs
Was left 'most times ajar,
To catch the first faint mutterings
Of distant civil war;
But sometimes, when the blue specs.
Beyond the jamb were seen,
A quick discharge of Hessian boots
Would drive them in again.
At last, one stormy session,
Each night the din waxed loud,
The Faculty was nonplussed,
The officers seemed cowed;
The boots flew right, the boots flew left,
And lights were put all out,
And whistling, singing, screeching
Made a veritable rout.
Friend Davis then determined
To see what could be done,
To catch the leaders in the act
Of this high-handed fun.
There's a dormitory vacant
Right in the battleground;
'Tis chosen by his Corpulence,
While on his daily round.
At eleven at night when "glims are doused,"
He fastens down the latch;
The boys expectant stand at doors
The grand finale to watch.
Why watch they—have they learned
Who occupies the room?
And vowed that bed of daisies
Should be friend Daisy's doom?
'Tis silence, save the heavy feet
Upon that chamber floor;
'Tis darkness, save the glimmering light
Over that chamber door.
The light is out, the bedstead creaks
With unaccustomed weight,
First one slat, then another slat
Betrays their ticklish state;
A long scratch, then a splurge,
Then a bulging, thundering sound,
A shriek, "'Tis robbers!" echoes
Through the empty halls around,

And bursting in, the boys do find
Three hundred weight on the ground.
A lamp! quick! quick! or blows will fall
On this devoted head.
A light! A light! or trampled soon
Will be this Daisy bed.

We had a great procession, once,
When Hardy ruled the roast;
Of banners, and of lanterns made of melon,
It did boast,
And through the woods, and past the holes
Left by the trees, it wound;
Tin pails, and pans, and flageolets
Sent forth a hideous sound,
As if all operatic elves,
That night, did go their round.
"Assistant Sup" beheld the sight;
His blue specs. off he laid,
And on swift feet he hied him
All to the greenwood shade.
"Ah! now," said he, "if only I
Can catch this Robin Hood,
And hold him till the Council meets,
My service will be good."
But ah! without his blue specs.,
How could his course he see?
For as he watched the lanterns,
Into a hole fell he;
The splash into the soft ooze
Was heard by all the clan,
And, quickly dropping banners,
To the College Halls they ran;
No one was "dipped" but Hardy,
Who mostly in such games,
"Was under the necessity of
Taking a few names"—
That night at Reading and in Halls,
No more his face he shows,
But the laundress was heard to speak
Of stiff mud on his clothes.

And thus full many a folio
Of such matter I'd relate,
But just now going a-fishing,
I'm in a hurried state.

PHILOMATER.

'72

On Friday, February 11th, a dinner was given at the College by a member of the Class of '72 to Thomas S. Downing, '72, who is spending the winter with his sister, Mrs. Godler, near Haverford. The dinner was laid in the small Math. room, which was part of the old study-room when the class was at Haverford as students. Stories of old Haverford enlivened the evening, which was an unusually pleasant occasion. The members of the class present were R. T. Cadbury, Thomas S. Downing, Dr. F. B. Gummere, W. H. Gibbons, Wm. M. Longstreth, E. M. Wistar. Prof. A. C. Thomas attended as a guest.

Dr. F. B. Gummere is to represent Haverford on a committee in charge of the Shakespeare Celebration in colleges and universities in Philadelphia and vicinity. This celebration will be held during the first week of May.

'82

George A. Barton is author of an article entitled "Tammuz and Osiris," which appeared in the December number of the *Journal of American Oriental Society.*

'87

Frederic H. Strawbridge presided as a member of the firm at the Annual Meeting of the Strawbridge & Clothier Relief Association, held at the store on Thursday evening, the 10th of February. A word of greeting from Mr. Strawbridge; two or three vocal and instrumental numbers by members of the store chorus and orchestra, and an illustrated lecture by Dr. Herbert J. Tily (manager) constituted an interesting program.

'89

Dr. William R. Dunton, Jr., of the Sheppard and Enoch Pratt Hospital at Towson, Md., has written a book for nurses which is published by W. B. Saunders Co., of Philadelphia. It is called "Occupation Therapy," and is intended to instruct nurses in companionship and in re-education of mental invalids.

J. H. Painter is principal of Steele High School, Dayton, Ohio.

'92

Gilbert J. Palen, M.D., is author of two pamphlets on medical subjects. The first is entitled, "Focal Infection," and is reprinted from *The Hahnemannian Monthly* of September, 1915. The other one is called "The Tonsil Operation," being a reprint, with illustrations, of an article in *The Journal of Ophthalmology, Otology and Laryngology* of July, 1915.

Christian Brinton delivered a lecture at the College, February 24th, on "Impressionism and the Modern Spirit in Contemporary Painting." Mr. Brinton was Trowbridge Art Lecturer for 1915 at Yale University.

Dr. Henry S. Conard, of Grinnell College, Iowa, is exchange professor in Botany at Harvard the current half-year. An article from his pen appears in the February *Westonian* entitled, "Botany and the Citizen."

'96

Dr. T. H. Haines had an article entitled, "Relative Values of Point-Scale and Year-Scale Measurements of One Thousand Minor Delinquents," in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology* of February, 1916.

'97

A. M. Collins lectured at the University Club of Philadelphia, February the 3rd, on his South American hunting trip.

'00 AND '02

Walter S. Hinchman, '00, and C. W. Stork, '02, have contributed poems to a magazine called *Contemporary Verse*, published at Chestnut Hill by Howard S. Graham, Jr., editor.

'00

A son was born on January 21st to Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hinchman at their home at Groton School, Groton, Mass.

J. Rendel Harris is author of an article entitled "The Place of the Woodpecker in Primitive Religion," which appeared in the February number of the *Contemporary Review.*

'02

A. G. H. Spiers delivered a lecture at the College, February 9th, on "Two Fundamental Traits of French Literature." This was one of the faculty lectures. Dr. Spiers on February 2nd lectured at Westtown Boarding School on "Idealism in French Literature."

Edward W. Evans has resigned his position as legal counsel of the Bell Telephone Co. in order to devote himself to the work of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Wm. V. Dennis was instrumental in arranging for the exhibition visit f the College gym. team to Friends' Select School of Philadelphia.

'03

H. J. Cadbury is scheduled to read a paper sometime this spring before the Philadelphia Classical Club.

'04

E. T. Snipes has become associated with the law firm of Kane and Runk, Philadelphia.

'08

James C. Thomas, 2nd, is teaching at Riverview Military Academy of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

'11

Mr. and Mrs. Victor F. Schoepperle have recently had a daughter born to them.

'13

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd H. Mendenhall are in Cuba working under the American Friends' Board of Foreign Missions.

'14

J. C. Ferguson, 3rd, is studying business in the University of Pennsylvania night school.

S. P. Clarke is taking the night school law course at Temple University.

'15

E. N. Votaw and K. P. A. Taylor are working on the University of Pennsylvania gym. team.

Edger C. Bye has announced his engagement to Miss Clara A. Williamson of Media, Pa. Mr. Bye is now teaching English in the West Chester State Normal School.

'10

We have received from James Whitall, who is living now at 217 King's Road, Chelsea, London, S. W., a number of translations of Greek and Latin poetry and prose in pamphlet form. Mr. Whitall and some friends are engaged in translating these classical selections for the sake of a wider propagation of culture. We print below their prospectus.

To give some idea of the nature of the contents of these very interesting pamphlets we quote the following:

GIROLAMO AMALTHEO (1507–1574)

A Leave-Taking

Farewell, sun-smitten mountain peaks, farewell, shady haunts among the valleys: Iolas departs from your recesses. Hapless Iolas! No more will you see the meadows that are so pleasant to the lowing kine with odorous marybuds and marjoram.

Hapless Iolas! Sunk in the cool grass of the sloping hill, you will no longer see the bullocks warring fiercely with their horns.

Not the murmuring of sliding rills, the whispering of ilex-boughs, shall soothe you, nor the wind lure you to the land of sleep.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO

The Stars of Night

The stars of night gathered round the moon will veil their bright faces when she grows full and lights everything with silver.

'74

We are glad to print the following letter and clipping from the *Times-Star*, Cincinnati, Ohio, sent us by Samuel E. Hilles.

Jan. 6th, 1916.

THE HAVERFORDIAN,
Haverford, Pa.

Gentlemen:—

I am enclosing a clipping as to Warden Osborne at Sing Sing, which, it seems to me, might be of interest to your readers.

It was certainly an interesting experience on my part, to see the improved conditions there under Mr. Osborne's methods, and the wider publicity that can be given to his work there, in its new efficiency, the more the idea will be put into effect elsewhere.

The letter of the convict came to me through the *Outlook*, and I endeavored to copy it verbatim, errors and all, as being thus more

impressive; so if you print it, I think this would be the best plan.

Very truly,
SAM'L E. HILLES.

Mr. Osborne has written me that he is scheduled to lecture on Penology at Yale University. It would be interesting if you at Haverford could also secure him, for one or more addresses.

AS TO WARDEN OSBORNE OF SING SING

To the Editor of the *Times-Star:*

My paper this evening tells of the pledge made last night by every one of the 1,600 men in Sing Sing prison to "live up to the principles of the Mutual Welfare league, and to continue order and discipline."

To me, who spent a night there recently, by appointment with their Entertainment Committee, and thus, though a stranger, now largely understand the situation, the news that led up to this pledge is of stirring interest, and I wonder if the Westchester county authorities have been fully justified in the action reported against the warden.

It is not so much that Warden Osborne is a grandson of Lucretia Mott, the revered Quaker Abolitionist and preacher—nor that his antecedents at Auburn, N. Y., were as a successful manufacturer and respected citizen; but that he is the man who, in a year's time, has changed a moral pesthole into a self-respecting and mutually helping community—prison though it be—this it is that has appealed to me, as to so many others.

Last October I stood in their mess hall, where formerly, under the old regime, 80 guards, with drawn clubs, were frequently unable to keep order; but now, under the Osborne methods, two or three guards only stood near the men just admitted, and the men were quiet and orderly, though no longer forbidden conversation, or even to turn their heads toward a neighbor. Without fear I went anywhere among them, and I met eyes that met me straight, and hearty hand-shakes. The able-bodied men were at work. They were imprisoned for various offences, some of them serious, but in no case did I inquire. Now, at least, they were largely a law unto themselves, in the best sense—they were on the honor system. Even the old leaders in trouble (and I met them) were proud to behave themselves, in their new sense of loyalty to the warden, and I inspected the careful records of their own patrol system, which my friendly guide, a convict, was anxious for me to understand.

As one of the prisoners has lately written: "When I came here I was crushed in spirit, broken in body, and full of bitterness against everybody, same as most of the men who came here. In the shoe shop where I worked were three keepers, but the days could not be passed without fighting with knives or other instruments and sometimes the fights were very bloody. We worked very little, and we did not work well, and sometimes we wasted raw material and damaged the State property, because the rage and the bitterness was so great in the man's heart against the prison officials and against the society who sent us here with long

YOUR CARD, and

—a combination to capture a Queen!

$1 the package at:

C. G WARNER'S

sentences, that we could not fight against our own feelings.....When we came out again we were not a bit better, but a good deal worst, sick, disordered in mind, full of vindictiveness, and we longed for revenge."

He continues: "About a year ago came Mr. Osborne, and with him his new system and the league. Mr. Osborne understood our condition.....He trusted and treated like a father would treat his sick children, and we wondered from his goodness. He presented us with his confidence and founded our faithful friend, the M. W. L. (Mutual Welfare League). A new epoch is started with the league. It is a body of prison self-government..... The new system of the league made a great change all over the prison. We do not use drugs any more. Our excited temper became calm, and so in the shoe shop this year not a single fight occurred, and only a very few happened in the other shops. Now everybody is willing to work, and do our work with care, and winningly. .....We do not dream revenges, but we work steady, and teach ourselves to do good, and so we are going to show the people our real character."

And when these trusted men—and all are trusted who show themselves worthy of it—now go out from Sing Sing, they are sought by employers of labor; the stigma of prison life is removed by their own good conduct in the institution, and most of the 600 or more who are released each year find honest employment and are saved for useful lives. It may not be according to old ideas of vindictive punishment, which in so many cases made a confirmed criminal of a first offender, but the gain, by Mr. Osborne's methods, is tremendous, measured by results—by men. And so I would ask your readers to suspend judgment in this present case—to give at least some credit for what has been done at Sing Sing since Mr. Osborne took hold, and to believe that the men themselves believe in him.

SAMUEL E. HILLES.

LACE THAT SAVES TROUBLE

RHOADS LEATHER BELTING

IT KEEPS SO FLEXIBLE

The planing mill pictured uses Rhoads Tannate Lace Leather. One advantage of Tannate over ordinary lace is that it keeps tough and flexible instead of growing hard and brittle. Stops from broken lace cost much. Tannate costs little in comparison.

J. E. Rhoads & Sons

PHILADELPHIA,
12 North Third Street

NEW YORK,
102 Beekman Street

CHICAGO,
322 W. Randolph Street

Factory and Tannery:
WILMINGTON, DEL.

YOU can't go out in the market and buy printing as you can some commodities, shopping here and there, and count on the lowest priced article really showing the lowest cost. Each job of printing is a separate piece of manufacture. For this reason no printer can tell exactly what any job is worth until it is finished. If he has to figure close, somebody is sure to lose, and generally it is both the customer *and* the printer. You can't get quality and service that way. Select your printer as you would your tailor. The man who wants a cheap suit, cheaply made, goes to a cheap tailor. For a good suit, well made, you go to a good tailor. You don't *shop*. Buy your printing in the same way.

THE HOLMES PRESS

J. Linton Engle, Treasurer

1336-40 CHERRY STREET. PHILA.

EVERYTHING FOR THE SCHOOL ROOM
Printing and Engraving a Specialty

Peckham, Little & Co.

SCHOOL and COLLEGE SUPPLIES

Commercial Stationers

59 EAST ELEVENTH STREET,
New York City

Telephone, Stuyvesant { 2453 / 2454

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.

Manufacturers of
High Grade Equipment for all
Athletic Sports and Pastimes
THE

Sterling

Mark

in the appraisal of athletic goods
Write for our Catalogue.
1210 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BROWNING, KING & CO.

1524-1526 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS
and TOP COATS

Evening Clothes

HATS HABERDASHERY

Lukens Iron and Steel Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

STEEL PLATES

For Boilers, Ships,
Bridges, Etc.

First to make Boiler Plates in America

A. F. HUSTON, President
C. L. HUSTON, 1st Vice-President
H. B. SPACKMAN, 2nd Vice-President
JOS. HUMPTON, Sec.-Treas.
CHAS. F. HUMPTON, Asst. Sec.-Treas.

Good Hair Cutting is an art. Our men all know how, and will give you the best work at standard prices. No tipping or other annoyances.

Linden

13th above Chestnut, Philadelphia
Entire Building

Your Fountain Pen
Should be fitted to your hand by a SPECIALIST
All Makes Repaired
Allowance on old pens exchanged for new
Reclaimed pens at reduced prices
Agent for Waterman's Pens
NICHOL, 1016 CHESTNUT STREET

HARRY HARRISON
DEPARTMENT STORE
Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing and Shoes, Ladies' Millinery and Trimmings
Lancaster Ave. Ardmore, Pa.

H. D. REESE
1203 Filbert Street, Philadelphia
Meats
Bell Phone, Filbert 2949 and 2950 Keystone Phone, Race 3835 and 3836

Have You Visited Haverford's NEW DRUG STORE?

To do so is a treat. You will find a complete, high grade tsock.

Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded by registered pharmacists.

Agency for WHITMAN'S CANDIES
Eastman's Kodaks and Supplies
For prompt and efficient service, phone Ardmore 1372
C. G. WARNER, P. D.

BRADBURN & NIGRO
Tailors
Cor. 13th and Sansom Streets
F. H. YOH *PHILADELPHIA*

MEN'S GARMENTS of BETTER KIND
Made to Measure
$25 to $50

Smedley & Mehl
Lumber
and Coal
BUILDING MATERIAL
Phones, Nos. 1100 and 1101 ARDMORE

ARDMORE HARDWARE CO.
ARDMORE, PA.
Hardware, Sporting Goods, Housefurnishing

The Dresden Tea Rooms
10 East Lancaster Avenue, ARDMORE, PA.
CANDIES, CAKES, ICE CREAM
MAGAZINES
Special Prices on Pennants

FOR PERFECT FITTING EYEGLASSES
DANIEL E. WESTON
1623 CHESTNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA

You run no risks on
TARTAN BRANDS
Canned Goods
Coffee
Macaroni
Tea
Olive Oil
Alfred Lowry & Bro.
PHILADELPHIA

Merion Title and Trust Co. of Ardmore
Incorporated March 28, 1889.

Capital Paid $150,000
Capital Authorized $250,000
Surplus $125,000
Undivided Profits $50,000

Receives Deposits and allows interest thereon, insures titles, acts as executor, trustee, guardian, etc.; loans money on collateral and on mortgage; acts as agent in the purchase and sale of real estate; receipts for and safely keeps wills without charge.

Special attention given to settlement of Estates. Safety Deposit Boxes to Rent in Burglarproof Vaults, $3.00 to $20.00 per annum.

OFFICERS:
RICHARD J. HAMILTON, President
H. A. ARNOLD, 1st Vice President
JOHN S. ARNDT, 2d Vice President
HORACE W. SMEDLEY, Sec'y
H. L. YOCUM, Treas. and Asst. Sec'y
H. G. KURTZ, Asst. Treasurer
WILLIAM P. LANDIS, Trust Officer

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
PROMPT AND REASONABLE
MAIN LINE PRINTING CO.
10 ANDERSON AVENUE
ARDMORE, PA.

COLLEGE WORK A SPECIALTY
ESTIMATES GIVEN
PHONE 1087
OPEN EVENINGS

Bell Phone 868
Rates, $2.25 to $3.00 Per Day
LINCOLN HIGHWAY INN
Rooms with Private Bath
MODERN APPOINTMENTS
Every Room with Outside Light and Air
No Bar. SALESMEN'S DISPLAY ROOM
Especial Attention to Automobile Parties
349 MAIN STREET, COATESVILLE, PA.
38 miles west of Philadelphia, on the Lincoln National Highway.
WM. H. MILLER, Mgr.

CRANE'S ICE CREAM
CAKES & PASTRIES

are made under the most sanitary conditions. Call and see them made.

Store and Tea Room, 13th and Sansom Sts.
Main Office, 23rd Street below Locust

Name Registered August 7th, 1906 Special Prices for Large Orders

Plate Glass Window Glass

Skylight and Floor Glass. Rolled Cathedral, beautiful tints. Embossed, Enameled and Colored Glass. A full stock of Plain Window Glass. Every variety for Architects' and Builders' Use. A full line of Glaziers' Diamonds.

Benjamin H. Shoemaker

205-207-209-21 N. Fourth St. PHILADELPHIA

Clothing
Haberdashery
Headwear

JACOB REED'S SONS

Personally selected
Outfitters
for Thousands of
Well-Dressed
Young Men.

1424-1426 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia

HENRY B. WALLACE

Caterer and Confectioner

BRYN MAWR, PA.

Telephone

Both Phones
WILLIAM A. BENDER
The Best and Freshest
BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY
Sixth Avenue, Reading Terminal Market,
Twelfth and Arch Streets, PHILADELPHIA

E. M. FENNER
Confectioner
BRYN MAWR, ∴ ∴ PA.
Ardmore, Pa.

INSURANCE

Fire or Burglary Insurance on Students' personal effects while at College or elsewhere.

Tourists' Floating Insurance on personal effects against all risks in transit, in hotels, etc., both in this country and abroad.

Automobile Insurance covering damage to car and liability for damage to property or for injuries to persons.

Longacre & Ewing
Bullitt Building 141 S. Fourth St.
Philadelphia

The Colonial Tea Room and Shop
Lancaster Pike, - - Haverford, Pa.
SUNDAES—ICE CREAM
Home-made Cakes, Candies, Jellies, Antiques
Orders Filled for Teas and Picnics

C. W. Scott Company

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Carriages, Wagons and Automobiles

"Careful Handling and Quality"

Send us Your Suitings to be

Dry-Cleaned, Scoured and Pressed

At Reasonable Rates

Our College Agent

Mr. I. Thomas Steere

S. P. Frankenfield Sons

Undertakers

ARDMORE, PA.

Successors to

JOSIAH S. PEARCE

120 E. Lancaster Avenue

Phone, Ardmore 9

J. OWEN YETTER
GENERAL SHOE REPAIRING

Will collect Shoes Monday evening and deliver Thursday morning

College Agent:
E. B. Graves, No. 2 Merion. ARDMORE, PA.

Attractive Wall Paper
At Popular Prices
A. L. Diament & Co.
1515 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM S. YARNALL

Manufacturing Optician
118 S. 15th Street. Philadelphia

Phone 258

C. E. Edwards

Confectioner

ICE CREAM AND FANCY ICES,
FANCY CAKES

Ramsey Building BRYN MAWR, PA.

TELEPHONE

Paper Hanging
Painting

I. B. DUBELL

8 South Eighteenth Street, Philadelphia
Interior Decorations

The Bryn Mawr Trust Company

Capital Authorized, $250,000 **Capital Paid, $125,000**

Allows interest on deposits. Acts as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, etc. Insures Titles to Real Estate. Loans Money on Mortgages or Collateral. Boxes for rent and Valuables stored in Burglar Proof Vaults.

A. A. HIRST, President
W. H. RAMSEY, Vice-President

JOHN S. GARRIGUES, Secretary and Treasurer
P. A. HART, Trust Officer and Assistant Secretary

DIRECTORS

A. A. Hirst	Elbridge McFarland	Wm. C. Powell, M. D.	John C. Mellon
William L. Hirst	John S. Garrigues	H. J. M. Cardeza	W. H. Ramsey
J. Randall Williams	Jesse B. Matlack	Joseph A. Morris	Phillip A. Hart

Aside from its careful work in filling prescriptions

HAVERFORD PHARMACY

has become known as a place where many of the solid comforts of life may be obtained. One worth mentioning is the famous Lotion for sunburn, chapped hands and face, and other irritations of the skin. Decline, gently but firmly, any other said to be "just as good."

WILSON L. HARBAUGH.

BELMONT IRON WORKS

Main Office and Works:
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New York Office:
32 BROADWAY

Bridge Shops:
EDDYSTONE, PA.

Get Your
Drawing Instruments

Tee Squares, Triangles, Scales, F. Weber & Co's. Indelible India Ink (none better), Drawing Boards and Painting Materials at

F. WEBER & CO.,
1125 Chestnut Street, - Philadelphia

The oldest woman in Philadelphia can quote her great grandmother as an authority for the high quality of
Good old **MILLBOURNE** Flour
At All Dealers
SHANE BROS. & WILSON CO.
63rd and Market Streets Philadelphia, Pa.

Bryn Mawr Ardmore
Established 1888

JOHN FISH & SON
Maine Line Jewelers
FINE WATCH, CLOCK and JEWELRY REPAIRING

FRANK MÜLLER

Manufacturing Optician
1631 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA
Invisible Bifocal Lenses
Opera, Field Glasses and Lorgnettes
No cord or chain required with our Eye Glasses